

THE
NEW ACADEMY
OF COMPLEMENTS



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THE
New Academy
OF
COMPLEMENTS,
ERECTED FOR

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers,
Gentlemen, Scholars, Soldiers,
Citizens, Countrymen; and all
Persons of what Degree soever, of
both SEXES.

Stored with Variety of Courtly and Civil
COMPLEMENTS, Eloquent LET-
TERS of Love and Friendship,

WITH
An-Exact Collection of the Newest
and Choicest

SONGS A LA MODE,
Both Amorous and Jovial.

COMPILED

By L. B. Sir C. S. Sir W. D. and Others the
most Refined Wits of this Age.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Churchill, at the Black Swan in
Pater-Noster-Row. 1713.

To the READER.

IF thou a Fresh Man art, and thorough bent,
To bear Loves Arms, and follow Cupid's Tent,
Find whom to love : The next thing you must do,
Learn how to speak her fair, to write and woe :
Last, having won thy Mistress to thy Lure,
I'll teach thee how to make her Love endure.
This is my Aim, I'll keep within this place,
And in this Road my Chariot Wheel I'll trace.
Whil'st thou dost live, and art a Batchelor,
The love of one above the rest prefer :
To whom thy Soul say's, Thou alone content me :
But such a one shall not from Heaven be sent thee ;
Such are not dropt down from the azure Sky,
But thou must seek her out with busie Eye.
Well knows the Huntsman where his Toils to set,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet :
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his Finn,
The Fisher knows what Pool the Fish are in.
And thou that studiest to become a Lover,
See in what place most Virgins to discover :
Which having done, make One thy sole Delight.
Then thou must study to dissemble right :
Swear by her Beauty, seemingly be loth,
To break the Bond of such a Sacred Oath :
Sigh when she sighs, and what thou seest her do,
By imitation strive to do so too.
Gaze on her Eyes ; and when thou seest her sip,
Kiss thou the Glass where she shall place her Lip.
But I'll no longer keep thee at the Door ;
Peruse the Book, for that will teach thee more.



Comple-

Complemental Expressions towards Men

LEADING TO

The ART of COURTSHIP.

SIR, Your Goodness is as boundless as my Desires to serve You.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Loadstone that draw even your Enemies to love and to admire You.

Sir, It is my Profession to appear in all Places, a Servant to Your Merits.

Sir, I have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking Opportunities to do you service.

Sir, You have so pursu'd me with your Favours, that I am capable of no other pleasure, but to entertain them.

Sir, such is Your Deserts and my Necessity, that I want both Words and Services to express how unfeignedly I honour You.

Sir, Your bounties have been showr'd upon me with such excess, that I am uncapable of a Complement.

Sir, I shall desire no greater Glory from You, than new Proofs of my Obedience.

Sir, when I have finish'd your Desires, I should intreat you to reserve some new commands, so great a pleasure I take in being Yours.

Sir, You have deserved more services from me, than my Life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the excess of my Affection that all my passions do but wait upon Your good Fortunes.

Sir, I confess I never merited the effects of such

nobleness, as that *You* shall account of me as an object of *Your* Vertuous Inclinations.

Sir, The pleasure I entertain to consider *Your* Goodness, is more satisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, should I not render *You* thanks for your many favours, I should die of a deep impatience.

Sir, *Your* goodness hath forced me to a Silence, that I am not able to render *You* sufficient Thanks for so great a favour.

Sir, *You* are so highly generous, that I am altogether senceless.

Sir, With the same Joy that I formerly embraced *Your* Friendship, I entertain'd the good News of *Your* happy Marriage; and shall love *You* with the same passions as before.

Sir, I have made a Vow to honour *You* all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do *You* Service.

Sir, I am daily in disquiet, and shall be, till some occasion be offered me suddenly wherein I may appear to *You* to be more than Verbal.

Sir, this tyranny of *Your* humour or inclination, is too great a punishment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'Tis my Ambition to conserve the honour I have obtained of being *Your* Servant.

Sir, *You* are so noble in all respects, that I have learned to love, as well as to admire *You*.

Sir, I am grown jealous of *your* Generosity, *Your* favours come so fast on me, that I shall be forc'd to seem ingrateful.

Sir, *Your* passions are mine; nor can I live more in freedom, than when I am bound to *You* in the bonds of Friendship.

Sir, *You* are the rising Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear *You* in my heart.

Sir

Sir, *You* are the Star I reach at.

Sir, *You* are the Miracle of Friendship.

Sir *Your* good Goodness wants a resident.

Sir, *You* have the Power to sway me as *You* please.

Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may thank *Tour* love.

Sir, I am *Your* Friend, and that Word speaks me wholly *Tours*.

Sir, *You* have so far ingaged me, that I know not what I can do, that is not at *Tour* Command.

Sir, When I would admire *You*, you wrap me up in wonder.

Sir, My Zeal is so fervent towards *You*, that I am sick with Passion.

Sir, If *You* have not cast off the Name of Friend, make me Companion of *Tour* Cares.

Sir, I take so much pleasure in serving *You*, that I am proud to please *You*.

Sir, *You* are the only Anchor of my hopes.

Sir, I shall study to Chronicle *Tour* Vertues.

Sir, Fear no Dangers, my Arms shall be *Tour* Sanctuary.

Sir, *You* are so full of fair Desert, that I have no Faculty but what is *Tours*.

Sir, *You* are so highly Noble, that *Tour* Purse is my Exchequer.

Sir, I am a Captive to *Tour* Honour and *Tour* fair Example steers me.

Sir, *Tour* Complements call your faith in question.

Sir, *You* tell me Stories midnight would blush to hear.

Sir, The Ocean's not more boundless than *Tour* Favour.

Sir, Be confident of my Affection, while I have room to lodge *You* in my Bosom.

Sir, I am sick 'till I see *You*, whose presence is my restorative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

Sir, You have the power to steer me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for Your safety, that passion, like midnight sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, To be obedient to Your Command, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessing of your Mistress fall upon You.

Sir, I'd rather doubt an Oracle, than question what You deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those debts I owe to you and honour, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield myself to Your direction, manage me at Your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speak you the Muses Darling, you have suck'd the Marrow of the Court.

Sir, You are amorous as the youthful *May*.

Sir, I'll be just to You, as Heaven to Truth.

Sir, I'll Outwait a Bailiff to attend You.

Sir, You value my weak deserts with too much partiality.

Sir, Necessity hath neither Law nor Shame; for contrary to my Nature, I am forc'd to become an humble and earnest Suitor to You.

Sir, You have out-run the world in Honours race.

Sir, I am honour'd in this Acknowledgment.

Sir, I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in her Commendation.

Sir, Be pleas'd to instruct me how I may requite your Love.

Sir, You have power to oblige my Soul.

Sir, I must die, or live to be ungrateful.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon, if I have omitted those honours due to your deserts.

Sir, Without a Complement I am your Friend; and that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir,

Sir, Pray admit this stranger to your knowledge, his deserts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I must be conquer'd by your courtesies, 'tis my glory to be your slave.

Sir, Having your favour I am rich, without it none so miserable.

Sir, I shall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This visit is as welcome as the greatest Honour you could do me.

Sir, May your own Vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy presence.

Sir, May this meeting create a lasting League of Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I should be entirely happy, should I find an occasion to imprint the Characters of our Vertues in my breast, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your Civilities have endear'd you to me, you shall rule as a Planet in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunate, that delights may stream into your Bosom.

Sir, The pleasures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, Your Vertue and Eloquence make you immortal upon Earth.

Sir, From the first time that I beheld you, I have made it my Zeal to express my self your most humble Servant.

Sir, If you love, as you say you do, you will have patience: True Love will last a Siege.

Sir, It is the design of my Ambition, to be passionately your most faithful Servant.

Sir, The pleasure I have in your love, and the assurance of my own innocency, hath caus'd me to give this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather than loose your company, I would compass the utmost bounds of the Terrestrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be so, tho' fate & death forbid.

Sir, I am in earnest, 'tis not my humour to treat my Friends with Dreams.

Sir, This *your* Barbarity to *your* Friend, shall not make me forget *You* nor my own Duty ; for tho' the strongest Love oftentimes degenerates into the greatest hate, yet I am resolv'd to live and die *yours*.

Sir, *Your* Suit is an impertinent trouble to Us both ; for be assured, 'tis as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love *You*.

Sir, Nothing shall rob my heart of the fair image of *your* Vertues, but Death it self.

Sir, *Your* Bounty exceeds the small stock of my Merits, that durst not have entertain'd such an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of these favours *You* afford me.

Sir, It is by *your* bounty I am enabled to make a present, accept therefore of this small one, that the World may testifie how much I glory to proclaim the first Founders of my Estate.

Sir, I have found *You* so much my faithful Friend hitherto, that I doubt not but *You* will appear so hereafter if need require.

Sir, Fortune is now propitious, and hath sent *You* this grateful acknowledgment for all *your* Favours.

Sir, *Your* mind contains a spring of Vertue, each day affords me a fresh Character of your Friendship.

Sir, *Your* reality hath gain'd my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occasion to testifie my acknowledgments.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Strumpet, and extorts from me an Interest for the sum of Favours she formerly did trust me with.

Sir, Fortune I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with necessity ; for this is my opportunity of embracing so rich a Treasure as *your* self.

Sir, Be wise, and as the Proverb saith, *Look before*

you

you leap, he is happy that can withstand a temptation with a Noble Resolution.

Sir, should I twine my Arms to Cable, sit up all Night like a Watching Candle, and dull my Brains thro' my Eye-lids, yet I must love *You*; I then loving *you*, and *you me*; who is the third Person shall hinder us?

Sir, *You* seem to be a Man of much Reading, *You* talk of nothing but warbling Rhapsodies.

Sir, *You* understand your authority over me, I dare not deny my endeavours to perform whatsoever *you* shall please to command.

Sir, Heaven which hears and answers Prayers, give a Blessing to all your Vertuous Desires.

Sir, The late Courtesies *you* did me are borrowed, and like an honest Tenant, I shall provide my Rent against the time of *your* Demand.

Sir, I would advise *you* to be careful of *your* honour, but I doubt *you* were never yet Right Worshipful.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied, *your* innocency hath cleared my Jealousie.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of any thing may prompt *You* to suspect either my Love or Duty.

Sir, I cannot be so tedious in the performance of *Your* Commands, as *You* are to employ me.

Sir, Farewel, *you* are grown rude, I dare not hear *You* further.

Sir, I hate *Your* busie Desires; *You* and *your* Lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator, *You* give *your* Lust the golden titles of Pleasure and Delight, but forget what bitterness attends the End.

Sir, I submit to *your* Censure, either to approve or to condemn; *You* are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Couragious.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my Interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn Fortune, while she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the Rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may Pleasures be your Attendance, whilst I court Your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my Bosom be your Religious Sanctuary.

Sir, Your bounty hath added so many Feathers to my Wings, that I am in haste to do You service.

Sir, May we from this Day date Our Immortal Friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your Desires.

Sir, Your Fortunes are your own, but your Fate is mine.

Sir, You humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to Obey, no Man can be more proud of your Command.

Sir, Let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, only the earnest of Your Gratitude.

Sir, 'Tis your Presence that compleats our Joys.

Sir, My Blessings are deriv'd from you.

Sir, Pursue your Pleasures, my Life shall be engaged to your Interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but Shame and my fearful Blushes teach me a farther Duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave You, having nothing to requite You with but Words.

Sir, You are kind in this Friendly Visit, You'r welcome, and my thanks are infinite. Sir,

Sir, Let us embrace as Friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, Sleep is not more welcome to the wearied Traveller, than thou art to my House.

Sir, My Entertainment speaks me most freely welcome.

Sir, Let me know your ground for this suspicion.

Sir, How have my Actions render'd me suspected?

Sir, Envy hath no power to hurt your Fame.

Sir, Malice can never blemish Your Deserts.

Sir, My submission waits upon your pardon.

Sir, Nothing is wanting, but my All, Your Presence.

Sir, One that desires to serve You, sends this Paper to salute Your Hands.

Sir, You bestow too great an honour on him that is Your Creature.

Sir, Teach me to be grateful. I dare presume my Soul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your Service.

Sir, My thanks, and the endeavours of my Life, are a Debt I owe to You.

Sir, I shall be your Debtor, if you keep me in your Mind.

Sir, I have one Suit, and shall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more than in loving You.

Sir, I am proud when a kind Opportunity makes Me Yours.

Sir, Understand your own Worth, and then know, I can have no power to slight any Occasion of serving You.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my Wealth.

Sir, The rough Humours of your Age are unfit to be compelled with the smooth brows of Youth.

Sir,

Sir, I beseech *you* be more sparing of *your* courtesies, lest the World take *you* for a Prodigal.

Sir, Be not so inconstant in *your* affection, lest in the conclusion *You* appear too much like the Marygold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shrink before the Clouds of Adversities.

Sir, By *Your* singular Character the Lady seems so rarely accomplished, that to her only, I commit the Treasures of my Life and Fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuse, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a Coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my Reputation, than be negligent of *Your* Commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter *your* Grace and Courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the Roads of Vertue.

Sir, Let me be still a sharer in your Favours, so shall I grow proud of my own Fortunes.

Sir, This part of the World shares in *your* Prosperity, since *You* were born to serve *Your* Prince, and to command his People.

Sir, My only glory in *Your* Service, is to be Humble and to Obey.

Sir, Your Endowments shine beyond the degree of Brightness.

Sir, Your inventing new Fables, speaks *You* a good Poet, and me a good Subject for your Romantick Fancy.

Sir, *Your* good Fortune and noble Resolutions shine so clear in all Employments, that it appears Nature made all things to Honour *you*.

Sir, *Your* Vertues are so well known, *you* cannot think I flatter *you*.

Sir, I never had those ambitious thoughts to think *you* could affect so imperfect a Creature as my self.

Sir, *Your* Virtue may give a lustre to a Prince.

Sir,

Sir, Without you, the State's necessities increase.

Sir I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you Service.

Sir, You can never die, succeeding'Chronicles will give a life to your Heroick Acts.

Sir, If you command, I will despise the worst of Fate, or bow to the infidelities of cruel fortune.

Sir, my appetite is sick, for want of a Capacity to digest your Favours.

Sir, Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.

Sir, He that tramples on your Fame, stamps upon the Reputation of the whole Court.

Sir, Your Vows have so amaz'd me, I know not how to answer.

Sir, In all shapes, and under the most fearful aspects that can appear, I am Yours.

Sir, I will forbear commending you, since all that I can say is dishonourable to your Deserts.

Sir, The chief objects of my thoughts have been the glory of Your Name.

Sir, I prostrate my presumption at your Feet, I shall lose happiness if You forsake me.

Sir, My very Thoughts are Yours, You have an Interest in them as well as me.

Sir, All my acknowledgments come far short of the Obligations I owe to Your Honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me so intemperate.

Sir, Should my Friendship appear on any occasion to serve you, it would remain as a recluse.

Sir, The World would be so unpeopled, and Nature would lose her pride, were there no such Men as You to maintain their Honours.

Sir, Your Vertue can be recorded by none but by Your self.

Sir,

Sir, Though You injure me, my humility shall make me silent.

Sir, Tho' Your Anger seems to Thunder, I can forbear no longer.

Sir, Your favours come so fast, they will neither suffer me to be miserable, nor to seem so.

Sir, Your actions are so vertuous, they carry an Authority always with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, lest You tire him whom You have so often injur'd.

Sir, If You alledge excuses for so poor a trifle, You make your self a stranger to my Love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transcend the Subject on which You bestow them.

Sir, Your Fortunes are fair, but your Judgment may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent Qualities might become the Presence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or discontents, that I measure the necessities and fatalities of this World.

Sir, Your Favours have raised me so high, that I seem to stand upon a Precipice, and to discern my fall with the greater terrour.

Sir, I have long since learnt, a Lover's Religion is to swear and forswear.

Sir, I have a new Life in being yours, your goodness gives me a new Creation.

Sir, Futurity shall crown the Relicks of Your honoured ashes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I shall not hold my self absent from you, whilst I retain any room in your Heart and Memory.

Sir, You are the Heir of a rich Inheritance, the evidence of your Vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is so little goodness in the World, since by the rich stock of Vertue that rests in you, Others are become Bankrupts.

Sir,

Sir, I owe my good good fortune to your favourable Assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your Endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your Soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my Choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous Language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; Or to have their Names so disjoined in an Anagram, 'twould puzzle Ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poesie are Divine, commonly infused together, yet 'tis ordinarily tied to Rules of Flattery.

Sir, Your Oratory makes me suspect your Faith, let it suffice I love You; nor shall it be long e'er Hymen shall Seal the Contract.

Your very Servant Sir.



Complements towards Ladies, Gentlewomen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, it is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a Reputation by my ruin.

Madam, The grace of Eloquence is seated on Your Lips.

Madam, Your Beauty is the conquests of Man, who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your Eyes.

Fair

Fair one, your Feature and your Vertues excell all mortal Sense.

Madam, When I see you I am in Paradise, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feast of love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be satisfied with the wonders of Your Beauty.

Madam, Your complexion clear as is the Sky, was never fram'd but to be adored.

Madam, Tho' my Person is remov'd from you, my purpose is not, for I still retain and will till death, the Resolutions of being, *Madam*, Yours.

Madam, I dare be confident, You have too much Vertue to study the Art of Dissimulation.

Madam, Be faithful to him that dares look on death to preserve You, or endure all the despights of Fortune to defend Your Reputation.

Madam, Your Beauty hath so bereaved me of my fear, that I do account it far more possible to die, than to forget You.

Fairest, take this for a certain truth, I shall rather chuse to abhor my self, than to pitch my affectionate Resolutions on any Object but the excellency of Your Beauty.

Madam, Your Kindred may be cruel in keeping us asunder, but my heart shall never stray from the Duty it bears to Your Vertues.

Madam I shall ever Sacrifice the best of my endeavours to the favour of Your Affections.

Madam, It was not thro' a conceit of my own deserts, that I have shot at so fair a Mark as Your vertuous and innocent fair self, my presumption hath only this excuse, it was directed by Love, and I may well stray, when my Guide is blind.

Madam, You have vanquish'd me, I am an eternal Prisoner to Your Beauty.

Fairest,

Fairest, Your Beauty is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

Madam, Your Soul is so divinely bright, that what is otherwise dare not approach to You, lest it sees its own Deformity.

Madam, You have my prayers at all times, tho' You go hence, we cannot be absent from one another since I have placed you in the secret Cabinet of my Heart.

Oh Madam, If the thoughts of your departure make me melancholy, the real absence will be a misery worse than Death.

Fair Madam, it is cruelty to frown at parting, that Cloud bids me expect a storm, but Oh what bliss I find in this deceit; *you* seem angry by *your* Frowns, and yet each brow lodges Loves Deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to *you*, but my affection hath oversway'd my reason, be not still Cruel lest *you* make me so desperate, that I shall be no longer either my own or Yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equalize *your* Vertue, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear, Love, my heart will not suffer my tongue to utter that fatal word, Farewel, since when I leave You, I shake hands with my most perfect Object of Beatitude.

Madam, if You know not how to love, I know not how to live, unless in Torments.

Madam, Be pleas'd to wear this Diamond, which comes with an Ambition to recover a greater by your Smiles.

Y Madam, make me poor or miserable, use Your pleasure with me, so you enrich me with your Love.

Dear *Lady*, must I needs part with all my felicities at once, then adieu fair Sun of my soul, and suppose I am with You; for we cannot part since Our hearts so firmly are united ? Fair

Fair One adieu, be still more Fortunate, and less Cruel, whilst I tho' the unhappy, resolve to continue constant.

Madam, unless You give me your self, it lies not in your Art or Power to requite that Affection wherewith I do adore You.

Madam, I never yet offered my Affections to any *Beauty* but your own, since then you have the preheminance above all others, be favourable to him that gives it, and with it, himself wholly to *Your Disposal*.

Madam, Give me but the favour to suffer me to discover my Affections, and then if *You* shall think fit, silence me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my Respects when *Your* are gone hence, it will be some consolation to me, tho' I have not the sight of *Your Eyes*, if I may be assured *You* have me but sometimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole Estate is summ'd up in *Your Smiles*.

Madam, What Crime of mine hath raised *Your* angry Frowns?

Madam, To call *You* fair, is an Epithete beneath *Your Beauty*.

Madam, *Cupid*, hath fixt himself in *Your Eyes*, and Wounds all that come but near him.

Blush fair Creature, Blush; since to be coy, is to be cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwise than what *You* seem, a *Beauty*.

Fairest, It is now high time to cherish my desires, let them be no longer Prisoners to the shades of silence.

Dear Madam, *Your* love is the perfection of my Desires.

Fairest, Make me so happy, as to raise my Affections to the honour of being *Yours*.

Madam,

Madam, Be wise, and doat not so much upon *Your* own Beauty, the Man with the bald pate can so alter *Physiognomy*, that in a short time it shall fright *You* more than a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past *Your* art to shun me, I will put a girdle round about the World but I will find *You*.

Madam, *You* are the Queen of Beauties, *Your* Vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis *Your* Beauty is the Divinity, which Mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady fine, *Your* Tyrant Beauty hath but a short reign; *You* cannot say 'tis *Yours*, for *You* cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, 'Tis true *You* are handsome; but remember Faces are like Books, they that study them do best know them; and the truth is, they are liked, Only as they please the courteous Reader.

Madam, Why will *You* shun me? Let me but view my Wealth: Otherwise, Where is my comfort, more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Casket of Jewels in the dark?

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving *You*, but the most unhappy if *You* deny *Your* Love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the Gods themselves will rob me of *You*.

Madam, I am sick of Love, be *You* my Physician, or I shall suddenly expire.

Coy Mistress, Once I loved *You*, but have learned more wit now, than to follow such a blind guide as Cupid.

I' faith Widow, I am in love, and 'tis with *You* the untoward boy Cupid has wounded me; 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him, he glides thro' the Isle of Man in a Minute, gets into Middlesex,

sex, and keeps his Christmas there till he's fired out with Heat and Flames.

Scornful Girl, can you imagine I ever did intend to Dote, especially on that small stock of Beauty of Yours, which serves only to convince me, you are not extreemly ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painter, Poets, nor Players, were ever guilty of half so many Cruelties, as you (by the darts of your Eyes) do exercise on those that admire You most.

Dear Madam, when I am absent from you I am sick of Love, but every visit gives somewhat of consolation to my Passion.

Lady, I am wholly yours, it is Your Beauty that hath taken me from my self.

Madam, Your Vertues are my Meditations; you and my Thoughts are ever absent.

Madam, You are the admiration of the World, like a fair Picture you draw all Mens Eyes to see and wonder.

Fair Creature, you are that rich Cabinet where-in Nature hath lockt up all her Rarities.

Madam, So to usurp an Authority, is according to neither Law nor Reason.

Fair one, This Kiss from your inspiring hand, will add to my former Happiness.

Madam, This favour, and you Crown your Servant.

Madam, your Beauty hath the art to teach Christians to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be merciful or I am miserable, your eyes are as the Ambassadors of Life or Death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of those wise men that rule the Stars, you might then conclude, I might be able to govern my own Affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward Vertues,
your

your name will be recorded in the Register of Saints

Madam, *Your* frowns are the Emblems of death, but your smiles give me a second being.

Madam, To be absent from your Service is a Torment, since every of *your* Commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have pass'd my Vows, to confirm them, I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a smile.

Fair one, I'll pay the last tribute of my Lips to your fair Hands.

Madam, Your heart is like a Pebble, smooth but stony.

Madam, continue constant, and be assured, I will rather lose my life, than part with my Resolution of serving You.

Madam, since You are born into the World to be admir'd, You shall not eclipse Your self from him that can live no longer than he serves You.

Most Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon those Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as Vertue.

Oh Madam, be like your self, fair and not resembling *Narcissus*, benighted with the clouds of Scorn.

Madam, may Heaven smile upon You, farewell and prosper.

Madam, You are all sweetness, and I the admirer of Your Vertues, O let me fly into Your Bosom.

Madam, be not cruel, but save that Creature whose life depends on You, whose every power owns not himself but You.

Madam, You are Deity to whom my heart presents its Devotions.

Madam, my Soul is in a flame, and remains a Sacrifice

Crifice, 'till You shall please to accept it.

Madam, May I become the scorn of time, when I prove so monstrous as to give you the least occasion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happiness upon your Lip, and study thereby some new way of number, to multiply my bliss.

Madam, The Treasures of Grace and Nature were exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Madam, My Language is as my Intention, plain and real; he that makes use of golden words, does it only to gild over the corruptions of his Soul.

Dear Madam, I am ravished with the well-tuned Harmony of your pleasant Voice.

Lady, I return to you all your Vows, be free, as the Air you breath in.

Madam, Can you be so unjust as to deem my Language feigned? I shall sooner forget to eat than to honour You.

Madam, Far be it from me, to speak a Language should displease your Ear.

Farewel Incomparable Mistress.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts, I should want room to entertain your Love.

Madam, Be assured I will either enjoy you, or dye a Martyr in your Quarrel.

Madam, For your sweet sake my Meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am Valiant; Witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Mistress, To be plain with you, I love you; but I want utterance, and that is a good sign.

Sweet bit of Beauty, the delight of my own Soul, I am come to visit thee, and have brought with me a hundred thousand Salutations.

Most resplendent Lady; I am full of the fruits of love, and would be proud if you should be pleased to participate.

Dear

Dear Moriel of Modesty, How I love you ! and so sincerely, that I protest to make you Mistress of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands ; and upon the same I give you an earnest-kiss in the high-road to Matrimony.

My dear girl, thou hast catcht me, my heart thou hast had before, now here's my hand.

Fair one Seal, my pardon for my former rudeness, and may I forget my Love, if I lose my Civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty ; it is the sole Commandress of my thoughts.

Dear Madam, the breath of new-blown Roses is not more sweet than yours ; I could kiss thee, till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, by your fair self, I love you with as much true zeal, as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Mistress, I am in paradise when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A thousand *Cupids* call me to kiss your hands.

Fairest, By the law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiss.

Madam, You are the fairest Nature ever did design for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your sweet breath informs me, your Mother fed on Roses, when she bred you.

Madam, I shall be more grateful than to slight those benefits you shower upon me.

Fair one, You have taught me to despise my self, I can do nothing but admire your virtues.

If I am void of reason, Fairest creature suffer Love to be my Advocate ; that will not allow of limits.

Mistress, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when once abused, may turn into fury. With

Without doubt, Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fancy Created Beauty, it was their master-piece, since they themselves are unable to oppose that force which they ordain'd.

Madam, it is impossible any one should see Your Beauty, and not become a Captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of Beauty, or of Vertue, unless You are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, did not Your Vertues instruct my Understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worthy Beauty, dare rob all that is good, and sin against Truth it self.

Madam, it was the spring of your Beauty, that first raised in me those Noble desires, which soon after bursted into Streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace you as my Wealth and Honour.

Fairest your absence will be the death of him that loves you above all that can be dear or precious; should Armies keep us distant, I would Charge through a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with death himself, but I would gain you.

Madam, your Features bound me in Fetters as soon as I first saw them, and the excellent endowments of your mind hath since retained me not only your Prisoner; but your Servant.

Madam, you are the Epitome of Nature, in whom is comprised all that favours of what is sweet or Glorious.

Madam, Give me leave to call you mine, and one Day the Effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, speak once more, Angels will listen to the musick of your Voice.

Madam, you have laid a Charm upon my Soul, my senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmony of your hand and Voice.

Madam.

Madam, The thankful Lute shews how much it does rejoice to be graced with the touch of your Fingers.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive great faults, and upon the acknowledgment of my error, you cannot find an object more deserving your compassion

Madam, May your own vertues attend you ever, that you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem you dear.

Madam, The chiefest grief I bear with me from this place, is the sense of leaving my heart where I cannot stay my self.

Madam, I have a heart, but it is worn in your breast.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they are the two bright Stars by which the Barque of my affection steers to the wished for shoar of my felicity.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would purchase with my life.

Madam, Continue to be good, and hold him still in your memory ; whose only felicity it is, to hope to be enshrined in so fair a monument.

Madam, I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late the heat of your favours revived my besotted spirits ; but the darts of your piercing eyes have so altered the whole frame of Man in me, that I am become a perfect flame, which nothing can quench out but the pleasant streams of your love.

Madam, The Magnetick stone observes not the summons of the North-star with more activity than I do your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours, may I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplished

C

Lady

Lady in the World, may Heaven compleat its bounty in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kiss to your fair Hand.

Madam be assured, my Love and Loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have Life to retain any affections for your beauty,

Fairest Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine virtues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you; yet should an opportunity be offer'd, the constancy of my dying Heart should manifest how much I am yours in Death.

Madam, I will be stedfast as inviolated faith, immoveable as a rock; and till Death will glory in my constancy, as the chiefest Jewel of my Life.

Madam, My desires lie captiv'd at your Feet; but one glance from your sparkling Eyes will enliven them again, and add a fresh Vigour to your languishing Prostrate.

Dear Madam, Desire but my Content, let me but have your wishes, and I will be in a continual thirst to do you service.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to please you, as my duty does to serve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made; Heaven hath given me desires, but not deserts.

Madam, I should be simple and unworthy, should I imagin this Present worthy your acceptance, since what we think are rarities, are not truly so, unless by the character of your esteem.

Madam, I have sent you but a small token choosing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with the Graces; since Nature hath design'd you for the store-house of all her most excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but ere long the effects shall answer you expectation.

Dear

Dear Lady, Speak again, Angels will be mute, and listen to your voice.

Madam, I am silenced with your breath; each word of yours lays a Charm upon my Soul.

Madam, You are favourable in this, that you will suffer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Mistress of most rare perfections, such as command the World to express abundance of duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In those smiling dimples, Cupid hath pitched his Tents.

Madam, you are all Vertue: from your sweet lip the Morning gathers blushes.

Letters for all Occasions.

I. *A Tender of Service to the King's most Excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty,

I Am not ignorant of the great presumption wherewith at this time I give a trouble to your Majesty; Nor can my deserts give me any hopes, that the least beam of your love should shine on any thing that in me can be thought a merit; since I have learned, you may command in all things; and it is contrary to the duty I owe to your excellent Majesty, to disobey in any. But that your Majesty may know, you have a Subject that dares be Loyal even in Disloyal Times, I have now attempted to arrive at the height of my felicities; which is not only to be honest, but to be known to be—

*Your Majesty's most humble Servant,
and obedient Subject.*

2. *A Tender of service to the Queen's most excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty.

THough I am a stranger to your Majesty, yet since I bear the glorious title of a loyal Subject, I have hence assurance that your Majesty will vouchsafe to give this boldness a favourable aspect: for indeed, I should doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Sovereign, should not your Majesty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my service: let me now only beg the trouble of a pardon, and I shall for ever study, as in duty bound, to manifest my self,

*Your Majesty's Loyal Subject,
and most humble Servant.*

3. *Respects from an Honourable Lady, to the Queen.*

Madam,

IF my passion had not over-ru'd my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming so mean an object for your sacred eyes, till some commandment of your own had put them upon occasion to give them attendance; but the care I have to preserve my self in the honour of your memory, and favour, will not suffer me to continue any longer silent: I therefore most humbly pray your Majesty, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aspiring to your service: which yet I should half suspect to be less perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambitions, as my obligations; but the one accompanying the other, will establish me for ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being

Madam, Your Majesty's most humble Servant.

4. *A Person of Quality to a worthy Lady; the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another; for I approach to your presence with as profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladiship is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness: but when withal you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self: I have but little to say, but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will; yet howsoever I shall be daily praying, that you may be as happy as the world knows you to be worthy: and especially, that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some straw or stick, towards the erecting of that great Building: till then, I am prostrate at your feet, and with a fervent zeal shall continue,

Madam, The Adorer of your Vertues, &c.

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extream Kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered, which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of silence: But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather chuse to appear in this kind to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service, which want not life, howsoever they are deprived of lustre, wherewith to crown the estimation which your
worth

worth hath begotten in my soul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there is any sense in

*Madam, the most affectionate of
all your Servants.*

6. *A Letter of Kindness, from one Friend to another.*
Sir,

YOU may imagin I dream or doat, otherwise I should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, nor make so long a reach to you still, by the arms of my ill-written lines; but I thought once you were near hand, and coming to visit me: when soon after I understood you design'd your self for other ends, which yet put me into such a valiant choler; as some of them know who were nearest to me, and must bear with my humors, lest I should want them I might be angry with my self; for I can do nothing but in earnest, though that earnest proves commonly as true nothing, as if I were in jest. Pray let me have an account of your health, and of those affairs, wherein you may guess my love may say I am concerned; for be assured, you shall never be owner of any care whereof I will not have a part, either by taking, if you will give it; or else by stealing it, if you will you will not give it; but will needs be the first to offend Justice so far, as to hide it from

Your most real Friend, &c.

7. *From one Friend to another.*

Sir,

THE express of your goodness hath raised me to a degree of happiness, beyond even my own power of wishing: and after such weight of good fortune, this only regret can take hold of me; that you did impose something upon me as disagreeable, as this was complying with the very utmost of my ambitious desires,
that

that so I might thereby have had the satisfaction of giving you an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy in performing any action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better serve to express my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

8. *A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his sick Mistress.*

Sir,

I Was too sensible of those troubles which I left with you, not to inquire whether you are eased of part of them, or not: And therefore I beseech you, send me word how the noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish, both for your sake and mine own. Besides that, even the world is concern'd, that so excellent a creature, who is so hardly found, may not be so quickly lost. Favour me in this particular, and the kindness shall make me, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

9. *The Gentlemans Answer to a Lady, concerning his Sick Mistress.*

Madam,

I Am infinitely engaged to you for the sense you have of my troubles, and the love you bear to the Life of my Life: She is yet extream ill, and yet so good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am so highly sensible of not only yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that knew her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may Heaven give her a liberal of it though it be abated out of mine: So much I owe to her virtues; and not a little to your Self, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humblest of your Servants.

10. The Lovers first Address to his Lady.

Madam,

I Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues; and to your self for the Acknowledgments you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make him considerable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the custom whereby I am made over to misfortune; forbids me the hopes of conceiving that I ever can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants, which is infinitely desired by dear Madam,

The Admirer of your Worth, &c.

11. The Lovers Complemental Letter to his Mistress.

Incomparable Lady!

I Was happy in receiving a command from you, and shall be proud in my performance, since it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service: let but one accent fall from your divine lips, and the very winds are ready to convey it; the melody of your warbling voice can charm the Syren to a silence, and compel the Crocodile to spare his dissembling Sorrows. Dear Madam, the sight of your beauty is sufficient to create fresh blood in withered veins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are sad, Angels themselves are so. Pardon my prolixity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that inclosed the Cretan-Minotaur. 'Tis easier to eat fire and not be burnt, or to cut Diamond with Glass, than to speak your real praise. O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Idiots turn Orators, and inspires the Age with such admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, only out of a duty to
your

your deserts, that they may celebrate your Praises,
which is a task too great for them; as it is for
Excellent Lady, *Your sincere Admirer.*

12. *The Ladies return to her Servant's Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHEN I think of you, I am in a maze, in so
much that I suppose you to be every thing
that is good: Majesty is placed on your brow; your
Tongue for its Eloquence may be Musick for the
Gods; your Looks are so pleasant and so airy, that
Cupid appears there in his best grace, and when you
walk, the Earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as be-
ing sensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my
passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty; discre-
tion now persuades to give the preheminnence to
Pallas, not to Cupid, you were pleased to try a con-
clusion on my Feminine capacity, and you may be-
lieve (upon necessity) I can reverberate accord-
ingly. But, dear Sir, though I must acknowledge
my Affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have
conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at
the prodigiousness of your Sex in former times:
should I believe all to be Gold that glitters, I might
see my errour, as well as others have done before:
however, Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be o-
therwise than Noble, a little more experience may
wipe off all my Womanish Suspicion: for such is
my high esteem of your Worth already, that I want
but little of saying how much I am *Yours.*

13. *A Ladies forewarning her Friend to another
Ladies Society.*

Sir,

PERhaps you may pretend that this procedure
of yours is only to awaken me, for the bet-
ter trial of my Faith and Constancy: but believe

it is not safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire : nor is it any ways commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady; I need not name her, since you know to whom that Epithet belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsome, there is then the more danger, and wiser Men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched allurements of a strange Woman : To be merry with a Lady, or to converse and walk, and use language tending to Courtship, with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended, is frequent with men, and may be born with, when managed with discretion ; but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account, as to offer Courtship to that same piece of vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy : Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagancies, that you may rid me of that suspicion which as yet lies heavy upon my heart : I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had ; That you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self ; since our late Contract, and the truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy : till then I shall (not rest but) remain,

Yours, even in impatience.

14. One Ladies advice, to another near Marriage.
Good Soul,

I*Tis an unruly Age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you. I understand there is a Gentleman, Mr. A. B. is extreamly prodigal of his pretences*

pretences to you, in the way of Love and Marriage: my Caution is only this, That you have an eye to your own welfare, build not upon empty Promises; for if you once suffer him to please his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honour. Consider, as he is above you in purse, and the portions of this life, (beauty only excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountiful proportion) whether his intentions be real or feigned, make him your own; and then if you fall in two (you may understand the phrase, by observing the occasion) he will be bound by the Laws of GOD and Nature to bear a part with you in whatsoe'r happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give this admonition, did not report speak loudly of his passion for you, and of his conditional promise, to be yours hereafter, if you consent to be his first: Such a Love hath subtil limits, and more Meanders than a harmless Maid can discover. It is reported too that you incline somewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honourable: yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are. That if he should perform his Vows to you after he hath feasted his appetite, yet such a breach in your reputation will continually admit of strange sullies, checks, and opprobrious terms; as Strumpet, Slut, Light Housewife, &c. and, what did you afford me, that another Man might not have had? And, when the glass is broken, it is not easily cemented. Dear Soul, keep Heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocence; so shall your Honour be unsported, and your life happy; which is the earnest desire of

Your Cordial Friend and Servant, &c.

15. A Lover to his false Mistress.

Stain to the Sex!

Hath Modesty now forsook thee, that thou durst abuse that affection that adored thee?

Did

did I manifest my self a dotard to gain thy love, and having had a multitude of Promises from thee, of Constancy and firm Affection: darest thou now to admit of another's Flame? Now thou seemest more deformed than ever I thought thee fair, so ugly a Monster is Ingratitude. By this I do perceive thou didst enjoyn me to smother our Affections, only that thy new Servant might not have any occasion to be jealous, I will hate thee for thine own sake; and him, for robbing me, altho' but of a trifle: and that my Revenge may soar high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin with him, and then proclaim thy levity; and how thou hast deserted me after a long League of Friendship, after thou hadst made thy Vows to be none but mine, and hast admitted a Stranger to thy bosom: was it for this that I delighted daily to be praising thee? How did I spend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty, Vertues, and thy Person that I once so much admired? I will now study to contradict my own fond Opinion, and so decipher thee, that thou shalt seem as odious to the World, as thou dost to me: else, let Fate do so, and more to
Base Wretch, Thine once, but now his Own.

16. On sending a Book.

Madam,

THAT you may perceive I do not forget you, let this poor Present inform you: it is the Famous Romance entitled *Pharamond*, and written by the Author of *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*: were it not a Piece of great worth, I should not have thought it fit for your perusal: however, were it otherwise, I dare assure my self it would not be unwelcome; since to question that, were to doubt of your good will to

Madam, your faithful Servant. 17. *A.*

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover.*

Sir,

THere was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious Titles of Divine Mistress, most accomplished Lady, and what not? yet to manifest the frailty of all these Expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated, you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly, Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not so, but that your slighting of me may be the more apparent, you have not bestowed your Visits as you use to do; if I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame-worthy, as at present I take you to be. But that you may see I am not quite void, neither of good nature nor affection, I must needs confess I do somewhat doubt my own deserts, as well as your disposition, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,

Wholly Yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

THough your occasions enforce you to turn tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self might be admitted into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for: however, I confess my self so much engaged to you on other accounts, that I fear you would think your self too great a loser, should we but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than

than a Blank or Cypher : which that you may do, I will still bear the badge of your obligations, and when I appear false, let me be cast aside as none of your Coin, but as a Counterfeit : in the mean time, Sir, call me what you please, so you pardon the Errors of this trouble, which I concluded might be more fitly offered, than my acknowledgments should be concealed : but I shall sin no further against your patience, only believe me to be as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command.

19. A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friend's behalf.

Madam,

THrough an ardent desire to become your debtor, I have attempted to crave a favour of you in behalf of a Friend ; whose deserts when once known, will speak both his thanks and commendations : I am advertised by him, that there is a Lady, to whose young beauty you have no small relation, and he having a passion for her, knows not how to gain the favourable opportunity to kiss her Hands : 'Tis therefore my request, that, you remember me when you see him, and if you can further his resolutions, be assured the acknowledgments shall be great, as your civility, and with all observance paid, by, Madam,

Your real Friend and Servant.

20. Another to the same purpose.

Madam,

Pardon me if I tell you, you cannot be just, if you spare your civilities to me, since my affection is such to your service, that I shall ever esteem it the glory of my life, to be employ'd by your commands ; since therefore necessity doth compel you, receive this Gentleman as my Friend, that I may honour your merits, and endeavour to

get some for my self, that I may be the more capable of performing those Duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very humble Servant, &c.

21. A Letter of Complaints, from one Friend to another.

Sir,

YO U have so well studied the Art how to oblige, and withal how to express your favours, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blush, for putting so harmless a creature in so ill a habit; nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfy my self therein, unless I could tell with a safe conscience how to play the thief, and steal your words and actions from your self. Let me now only endeavour to tell you, that it is a kind of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing note-worthy, but that we live all so fairly in friendship, as if faction were a stranger to our train; as for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it; and the favours which I receive by you, would dignify it: and howsoever, the honour of your commands, if I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as with immodesty I will boast of to the Universe; nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any ones commands, than mine to

Yours.

22. An Answer to the former Letter.

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were deliver'd by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienc'd Artift; only let me tell you, I can discover a little dawbing here and there; but

but as you are my Friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire Affection to be more generously express'd, I can but return thanks to you, or rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist of thoughts than words. I must crave your pardon, now I am compell'd to let you know, I have scarce time enough allow'd me to say how much I am,

Sir, your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistress.*

My only Joy,

WH Y should strange fancies, and indigested humors create a breach in that Affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I? If I have offered any occasion for your dislike, let me be unpardonable: but if you will give me slights and neglects for my real love, it is you must be unjust: for shame let not any dispute be raised now, just now that we are travelling in the way of our felicity: from whence come the suggestions of yours, that things will look hereafter with a worser face, and that you fear your condition will have an ill change. Do you hold intelligence with Heaven, or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of a Deity; pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate Promises, nay firm Protestations, did not long since pass between us, then, when we called the little Birds, and the listening silent Streams to be witnesses to our Oaths: remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes: if all this shall seem as musick too harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim: But I dare not shew so much rigour towards you, you whom I so much love and honour. I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune; since my only happiness

happinefs takes wing, and the Life of my Life thinks me unworthy to be beloved : However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkind, my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, or your Sacrifice.

24. Civil Complements, from one Friend to another.

Sir,

TO be Civil is to be Noble, and both these qualities excell in you ; it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgments for your favours to me ; since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and virtue. I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart had it most freely welcome : for your lines did not only pleasure me, but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such Visitants, after they have taken leave of only your hand ; for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not. Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavours to contribute some what to your content ; for it is the chiefest aspiring hopes of, Sir, Yours, &c.

25. A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a new choice.

Dear Soul !

WHAT Melody can be sweeter Musick than the Sympathizing of our Loves ? I am not able to divine ; and I am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit, although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradise whilst I am in your favour, wherefore, O wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be firm as truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me ? Dear Heart, let me not be forgotten in a moment,

arriv'd to the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is Love : However, I must do you so much Justice as to condemn your discretion, for the fishing with a golden bait ; for believe me, next to Beauty, I cannot imagin any thing to be more taking among mortals, than the glorious name of Wealth : I could be content to keep my Coaches, my Pages, my Lackeys and Maids ; but I confess I could never endure the society of a bald pate : How can you think, reverend Sir, that I should love you, when by the temptations which you offer, you clearly manifest your opinion, that if I should marry, it must be to your Gold, rather than to you ? I confess, a Silver myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my years to doat on, but I have a childish humour peculiar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections so, as that they shou'd suffer Treasure, as a Loadstone, to draw them to its beck. 'Tis true, wealth will be welcome to me, to maintain my train, but the person of that more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more welcome to a Maids Embraces. Can you think me so weak, as to exchange the Flower of my youth, for a bundle of Snow, or rotten Dirt ? No Sir, Gold, with a Man is good, admirably good ; but it is Man that in the School of Love, passes for the principal Verb : For my own part, rather than join my self to a meer wedge of Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags, so they have any affinity to a Man.

*Old Men are grey, old Men are grey,
I'm a lusty bonny young Lass ;
And I pretbee old Man away.*

By this time, good old Man, you know my mind ; be wise, and wed your self to Heaven, and I shall thank you, if in your death you remember to bequeath your Gold to

Your young Adviser.

ment; let not me, whom your Beauty and your Vertue have ravished with admiration, become so vainly expensive of my time, as to lose that Jewel, dear to me as my Life. I will not, nor dare I believe you can be so unkind; but shall hereafter tell the erring World you are all goodness, and that there are those Ladies, even in this our age, that will not forget their Vows, and know how to be constant in the best, or worst of times, as well as Most worthy Lady,

Yours in the bonds of true Affection.

26. A rich o'd Gentleman, to a fair young Virgin.
Young Lady,

LE T not my years be an obstacle to your love, since I have those gifts of fortune, that will not only maintain your affections, and keep the fire of love in a continual flame, but will also afford you all those Ornaments which Art bath designed for the attending such tender and beautiful Buds of Nature: Besides, tho' I come not to you with a powerful Look, or in the mode of a young Gallant; yet know my Girl, my zeal for you can be as hot, and as sincere as the sprucest pretenders in the world: and if age doth make me seem in your apprehension as a withering tree, yet I have Gold will keep its colour; and is that which in this world is one's best friend. Pray have me in your thoughts, and I shall watch for an opportune Season, wherein I may make my self farther known to be, Fairest Lady,

Your most affectionate Servant.

The Answer.

27. A beautiful Young Virgin, to a decrepit rich old Gentleman.

Grave Sir,

YOU are too far distant from me in years, to be admitted into my affections, since you are arrived

28. A Letter of Courtelie, from Friend to Friend.
Sir,

I Have no kindness for this Letter, for I heartily wish it lost; that you may find me before it perform the service it was sent for: but you may perceive by its contents (for they are short) that I hope it will not be long ere you make me happy in your company. I am the more easily persuaded it will be suddenly, since I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of your return to Town, and my earnest desire to see you, may convince you, that I hold you to be as it were a Sun in my Hemisphere. My occasions compel me to forsake my usual Road of being tedious, and must conclude with that real truth of being, Sir,

Yours, undivided, though at distance.

29. One Gentleman to another, in behalf of a Friend.
Sir,

ERE I had so much good fortune, as to thank you for your former kindnesses, I am importuned by an honest Friend to recommend him to your favour; he hath an humble Suit to you, and as he assures me, a very just one, and hath omitted other opportunities, only that it might pass your hands. Sir, if you have any good will left for me, pray bestow part of it on him, and let the rest plead my Excuse for this fresh presumption; which if you please to interpret as a desire I have to serve you, you will judge aright of

Your Debtor, and humble Servant.

30. The forsaken Maid, to her treacherous Friend.
Most unkind Man!

IT is my exceeding wonder, that you should be one to make up the number of those that dare to be wicked. Now do I see my folly: when I hugg'd you in my bosom, and believed those

Oaths

Oaths and Protestations, which you have most villainously broke. Now can I call to mind the Advice my experienced Friends gave me, never to trust to the Pretensions of your Sex? Oh! can you see me on my knees, with wet and swoln eyes, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your self? Or have you no regard to that innocent Lamb, as yet but in my Womb, which though of a small volume, yet it is but your Self in a less Frame: if you believe, or but think it not yours, let me be ript up, and then you will perceive each member to bear the true Image of your own; and your Name is likewise near it, for since you told me what it should be called, I wrote it in my very Heart. I have nothing more to say, but only to desire you to be so true to your self and me, as to remember and perform your Vow: if not, be so merciful as to rid me of a loathsome Life: for if you do neither, my disgrace will be publick: and rather than live your Strumpet, I should esteem it a greater happiness, since my Misfortunes have brought me to the Misery, to die

Your Sacrifice.

31. *The Lady to her importunate Lover.*

Sir,

Since you are resolved to be troublesome, I shall likewise resolve to be impatient: let me not be any more perplexed with your impertinent Pretences; for assure your self, if my advice be slighted, and you continue as vain as formerly, I have so much interest in those that have worth and honour, as to engage them to correct your Insolency; and that not with Fift or Cane, but Weapons less vulgar, and more dangerous: therefore be advised before it be too late, since I am designed for another, and not likely however to be

Yours

The

The Answer.

32. *The Lover to his Threatning Lady,
Worthy Lady,*

CAN you think I can live, and want your love? or can you imagin I can fear death it self, when I am inspired by the thoughts of you? I will not be so uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your heart is made of Adamant; but be assur'd, whoever dares be so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Sword as sharp as his, and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; but if I chance to fall in so fair a quarrel, my Soul is so entirely fixt to your vertues, that if any chance afterward to injure you, or defile your honour, it will appear in your defence for I have made it my resolution to be, Dear Madam,
Tours Living, or in Death.

33. *A Letter of Enquiry, from Friend to Friend.
My good Friend,*

I Am designed now to be troublesome to you, but it is only that I may be satisfied in two points, first I am to tell you, I live as a thing without rest or patience, and shall continue so, till I hear how you escaped in the late accident: for I hold my self concern'd in all your dangers, and shall readily enlarge mine, so I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as well as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that my ambition aims at, is your society; which if I can obtain, I may perhaps recover my understanding; and shall thereby be the more enabled to render all acknowledgments due from Your Friend, to love and serve you.

34. *Comfortable advice to a Friend, on the death of a
Son, or other near Relation.*

Dear Sir,

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as great grief, and that is it that hath given wing

to

to my affections, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, not to afflict your self too much, since it was the pleasure of Almighty God to summon his servant to himself, cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he will certainly give you a full measure of Comfort: For it is he that is the Fountain of Consolation; nor doth any thing in this poor world happen by chance, but according to his divine Pleasure and Counsel, Sin only excepted; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they seem so to us, for his wisdom hath ordain'd all things from all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair of our head have a share in his Providence, consider then how such an infinite power, which is vested with such an infinite wisdom and goodness, can possibly let any thing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he died, which shall not be absolutely good and necessary for him. For *Jesus* sake, Sir, be your self, or rather petition to him, that in this urgent occasion you may be more than so. God make, and keep you ever happy; or make you less miserable, than I fear you are now making your self: this is, and shall be the desires and prayer of, Sir,

Your cordial Well-wisher, and very humble Servant.

35. *A Tender of service to a Mistress.*

Divine Lady,

YOU are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and hold it as well my duty as my interest, no longer to conceal how much I honour and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, divers times to acquaint you herewith before, since it hath been my great happiness to be admitted into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence till now. If my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compelled me

me to commit an error, I doubt not your goodness will excuse it, since it was purely out of a sincere zeal to do you service: nor could I dissemble my ambition any longer. Let it suffice, Dear Lady, that I am now a Prisoner to your Beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my suit, that you please to honour me with a favourable Answer to these Lines, that you may enable me to make a happy Reply, or otherwise such a one as may be too late esteemed unhappy, as bearing the doleful tidings of his Fate that vows to be

Yours, though in Death.

The Answer.

36. A disdainful Lady to her Servant.

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epistle, and cannot, as I am a Woman, and a Christian, but have so much charity as to pity, though I cannot love you; since it is a duty, I confess, I conceive to be due to all persons, either Sick or Lunatick: but I confess my nature is of another constitution, for you are the first, to my remembrance, that I ever hated: which now at length I thought good to let you know, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my dissimulation: Let it suffice, I shall study to revenge this Insolency, but yet so, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how, or wherein: And as for the Felicity which you think you have, in being able to make a Reply, either happy or unhappy, you may choose whether it shall be made, or not. But if it comes to my hands, it shall then be at my choice, whether to be burned or read, for the sake of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you spare the pains, for it will be but lost labour upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own.

37. A sick Lady to a Gentleman.

Sir,

Though I want strength to express my self so amply as I would, yet this may serve to let you see I do not forget you, though I am indisposed to think of any: but there is no thanks due from you for this civility, since I do it for my own advantage; for I always find such a satisfaction in all the respects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at the least, from the honour which I give my self of saying with abundance of truth, that
I am
Exceedingly Yours.

The Answer.

38. A Gentleman to a sick Lady.

Madam,

IF I were able to express the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you would not be ill pleased with mine; yet though the Letter was most freely welcome, as being your Ambassador, I confess, when its Errand was delivered, whereby I understood the condition you were in, I could not forbear some passionate incivilities to the poor Paper, but I do not despair of obtaining your pardon for it: for you ever profess to love kindness, and I am very believing, that you cannot find more in the heart of any creature than mine: That I may conclude you may in time be brought to think so, be pleased to follow my advice: Be extream careful to preserve your self this Winter, for the season will not easily assist you towards a speedy Recovery; but I hope the prayers of all your friends will, and I want not the consolation of beleiving that some use may be made of his, who is, Madam,

Infinitely Yours, to serve You.

D

39. The

39. The Lover to his unbelieving Mistress.
Fairest Lady,

I *It is my unhappiness to live, and not to be believed :
what assurance shall I render to satisfie your credulity ?
if death or danger may convince you, lay but your com-
mands, and then let your experience be the Judge. Is
there that wretch that hath offended you, name him, and
make me your scourge : or shall I combat with some
furious Lion, or try my strength against any angry
Bear ? These, or what may seem more dreadful, shall be
eagerly performed, since fortune must needs favour
those whom your love inspires ; let me but once obtain
that, and I shall fear nothing but a surfeit of Joy and
Happiness, as being mortal, yet bright Goddess,*

Your humble Votary.

40. A Lady to her Lover.

Dear Sir,

I *Received your late Epistle, which was not with
me before I wished it : but give me leave to tell
you, I do observe your affection to be but luke-
warm ; for (though I do not delight in great
Titles, yet) I know it hath been usual, is still, for
Lovers when they have an occasion to express their
zeal for a Lady, to give all their Adornments that
Art, or Words, or Memory can add to a deserving
Beauty. This I say only to inform you, that I can
can notify your neglect in this particular : but I
will conclude it was either your bashfulness, or else
your subtilty to try my simplicity and love. But
for the future pray remove all doubts, and assume
no more a Counterfeit for Liberty of trying my pa-
tience : when you know, I would pull out my own
heart, did it entertain a thought of alteration : fear
not me, but do your self remember those Protesta-
tions you have so solemnly and devoutly made, and
thereby*

thereby inflamed my affection. Let Vertue and constant Love be still your inseparable Companions: so may you conclude, I shall esteem you my Treasure, and will be no less

Yours to perpetuity.

41. *The Lover to his Mistress, having gained her affection.*

Life of my Love,

BEing overjoy'd for the great Treasure I am lately blessed with, I could not contain myself till I had wrote to thee, to assure thee once more of the great felicity I enjoy, since the happy Contract between thy dear Self, and Me; I never was really happy till now; I had before but a meer glance of Paradise, but now an absolute possession; now all my Joys are become acquainted with my sense, before I was only made up of Fancies and airy Imaginations: I had then but a glimpse of those fair flowers, the Roses and Lilies of thy Cheeks, but am now happily arriv'd to the unimaginable pleasure of gathering. My Senses are much too narrow to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have fed even to a surfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, than my happiness, lest excess swell me till I burst: then will Cupid be more cruel than before; since when I was but sick of Love, and dangers were not so great as now: But why do you talk of danger? I will fear nothing, whilst I have thy Love to guard me; for by the force of that, I dare promise my self not only happiness and safety, but all the blessings that can attend a Zealous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I have power to be, my Dear,

Thine only, and for ever

42. A Gentleman to his Lady, upon his urgent occasions
of taking a Journey.

Honoured and Dear Lady,

HAD not Christianity tied me to a strict Rule,
I could even curse the severity of my fate,
since necessity compels me to be banished from you,
and consequently from my self; so let me go never
so far distant, my heart will be always in your
custody, and the thoughts of your dear self, shall
be my only consolation. But that I should be thus
enjoined to remove my person from you, in whom
consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no small
grief to me, especially considering the Life I ap-
prehended in your favour, the Heaven that I dis-
covered in your smiles, and all those *Elizium* Joys
that adorned your countenance: yet since it must
be so, be assured, My Dear Dear, I shall not forget
the Vows of my Devotion; and I will be proud to
publist your vertues to the ignorant world, till I be-
come compleatly happy in an Experience of your
Constancy; Nor shall I move in any other Sphere
than what your influence doth govern; and will
sooner languish to the worst of deaths, than love
any but your divine self. Thus (my only Joy) lea-
ving my Heart in your tuition, I only beseech you
to be tender of it; for its own, for yours, or for
my sake: and in expectation of my happy Return,
I rest

Your faithfull, humble Servant.

The Answer.

43. A Lady to her Lover, upon his taking a Journey.

Dear Sir,

Iwould pour forth as many Curses on my fate as you
can invent for yours; but that I have an ambition
to be like you in all things, especially in what becomes
a Chri-

a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you say necessity doth compel you to take a Journey, (and I dare not doubt the least accent of your lips) I must study to be content, and to exercise all that patience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Prayers; and since you have honoured me with the custody of so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be confident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own Eye, and as a Hostage for my fidelity and your security, I assign you mine: be equally careful of it, as you honour your self or me: and I shall be no less studious to declare your worth, than to preserve my own fame, which never can be tainted while I remain, as I have resolved,

Yours ever, in Constancy and Service.

44. *A crackt Virgin, to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsok her for the love of a Strumpet.*

Base Man!

NOW you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous: Is this the fruit of your promises, and vows? Was it for this that you so often swore you never spoke to me without the thoughts of a pure love, and ambition to be mine; and that you never let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your heart was enflamed by a fire of virtue, and that in all your actions, Worth was the Loadstone that attracted your industry? How comes it then to pass, that you forsake me, ruin my Reputation, and leave be to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; and not only so, but with a wretched confidence glory in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your injurious actions with a slight or careless humor: and this reproach that is like to befall to you as well as me, is occasioned through a lascivious Love which you bear to an impudent Woman, nay, a known

Strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the deceitfulness of her heart, and whose very smiles are more ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodile; for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your own. What delight or satisfaction can you enjoy in the company of a lewd Whore, who loves another as well and better than she doth you, or one indeed that hath no real affection for any? I fear the custom of your sinning, hath taken away the sense of your own good, and you are grown deaf, and desperate: otherwise you durst not provoke the divine Vengeance, or expose your self to Vertue's curses, and the scorn of good men, for the notorious injuries you have done (perhaps to others, but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch, your Friend, till you abused her,

41. *The Lady to her slanderous Servant.*

Sir,

WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstances of affection between us both; but having considered the great affair we then had under consultation, I must desire your pardon, if I crave leave to recal my former fondness, since my fortune and my happiness lie at stake: Not that I do utterly determin to abandon all manner of good will for you, but only that little time may satisfy me concerning some reports of you that have lately reached my ears. Sir, I hope they are false, and in that confidence, I gave neither credit nor countenance to the former: but till I may be convinc'd they are so, 'tis my Request, that you shew your Love, by abstaining from any further Visits to

Sir, Your Friend and Servant.

The

The Answer.

46. The Slandered Love to his Lady.

Most worthy Lady,

I Know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that noble favour, so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to countenance my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers: Honoured Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of injustice to you; and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my Life at the feet of your Service: so far I am from fastning a falsehood on your fair Honour, that the proudest, He that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justify you, and correct him: and that I speak truth, there needs no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not allow of the least whispering against you, even then, when you were most unkind to me: therefore good Madam continue your wonted worth, and those good thoughts you once had of me: and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet through a glory I have to be seen in your Service, I will never suffer any to traduce your Fame; and if I cannot obtain the honour of being your Servant, I shall be happy in the title of

Madam, your Slave or Vassal.

47. The Jealous Lover to his Beloved.

Dear Heart,

YOU cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecute the frame of my Mind: it is occasioned through a cordial Love, which I bear to you, sweet Lady: Why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of Desperation? if you have any Love, Pity, or

Reason, give home assurance, at least encouragement, that in time I may be happy: otherwise, while I consider your excellent virtues, the incomparable endowments of the divine Soul, I mistrust my own merits, and you thereby become cruel, in setting me upon the torments of suspicion: O think not that I can retain the *Idea* of your Beauty without the hopes of enjoying you, or the absolute ruin and desolation of my self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Father or Brother, that I value: But if you frown, or storm, or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom; since your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints are to me an agony worse than death: Therefore, divine Lady, be like your self, vertuous, constant, and resolved; give some life to my hopes, remove my jealousy, that I may expect to call you mine, and be Master of my own Senses; that I may be convinced there shall not need any further expostulation, since I discourse with an understanding Lady; and dare assure the World, there are Women in it of worth virtue, and sincerity; that scorn to be disloyal, as much as doth, my only Joy,

Yours only to be commanded.

The Answer.

48. A Lady to her jealous Lover.

Suspicious Sir,

WHat occasion have I given you to retain any evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or modesty? It is true, and probably you have heard it, a Gentleman lately was pleased to bestow a Visit on me, nor could I do less than afford him a civil Salutation. Sir, I am not ignorant of the severity the Italians exercise, but we are now in England, where the practice of Humanity acquaints us with the true use of conversation: I know too, that Love is always seasoned with

with a smack of Jealousie; however, your own wisdom, and the confidence I thought you had of me, might inform you, that an uncorrupted Heart is Cannon-proof against temptations, as well as slanders. But to satisfy you, if you dare rely on my word, there passed not a Syllable between us, which a Divine, or your self might not have heard: otherwise be confident, if there had been no limits to the hands of respecting you, I should yet have had a regard to my own credit; and neither have given ear to immodest parley, or any undecent carriage. Be from henceforth confident of my Loyalty; for in a little time it shall convince you, that I love you truly, and with so sincere a resolution, as to be, Sir;

Yours not to live without you.

49. Civillities, from one Lady to another.

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favour, yet that may prove as importunate as it is unjust, because I could never deserve it; yet I have no power to frustrate the effect of that whereof you warrant the Cause, which occasions my admiring of your worth. And since you have been pleased to assure me of your Friendship, and your Favour, I can do no less than offer my Service, which shall ever be in a readiness to attend your Commands. I have had some young Gallants with me of late, who promise more visits, and have sent some Complements: By the next, I hope to be better furnished with somewhat new, to accompany what I have so often said, and shall perpetually, that I am, Madam,

Yours, wholly at your Command.

50. *A Gentleman's request (for a sum of Money)
to his Friend.*

Sir,

Accuse me not for my Ambition to be still in your favour, since by that I freely beg what I would not ask, nor care to receive from any body whom I do not only affect, but extremely honour. The urgency of my Occasions have prevailed with me to send this Messenger to you for the sum of, &c. only for one months time, at the expiration of which, you shall be certainly paid. Sir, you may well wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confidently desire so much; but my unwillingness to forfeit my word with one friend, hath put me to engage it to another. This feat if you will please to grant, you will infinitely oblige me: however, if you deny me, I should be ungrateful and unworthy, should I disown those Engagements, which have otherwise made me sufficiently

Your Debtor and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman, on his Recovery from
a Fit of Sickness.*

Noble Sir,

By your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good News I hoped for, I mean your Recovery from those dangers your late Sickness was said to threaten: I had the unhappy intelligence from one whom I knew to be just in his Reports, and I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Conscience to believe him: But now you are well, I am safe, and not in so much danger of being frightened by the mis-reports of others. Here are now so many about me, and they

they chatting all at once, that I cannot with difficulty write one word of sence: however, my Heart like a Carriers Horse, trots in the old path and pace, and cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my Hand from expressing that I am, and shall be ever,

Your very Friend and Servant.

52. The recovered Gentleman, to the aforesaid Lady.

Madam,

MY indisposition hath been double, the want of health and your good company, which hath been most particularly desired; since my Inclination invites me to take a pleasure in your society: your Letter was extreamly welcome, you may believe me Madam; for you cannot but know with what respects I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not despair to hope for: I will serve you, Madam, if I can, not only from one end of the World to the other, but from this very day, to the last of my Life; and shall desire all your Commands, if they shall dare to exceed my inclination and resolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now; since the King, if he will be just, cannot punish me for not performing impossibilities: nor will you, I know, be so unmerciful, now I want the use of my own Hand, to deny me any other mans. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard shift to subscribe my self now, and ever, Madam,

Your obsequious Servant.

53. *The Lover to his Mistress, upon his fear of her entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHat can there be to compose an accomplished Mind, that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a Noble Birth, Solid Wisdom, Affable Demeanour, insomuch Lady, that you are truly the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not only approach absolute perfections, but enjoy all others to a high and fervent observation: nor can I boast of any Respects I do you, since your Virtues command more than I am able to wish; and it is by glory, and I esteem it the pride of my life to justify my Souls desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your Slave. Command me then, most excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be Love; for without Love I can have no Life, nor do I value Death, so I may bear your Love with me to the Grave. Yet my dearest Lady, let me not be mislook, though I am happy in being your Subject, yet like a Sovereign Prince, I cannot endure a Competitor; the feud being much a like between Rivals for Love, and those for Kingdoms; I have more of a Man in me, than to brook anothers claim, especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right. Let me beseech you then, for Humanity Sake and Virtues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection; lest you betray your Vertue to corruption, or my small flock of Valour, to irrecoverable Dangers. For be assured, if my hopes are either frustrated by your will, or ignorance, I will defie the World, you, all Women for your sake, and my self: But if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honour, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extention; and be extreemly happy, if my
lost

lost Blood may be expended in the Service; since I have vowed to entertain the Resolution of being, Madam,

None but Yours, and, Yours till Death.

54. A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miser, whom her Guardian did design would Wed Her. Honourable Sir,

FOR I must ever acknowledge the truth of that old Proverb, that says, Age is Honourable; for all that, give me leave to tell you, though I am under the Tuition of another, yet I am Mistress of my own Affections; and in truth, neither your Wisdom, your Gravity, no nor your Riches, can charm me to affect you. Sir, be so much your self as to desist from your Suit to me. Be in Charity with the World, and in Love with Heaven: Build Hospitals, that you may merit the Prayers of the Poor; and spend not your precious Time in Dotage upon a Woman: For to be plain with you, I will sooner Wed my self to a Nunnery, or some loathsome Goal, than become your Bed-fellow; and shall ever have a greater estimation for a Wise Man in Rags, than a Fool in his Richest Trappings. If you visit me, or send to me any more, I shall conclude you troublesome and frantick: be advised then, since you know the mind and resolution of, Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendship.

55. The ingratiating Gentleman to his angry Mistress.

Excellent Lady,

I Beseech you to consider, I cannot live unless you love, then be so merciful as to save what your frowns are able to destroy; if you imagin my Husbandry will be profuse, your love will teach me to be frugal. Do you mistrust Incontinence? Love will quench those Flames. Do you fear
I may

I may be guilty of extravagancies? Love will teach me to be solid: are you afraid of want? Love is content with a little, and studies things that are impossible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are most difficult. Be not then so credulous to the whispers of Calumniators: though these suggestions are buzzed into your ears, yet consider whether there be any ground for such like Jealousies, or the ends of those that raise them, only to poison my reputation and my happiness: let my honest and real assertions be weighed in the ballance of your serene Judgment, that I may be admitted into your favour, or else know my doom, and die quickly, that Fame may do me so much honour and justice, as to record me, Divine Lady,

Your abused Martyr.

56. A Gentleman of good Birth, but small Fortune, to a worthy Lady, after she had given him a denial.
Worthy Honoured Lady,

HAD I not apprehended some small spark of incouragement, as it seemed to issue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forbore to have put you to this second trouble, or my self to a fresh presumption; as knowing such divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more than an ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, not to reflect upon my Confidence, nor startle me with my inequality of Birth; lest the sense of losing you, send me to Hell with terror. My presumption hath this Apology, It is more ease to reach to the lofty Bough, than to stoop to the humble Straw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his designs, it is a glory to undertake them. And though, Madam, you are truly great, as well as good; yet

Historie,

Histories will tell you, there have been Queens, and Persons of highest Honour, that have cast their smiles on such whose accomplishments might claim respect. For my own part, I may and dare lay it without ostentation, my Birth is not base nor mean, and my affection nobly Loyal. Oh let not fears suggest to me, that some other by an intrusion will deprive me of my Soul's treasure, your love, a happiness that I would purchase with any thing more dear than liberty or life: Oh be not then so severe as to say, Honour forbids you to affect me, though you could like my Person, there is death in every accent of such a sound: But if you do resolve for a Servant more meritorious than myself, you will ease my torments by giving me to understand so much: since I intend not to trouble you with any more lines, but resolutely to fall, Celestial Lady, A Sacrifice to Love, and You.

57. *A Lover to his Mistress, who had lately entertain'd another Servant to her bosom, and her bed.*

Madam,

I Am now arriv'd to that pitch of learning, as to understand the Vanity of your Sex: you have incomparably well prov'd, that though men can put a bridle into the nostrils of Wild Beasts, out-do the craft of Serpents, and dive into the most hidden secrets of Nature, yet the industrious thing called Woman can out-do him, and confound his noble understanding. From henceforth therefore I will shun your Sex, as the infectious poison of a Pestilence: Now could I Curse my Credulity, my self, and all Women for your sake: Was I not fore-warn'd by the example of a wicked *Helen*, that occasioned the desolation of famous *Troy*, by that of *Eriphyle*, *Cleopatra*, *Mesfelia*, *Panthea*, *Rhodopis*, and many others. But why should

should I trouble my Brain to sum up Examples when each Woman is a Plague to her self, to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear Hot-houses in their Bodies, and Stoves in their boiling Bloods. I perceive my Love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you slight me, and entertain some Monster of a more able Back; whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well made Joints under his ponderous load; may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Perjury: For be assured, Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable Offenders; and that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not only the desire, but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. *The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own Innocency.*

Unkind Sir,

I Do not a little wonder at the frenzy of your crackt Brain, since you dare thus confidently to call my Love and Modesty inquestion, and only for the civil Entertainment, which in honour I was obliged to afford a Friend. Whence come all those dreadful and Satyrical Expressions that you imagine are now too good for one, that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not Vows and Imprecations, to create a credulity in me? certainly the Furies were your Dictatrixes when you wrote. I will grant you, that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his Affection; but I hold it not fit he should be made raging

raging Mad, as I fear you are. Sir, believe me, your Intelligence is false, and Innocency can with safety stand all the Assaults of a slanderous Tongue. Pray recollect your thoughts, and punish my Accuser, that my Worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny: Be less suspicious, and assure your self, I shall ever be Loyal: though now I write in passion, so far I dare engage, since I already find it is my chief content and happiness, to be thought worthy of being, Sir, *Yours, though hugely wronged.*

59. *A Lady to him whom she affects.*

Sir,

I Should have been happy, if Heaven had given me merits to deserve your Affections, since I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine. But that we way discourse with a little freedom, I will borrow so much time for my own Affairs, as to meet you at, &c. Only I shall give you this Caution, That as I am a Virgin, you will shew your self so far a Gentleman, as not to offer any thing of Incivility. Pardon me, that I lay such an Injunction on you; it is not that I question you are otherwise than Noble; but only what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that hath respect to her own Modesty and Credit, and may therefore very well become,

Sir, Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

60. *A Lover to his Amorous Lady.*

Dear Madam,

I Do so well understand my Respects to you, that (pardon my boldness if I say) your care was somewhat needless. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagin I would injare you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of such a Purchase? Again, my Birth is not so base,

as to tyrannize over Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies ; when the Sky puts on her spangled garments, the glittering Stars, I will expect you with all the reverence and submission due to your noble Merits. From, divine Lady,

Tours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The affected Lover to his Mistress.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand, by the industrious help of History, how stones have danced over *Amphion* to the *Theban* Walls : that the mountainous *Ossa*, and the lofty *Pandæa* likewise danced to the *Odrysian* Lyre : that Dolphins forsook their wild natures, when they heard the melody of *Arion's* Harp, humbling their backs of Scales to bear him from the violence of *Neptune*, his angry Waves. It is then beneath a wonder, if the World stand amazed at your Voice : should the fierce Tyger, or the raging Boar but hear you speak, they would change their unbridled natures into the modesty of devout Adorers. One accent from your delicate and incomparable lips, is sufficient to give life to a dying man, and to revive into childhood the chill and cold clods of age. One smile of yours can work more Miracles than *Æson's* experience found in *Medea's* Bath. How happy am I then in your Love ? I am nothing beneath the great Monarch of the greatest Empire ; and may I fall from all fortunes, to my absolute ruin, and when I forget to be, most Honoured Lady,

Your Beauty's Slave.

The Answer.

62. A Lady, to her affected Lover.

My Happiness and Joy,

Your large Commendations, and liberal Expressions towards me, do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real: yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another Mind, and some Critick may chauce to find those faults in your Rhetorick, which you that see with the Multiplying glass of Love cannot perceive. Therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these Hyperboles hereafter; since the reciprocal trials that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affection: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me; for what need such lofty lines, that savour so much of flattery? when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Yours, and only yours.

63. A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had deserted his Suit at the first Repulse.

Sir,

I Expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are a raw Soldier, and but lately engaged under Cupid's Banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse: For though I can afford you room in my heart, and all the Love that is there, is for you and your worth; yet you might well tax me with lenity; or suppose me extream forward, should I yield at the first Summons, without having the least experience either of your love or loyalty: But be confident (for I dare write more

more than I durst speak, since this Paper cannot blush, though I may) I have had a very high respect and honour for you, since the first moment that made me happy with your presence: I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient; if you have a kindness for me, you perceive I am ready to go out of the road of a Maidens modesty, only to meet with you: Be not so much like your Sex, as to slight me, now you have that thrown upon you, which with so much ardency you seemed to court before; for I can judge of Justice as well as Love: But if you will favour me with your Company, or at least a Line or two, you will not only give me abundance of Satisfaction, but engage me to be, Sir,

Tours for ever.

64. *A Gentleman to a Fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a Window.*

Lovely Lady,

Justice and Honour kiss your hands, and so far pleaded my cause as to tell you, you are obliged to shew me a favour, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover: but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to stoop to, or fly from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is Noble. Fairest Lady, my ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honour, and question not (since Heaven delights to be loved, and you, like one of its Inhabitants journeyed here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you will be in conditions as in beauty. For if the divinity of your Person lay a Charm upon my Senses, it is but Justice that you endeavour to recover me, before my Dis-
temper

temper render me incapable of any remedy; however it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your Servant, that I can die, Lovely Creature,

Your devout Admirer.

65. A Sick Lady to her Lover, enjoining him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the small Pox, or some other Malignant Distemper,

Sir,

I Am now become a Prisoner to my Chamber; and though it were Charity in you to bestow your Visits, yet my own sense of Justice informs me I ought to continue close, since that Fate hath befallen me, may else be so spiteful as to seize on you: it is a Distemper that hath used a violence to my whole Body, and hath not spared my Face. Lest therefore I become your wonder, I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time, till you may see me with more safety and convenience, for if you should venture your person, now mine is in some danger, my grief would be augmented: since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate, than all: and if I must lose my self, I would not have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my second self, and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt. You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne; for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend, and you will therein do Justice to your self, and, Sir,

Yours, in Sickness, or in Health.

66. The fearful Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistress.

Madam,

I T is now most apparent to me, that there is no credit to be given to a Woman. Have not you
and

and I confirmed so strong a League, and Love, and Friendship as was possible to be done; yet you can forget all your Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, as if they were but as so much wind, and might be broken as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously done, and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortunes are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough to chalk to your self the way of your felicity; or as if you held a correspondence with Wizards, that could divine what the effects of your love should be; if I must be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most happy, yet at least pray let me not be forgotten; that you may justly say, you were once loved by a real Friend; and if it be my misfortune to be deprived of you, may you meet with one whose affections may be sincere as mine, that would be,
 Madam, *Yours, if you please.*

The Answer.

67. A Lady to her fearful Lover.

Worthy Sir,

YOUR downright railing against our Sex, seems to me, only as the heat of your Passion, which I will favour with the construction of your Love. But I cannot but extremely admire what Devil it should be, should inflame you with so much fear and jealousy. I remember all those Vows and Protestations that passed between us, and you shall know, I dare not to be so wicked as to attempt Heaven and Vengeance, so as to break my least Promise to any Soul alive, especially with you: be therefore wise, and more resolved. You might have forbore your taunting language of my chalking out a way to my felicities, or holding a correspondence with Witches, or of taxing me point-blank with perfidiousness, before you heard my answer; such usage

would

would tempt many a young Maiden to scorn and forget Love. When I see you next, we may discourse farther on this Subject; till then, and ever, beconfident, I am,
Yours, if you think fit.

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and miserable Man!

CANST thou open thy eyes, and not fear lest every one that sees thee, should revenge those Adulteries and Lascivious actions of thine? where-with thou hast brought upon thee the Curses of a chaste Wife, with her dear and innocent Babes; doth not thy Conscience tell thee there is an everlasting Law-giver sits in Triumph against the day of vengeance, to Judge such perverse Sinners as thee? Or dost thou imagin that those strict duties (commanded from the beginning) were but matters of policy? or that position of Man and Wife being one flesh, as meerly breath and exhalation? surely it is so esteemed by Atheists and prophane livers: But I fear to the eternal Horror of thy Soul, thou wilt coar in the Pit of everlasting Perdition, from whence it is difficult to get Redemption. Therefore be no more foolish, but call to mind how thou hast mispent thy most precious time; endeavour to redeem it, and open the Eyes of thy Understanding, that thou mayest repent, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee: Consider, the lips of a Whore are sweet as Honey to the taste of Fools; but in her heart is the sting of Scorpions, yea the poison of Asps lyes under her lips: Wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when there is no cataplasm for the sore? Wilt thou forget the vertuous Wife of thy bosom, for a Strumpet that is not only disloyal, but impudent? Darest thou despise thy Children, these gifts of the Almighty Providence,

vidence, resembling Olive-branches about thy Table, those Buds of the Divine Blessings, promised to the good man? wilt thou run and wallow in the loathsome sink of Lust and carnal Brutality? thou that mayest trace the fair Walls of Contentment with honest and chaste embracings. Oh be more advised, let the contract of our Nuptial Vows prevail with thee; I conjure thee, return to the pleasant Springs of our Amity, that I may wash thee clean again with the tears and kisses of a loving Wife; that thou mayest see thy Children flourish, and that I may no longer be as my present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

69. *A Lover to his distempered Lady.*

My Foy!

YOU are now more cruel in your Sicknes, than I ever found you in your Health: it was a severe Command you sent to me: What though you are sick? If I do not see you I shall be so too, and perhaps may go out of the World before you. I understand your indisposition to be great, and that your Disease hath abused you to your Face, but I hope you understand me so well, as to conclude my Love doth not consist in outward Forms: I have reason to command my passion, and by that I am persuaded it was a virtuous *Cassandra*, not a fair *Helen*, that I courted, a Spirit that was truly Noble, not the thin Skin of a Fair Feature. However, I am confident the Beauty of your Person, as well as that of your Mind, cannot be Subject to a ruin by any sinister accident: Time, that undertakes to wrestle with all things Mortal, may give it a trip hereafter, and then our Souls shall enjoy a Blissful Union to Eternity. Dear Soul, recal your *Mandate*, and give me leave to be
happy

happy once more; for till I see you, I am in continual pain: however, I have this consolation, that I can be
Yours languishing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for some private reasons concealed his Birth and Fortune.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Ambition hath been so long a growth, that now it is become too big to be concealed; therefore I beseech you, if you have any respect for a young Lady, satisfy my request which is only, that I may better know you, and be better known to you. You seem to be a Gentleman every way compleat, if I may receive your Character, though from your own mouth, I shall believe it as an Oracle; for I persuade my self you are truly Noble. If your intentions are as I have reason to believe, and that you bear any kindness towards me, you will not deny this reasonable civility; nor can it be thought discretion, but rather a strange extravagancy in me, to receive your affections, or to pledge my own, unless I can have some account of your worth, more than what I have read in your visage; which I confess is sufficient, (if our conditions may correspond) to entitle me, Sir,

Yours, as you shall please

71. *The absent Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistress.*

Madam,

I Dare not rashly condemn you, but pardon my love, if I take upon me to inform and to advise you: There are those that whisper strange things concerning you; as that you afford your self more liberty than is consistent with the modesty of your Sex; and that at unseasonable times

E

you

you have been seen to accompany such Persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous: I know, Madam; Report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar: nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love: I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to any thing, wherein there is any use made of your Name; impute it, as I do, to my distraction, not your defects: but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of slanderous people may be stopped, that Envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same Happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you: which I shall ever do, while you have vertue, or I have power to be

Yours.

72, *A Gentleman's Advice to his Mistress, how she should blind the eyes of her watchful Friends.*

My Life's Life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no Friend of mine, doth not only watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Emisaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the Servants are charged to slip behind the hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee: my Advice therefore is, that always in his presence we seem as strangers, and counterfeite our looks; that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousy: but remember, when thou seest my brow full of frowns, as if I had a resolution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my Countenance; and that originally, I am, as I shall be ever, thy happy, and therefore thy most pleasant Friend, believe it for a Play, not a truth; and if thou dost but act thy part as well as I, it shall not be long e're *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the World, that

in

in spite of either their care or envy, thou art mine: in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servit^r ur.

73. Gentleman to his new Mistress, upon his relinquishing an old one.

Lovely Lady,

HAVING lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of Marrying with another; I cannot deny but some Treaty was had concerning that Affair with, &c. but your excellent Beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your Favour, and that you may not think me wavering since I have left one that I might find a better; be assured Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrimony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some encouragements; or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give a farther Testimony of the Love and Honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die,

Yours,

74. A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.
Mistress, &c.

I Did persuade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no persuasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts; but now I find you are as changeable as your Sex: and it is easier to hold a slippery Eel by the tail, than to find a Woman that is true and constant: Had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or

admitting him into your Society ; but my affections have been unspotted, and never had so much as a small flaw, or more in them till now. Now, that you, like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk, and besmear that fair Reputation that you before enjoy'd, which was the main Motive that spur'd me on to conclude our Contract. And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you and advise you : I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfy my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you ; and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate and real Friend.

The Answer.

75. A Vertuous Lady to her Captious Lover.
Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that Cupid and Jealousy are inseparable companions, and true love is oftentimes mixt with suspicious fears : but it is my wonder, that you who are a man of reason, should so flaily condemn me, before you know what my Offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you, I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanor hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company, deserves rather your acknowledgments for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure. But perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any Man, since I was designed to be yours only : however, you may do me the justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me ; nor had I been in his company, had not the importunate treaties of the rest prevailed with me ;

Besides,

Besides, though I am in election to be your Wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your Slave, but will allow me a reasonable conversation with persons above the reach of a Calumny. I beseech you Sir, be satisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence-forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will cast you into such another Hell of tormenting Jealousies; but shall study to render my self as shall become, Sir, Yours, if it may be.

76. *A Lover in Commendation of his Mistress.*

My Bliss,

I Was sufficiently amazed when I beheld your person, and the beauty of your outward shape, inso-much that I concluded Nature designed you for her Store-house, wherein all her Rarities and Novelties were dispersed and intrusted: I looked, and as I looked I admired; but having afterwards attained to understand the virtues of your Mind, I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treasure of precious Jewels were inclosed within the fair Casket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgement, and think the better of my self for fixing upon so glorious an object. This is not Flattery, but Justice; and as you have set my Affections on a flame, it is just that you should study some way for satisfaction: since I am in thought, word, and deed,

Madam, yours wholly at your command,

77. *A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman, for a civility lately received.*

Worthy Sir,

I Should be a stranger to Worth and Honour, should I be so far unacquainted with the generosity of your Nature, as not to understand it to

be truly Noble in all things, it studies to do courtesies, and hates to receive acknowledgments; yet I must be so upright to my self, as to own your late civility for a most noble Favour, which I confess I received with some kind of amazement, as being my self so much undeserving: and lest my Services should be beneath my wishes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavours cannot be unrewarded, for that alone will render them considerable; and if I cannot be happy in any thing, it must be in proclaiming to the World, how much I am, Noble Sir,

Your Honour'd, and humble Servant.

78. *A Gentleman to a sick Lady.*

Madam,

I Am so happy as to sympathize with you in your want of Health, my mind assures me, you cannot be disordered by any bold Disease, but I must be so too, you have this evidence for it, since I have had an ex reat Fit of discontent from the time I last saw you: Now I am somewhat amended, my disposition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do desire, that your condition is the same, otherwise rather than you should want a Companion in your misery, I would choose to be ill again: That I may therefore be forewarned of my own Misfortunes, be pleased I beseech you to let me understand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving some commands from you, since it is the glory of my Life to appear, Madam,

Yours in occasions.

The

The Answer.

79. A Sick Lady to a Gentleman.

Noble Sir,

M^y Distemper leaves me, but all in vain, since I cannot be thoroughly well till I see that you are so; I could once willingly have died, because I cannot live to requite your kindness; but now I begin to be past all hope of dying, for Death came towards me so fast, that the very Joy thereof hath wrought in me a Recovery. Sir, My health consists only in the ability which I hope suddenly to have, that I may visit you; since you will not be so favourable as to prevent me by coming hither; but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honour to own what I have hitherto profess'd, to be still what I was before, and will continue, Sir,

Yours, to serve and honour you.

80. A Husband to his Lascivious Wife.

Wicked and wretched Woman,

Hadst thou forgot all goodness, that thou dar'st lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Crystal light? Hast thou no sense of thy own filthy deformity? Dost thou not know the World brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not sensible how thou hast made me become a scorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honest man can be dashed by the infidelity of a Strumpet: but so it is, that the corruption of the times have created a custom to set the Wives sins upon the Husbands forehead; thy Children are either hated or pitied by all, and I my self dare not look upon them, lest I permit my fears to whisper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Bastardy. Our Relations, and those that were formerly our bosom Friends, do now forsake us, crying, they will

not accompany themselves with such as belong to the house of shame, or that tread the paths of inconstancy. Consider these things and repent, lest thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Justice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward of all thy impieties; and withal remember, this is the advice of, monstrous Woman,

Thy sad and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks for sending him a Book.*

Worthily Honoured Sir,

I Would have rejoiced to have had an opportunity to serve you before you sent me that Ingenious Piece, entitled, *The Lives of the Statesmen and Favourites of England since the Reformation.* But I am now bound to make it the business of my life, to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgments, both for your own sake, and for the Gifts: For though nothing could be unwelcome to me that you should send, yet I know not what could have been more welcome, except your self, whom I know not how to requite; but must proclaim you a noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and shall multiply my wishes for your prosperity; since you have without merits of mine, bound me for ever, Sir,

Your thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentleman's request to his Friend, for a sum of Money.*

Sir,

LET me not be held no Friend, because I send to borrow Money; I had rather want that, than lose your Love: but Sir, if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your patience so far, as to measure the length of your Purse-strings, since a present and urgent occasion puts me on this

this strange Adventure. The Sum is but Five Pounds, which shall be paid within a Month, if you dare take my credit for the assurance, and for interest, you shall have my thankful acknowledgments. Thus not doubting of your civility in this case, I rest, as ever,
Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

83. A Gentleman to his Friend, that sent to borrow Money.

Sir,

OUR Friendship would be beld by a slender Thred, if a five pound weight could snap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but to esteem my self happy, in that I have a Purse or String to serve you, your Credit is sufficient, and therefore I have sent you the Sum required, and shall expect no other Interest, than the like Courtesie (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. A Lover to his Mistress.

Bright Lady!

I Am now in love with mine own Eyes, and Wit for were not the first exceeding good, they could not endure the lustre of your Beauty: and I am apt to believe the latter may be sharp, since it hath so exact a Character of your Worth. Be more just to your self and me, than to think I flatter you; look into your self, and then you will wrong neither; and when you find I have done you right, call not my affection in question for making the discovery; since it is my duty to serve you, and Truth, in all things honourable: But if by commending my own Services, I am so presumptuous as to exceed your pleasure, let your Pity seal my

E 5

Pardon;

Pardon; since my default was only the effect of Love, and I shall doubly be engaged to be,
 Madam, *Yours now, and ever.*

The Answer.

85. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Sir,

YOU do well to love your own Eyes and Wit; and I will own the first to be good, and the latter sharp; but if they both went together as you place them, your Brains might be on the outside of your Head, and then if you prove mistaken, blame your Self, your Eyes, your Wit, and not me. But that I may be just to you, where there is no fault, there is no need of pardon; though the worth of ones affection oftentimes appears more in words than in reality: however, if you will take the liberty and trouble to commend me, I must and will claim the privilege to subscribe my self,
Your obliged Servant.

85. *A Gentleman to his Rival.*

Sir,

IF you understood what an Honour I have for the accomplished Lady, you are pleased to afford your Courtships to, and what a reciprocal return I have for my affections; you would, either out of civility, or judgment, cease to be so ridiculous, as to endeavour to rob me of her, whom her Parents and her Self hath blessed me with. And though perhaps, the out of a Maiden Modesty, will assure you it is not so, yet I can justify as much, and make it apparent to your own judgment: Beside, the time is drawing near, when our wishes will be consummated; and then, you, and that part of the World that know her, may learn whether what I have now said be a Truth, or Fable:
 Cozen

Cozen not your self, ſhe hath a notable waggish Wit, and uſes it only to make you her ſport. Sir, be wiſe, and think not with eaſe to attain to a happineſs that I have tugged for : you are a Gentle-men whom I have known, nor are your Relations ſtrangers to me, Were it not for that reaſon, I ſhould not have brook'd your viſits to her hitherto, to the diſturbance of my quiet. But from this time remember, I have deſired and warned you to forbear, as you cheriſh your ſafety and reputation, that ſo we may continue Friends, for be aſſured, you cannot find out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perſeverance, which will occaſion me to proclaim my ſelf, Sir,

Your incenſed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her Match to one whom ſhe cannot love.*

Moſt dear Parents,

I Beſeech you, let the Rules of Nature be ſo prevalent with you, as not to marry me to the Man whom you deſign : but if you do reſolve that I ſhall Marry, let it be to one that I ſhall love, or to my Grave : be not over-ruled by the thoughts of Avarice, leſt you become inhuman to your own blood, and make me

Your ſad, ſorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentleman's firſt Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.*
Beauteous Lady,

YOUR feature is ſo glorious, that I muſt needs acknowledge, I do verily believe Nature hath not one piece of Art that ſhe can more boaſt of; nor is there any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a greater reverence, were your affections but correſpondent to mine, I would vie for happineſs with the proudeſt Prince under the bright Canopy

of

f the Celestial Orb, but without your love, I cannot live; which will be a sufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cause of my ruin. Madam, I humbly implore your favour, make me your adopted Servant, and use me and what is mine, as yours; for I account no glory greater, than that of being, *Lovely Lady,* *Your obedient Vassal.*

89. Another to the same effect.

Mirror of Women!

Pardon the presumption of a Stranger, that having lately lost his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is composed of nothing but, what consists of Innocence and Vertue; and from thence I have this consolation, that knowing it is in your possession, I question not but you will be noble to it: either for love or pities sake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my visits to it; and if I may be so happy, let me accompany it, by being registred among the chief of your Adorers. I confess, my encouragements are small, having attempted nothing yet, that might make me capable of your smiles, and being acquainted only with your worth: yet such is the over-ruling power of your Beauty, that though my eyes were but once blessed with a sight of your peerless Perfections, my soul immediately became a Captive to your Vertues; and being now at your disposal, I shall hope to find you merciful: that I may not languish in adverse fortune, since you are naturally tender, and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm Affection.

90. A Courteous Lass to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Child.

Mirror of Man!

I Am now constrained to confine my self to a re-
tired life, such is the fruit of your late dalli-
ance.

ance, that I am become obvious (and without your company shall be odious) to all that see me; and like your self, the Babe in my Womb is continually exercising it self in an activity that affords me but little rest. You cannot forget your promises to marry me, ere you could prevail with me to satisfy your pleasures. Sweet Sir, let your stay be short, for prolixity is dangerous to both our reputations, I languish till you come, and till then, and ever shall remain, My dear Soul,

Tours, to love, and live with you.

91. A Gentleman to his (once scornful, but now) affectionate Mistress.

Madam,

YOUR sighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough, since I have now disposed of my resolutions so firmly, as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recal. Nor am I one of those puny Lovers, that think it reasonable to lay my love at your feet, after it hath so inhumanly received your slights. I once loved you too well, but now have so opened the eyes of my understanding, that I can more plainly see my own worth, and your frailty. You are now so kind, as to make Vows of Love to me; and I am so little an Infidel as to believe you: And therefore, since you have a love for me, I conjure you by that love you bear me, that you trouble me no more, but henceforth study to forget that I was ever so much as

Your loving Friend.

92. A kind-hearted Gentlewoman to her boasting Favourite.

Ungrateful Man!

Hath my love to you deserved no better than your scorns? Did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows,

Vows, and do you requite me with the ruin of my Reputation? Degenerate Monster! Can you be sottish as to think you do not wound your own Fame, when you strike at me? Will not all men abhor you, and though they permit you a hearing, yet esteem of you as one of Natures Prodigious. But to be more plain with you, be so wise as to forbear your foul Réproaches, lest you receive a Pistol, or a Poinyard from some one or other, that may be sensible of your unworthy usage to, Base Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. The Lover to his inconstant Mistress.

Lady,

YOUR Love was once my Paradise, nor did I esteem my self happy in ought else; but now perceiving your ambition hath betrayed your Honour, and corrupted your Affection towards me, give me leave to tell you, Since you can forget to Love, I can as easily forget to Sigh; and from this Minute shall disown you for being the Object of my Delight; since I think it not at all difficult to find a Mistress of more worth and constancy. May you possess a Husband equal to your deserts, I wish you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

SONGS

S O N G S

A L A M O D E,

Composed by the most Refined Wits
of this Age.

Song 1.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workmen, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the God;
So cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all,
We mortals Vertue, or (can) Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds;
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers, constitute thy Reign:
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most;
And those to whom 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one:
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd;
Then Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph, my delay
Shames me, a Lover:
Which I will now repay
Since I discover

Those

Those Beauties and Graces
Which so adorn thee ;
And makes the Earth grow proud,
That it hath born thee.
At the Wakes and the Fairs,
And every Meeting,
He's only happy can
Dance with my Sweeting ;
Where all that stand about,
Still gaze upon her ;
And those the Croud keep out,
Are talking on her.
As she walks through the Meads
With other Lasses,
All Flowers bend their heads
Still as she passes,
Striving to offer them—
Selves to be gather'd,
That she might Garlands wear,
E're they were wither'd.
As she at Ball in the
Cool Evening play'd ;
For little Victories,
And Wagers laid ;
As the Ball, so their Hearts
When they came nigh her,
Leap'd for joy equally,
As they stood by her.
Ask the Rose, why so red ?
It says she kiss'd it ;
The Lilly, why so pale ?
'Cause her lips miss'd it :
The blushing Cherry said,
'Twould be her debtor,
'Cause one soft touch of hers
Ripen'd it better.

Song

Song 3.

Break, break distracted heart, there is no Cure
 For this my Souls most desperate Calamity:
 Sighs, which in others passion vent,
 And give them ease when they lament,
 Are but the Bellows to my hot desire;
 And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire:
 Nothing can mollifie my grief,
 Or give my passion a relief.
 Loves flames when smother'd always do devour,
 And when oppos'd, the same hath fatal power.
 Then welcome Death, let thy blest hands apply
 A Medicine to my grief; I'll die, I'll die.

Song 4.

Welcome blest hand, whose white out-vios
 The Lillies, or the Milky-way:
 Nor can the spacious azure Skies,
 Cloath'd in the glories of the Day,
 Reveal so great a brightness as that hand,
 Compar'd to which the Snow it self is tann'd.
 Welcome blest hand, whose ev'ry touch
 Is able to recal a Soul
 Fled hence; whose sov'reign Pow'r is such,
 That it no mortal can controul:
 My brest with as much joy that touch receives,
 As condemn'd Prisoners do their wish'd Reprieves.
 But prithee Celia, what design
 Led thy fair hands unto my brest?
 Was it a love to thine own Shrine,
 Or pittie to a thing oppress? (which love
 For thou might'st feel't, swoln with those griefs
 At first begets, and cruelties improve.
 Thou could'st not think to find my heart
 Within its wonted place of rest;
 That's turn'd recluse, and set apart,
 To the fair Cloister of thy brest:

There

There 'tis confin'd but to a liberty;
To be imprison'd there, is to be free.

Therefore if thou my pulse would'st feel,
Or would'st my condition know,
Touch thine own cruel brest of Steel,
And that will tell thee how I do;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live or die.

Song 5.

LET Votaries, rearing up Altar and Shrine,
Court strait-lac'd Religion till they be weary,
Nought will offer but full Cups of Wine,
As a Sacrifice to th' fat God of Canary.

What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholy.

'Tis only rich Wine,
Has the power divine,

When they sigh and sob, to make us all merry.

Let crack-brain'd Students whole Volumes devour,
And let the starch'd Puritan mind Revelations:

While themselves do pine, and their faces look sower,
And Quacks kill themselves with inventing Purga-

Come give us more Sack, (tions :

While our brains do crack :

We'll steep our dry souls

In liberal Bowls,

And cherish our hearts with diviner Potations.

Let Adventurers sail, till they plough up the Main,
Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a
The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain (Mine,
And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-

With peril and pain; (shine :

Those trifles they gain ;

They wander and roam,

Whilest we sit at home (Wine :

And think w'ave the Indies, if we have but good
Yet

Yet sure the *Leviathan* happy would be,
 Who's made to tittle and frolick ith'deepe,
 If *Bacchus*, not *Neptune*, were God of the Sea,
 And th' Ocean were Sack his senses to sleep:

Nor would any man fear
 To be shipwrecked there;
 Since if he were drown'd,
 By the Jury 'twould be found,
 That he was but dead drunk, and so fell a sleep.

Song 6.

BEYOND the malice of abusive Fate,
 I now am grown,
 And in that state
 My heart shall mourn,
 The loss it hath receiv'd,
 When of its only joy it was bereav'd.
 The Woods with Ecchos do abound,
 And each of them returns the sound
 Of my *Amyntor's* Name: alas! he's dead,
 And with him all my joys are fled,
 Willow, Willow, Willow, must I wear,
 For sweet *Amyntor's* dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

WHEN *Phyllis* watch'd her harmless Sheep,
 Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
 Yet she had cause enough to weep,
 Her silly heart did go astray:
 Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
 She left the tender Flock to rove,
 And the Winds did breathe her Love.
 She sought in vain,
 To ease her pain:
 The heedless Winds did fan her fire,
 Venting her grief,
 Gave no relief,
 But rather did increase desire.

Then

Then sitting with her arms a-cross,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

Mock Song 8.

ON yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly fit your hands,
I think 'twill freez to night,
Tobacco is an *Indian-weed*,
*Jeffer*y can neither write nor read,
I'm sure some Dogs will bite.
Pease-pottage is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough's* but a Clown,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Watt Tyler and *Jack Straw*.
The Sun sets always in the West,
Is not the *Pope's* Religion best?
Yes when the Devil's blind.
Room for my Lord Mayor and his Horse,
The *Spaniard* took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostess puffs and blows,
Maids h'any Corns in your Feet or Toes?
Let's play a game at Bowls.
The Courtier leads a merry Life,
The Parson loves a handsom Wife,
Duke *Humphry* din'd in *Pauls*.

Song 9.

WHEN cold Winters withered brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had overcome the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Bugle clear,
A Jubet, and a Hollow,

Cry come away,
 'Tis almost day,
 Forsake your Beds and follow:
 Then with a Troop well arm'd for sport.
 Upon their Coursers mounted:
 Such as *Venus* Joys withstood,
 When she the wild Boar hunted.
 We on the Downs,
 With a Pack of Hounds,
 Whom Nature had befriended;
 Pursu'd poor Wat,
 New ras'd from squat,
 Her first sleep scarcely ended.
 Then over Hills, and over Dales
 And over craggy Mountains;
 Through the Woods and shadowed Groves,
 Enrich'd with Crystal Fountains;
 The little Brooks with murmurs sweet,
 And pretty Birds with wonders,
 Sing careless Notes,
 Through their well-turn'd throats,
 And fill the Air with thunders:
 Echos shrill,
 From the Vaults of the Hill;
 The Savages and Satyrs,
 Elves and Fairies do awake,
 And Sea-Nymphs from the waters;
 They listen to our larger strain,
 Attentively delighted:
 Courting the day
 For a longer stay,
 That we might not be benighted,

Song 10.

TELL me gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my embraces fly?
 Does my love thy love destroy?
 Tell me I will yet be coy.

Stay

Stay O stay ! and I will feign
 (Though I beak my heart) disdain :
 But lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry frown i'll shed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
 Let mine at least thy pity move ;
 Ah ! while I scorn, vouchsafe to woove,
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

Ah ! *Phyllis*, that you would contrive
 A way to keep my Love alive ;
 But all your other Charms must fail,
 When kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas ! Far more than you I grieve,
 My dying flame hath no reprieve ;
 For I can never hope to find,
 Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
 One Beauty able to renew
 Those pleasures I enjoy'd by you,
 When Love and Youth did both conspire
 To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Song II.

A *Maryllis* told her Swain,
Amaryllis told her Swain,
 That in Love he should be plain,
 And not think to deceive her ;

Still be protesting on his truth,
That he would never leave her.

If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
 And that thou ne're dost leave me ;

There's ne're a Swain,

In all this Plain,

That ever shall come near thee,

For Garlands, and embroyder'd Scrips ;

For I do love thee dearly.

But *Colin*, if thou change thy Love,

But *Colin*, if thou change thy Love,

A Tygres then I'll to thee prove,
If e're thou dost come near me.

*Amaryllis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.*

Song 12.

WHEN *Celadon* gave up his heart
A Tribute to *Astrea's* eyes,
She smil'd to see so fair a Prize,
Which Beauty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealousy did seemingly destroy
Her chiefest comfort, and her chiefest Joy.

Base Jealousy, that still dost move
In opposition to all bliss,
And teaches these that do amiss,
Who think by thee, thy tokens give of Love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but fly all Jealousy.

Song 13.

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay,
Th' early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face;
But kindly opening like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every day disclose;
Such as by Nature are not shown,
In all the Blossoms she has blown:
And then what Conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take:
Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
How shall we bear those sad extreams,
Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

Song 14.

'TIS not i'th' Power of all thy scorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn
With heat more temperate;

Still

Still do I struggle with despair,
And ever count disdain;
And though you ne're prove less severe,
I doat upon my pain.

Yet meaner Beauties cannot deign
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our Passions die.
You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Song 15.

CALL for the Master; O! this is fine!
He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars:
Liquors of Life, not Lees of dead Wine,
For us the Cocks of the Hectors;
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd last Summer.
Hang't let it pass, here's a Health in a Rummer,
Hang't let it, &c.

Bold Hectors we are of London, New Troy,
Fill us more Wine: Hark here, Sirrah, Boy,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*.
Drawer; Anon Sir, Anon.

Ralph, George, speak at the Star;
The Reckonings unpaid: We'll pay at the Bar.
The Reckonings unpaid, &c.

A Quart of Claret in the Mitre score.
The Hectors are Ranting, Tom shut the door.
A Skirmish begins, beware Pates and Skins;
The Piss-pots are down, the Candles are out.
The Glasses are broke, and the Pots flie about.
Ralph, Ralph, speak in the Chequer: By and by:
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do flie:
Call for the Constable, let in the Watch.
These Hectors of Holborn, shall meet with their match.
These Hectors, &c.

At Midnight you bring your Justice among us :
 But all the day long, you did us the wrong,
 When for *Verrinus* you bring us *Mundungus* ;
 Your Reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
 Still changing our Wine as fast as we call :
 Your Canary has Lime in't, your Claret has Scum :
 Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
 Tell the Constable this, and then let him come.

Song 16.

YOUR merry Poets, old Boys,
 Of your *Aganippes* Well,
 Full many tales have told Boys,
 Whose Liquor doth excel ;
 And how that place was haunted
 By those that lov'd good Wine,
 Who tippl'd there, and chanted
 Among the Muses nine.
 Where still they cry'd, Drink clear Boys ;
 And you shall quickly know it :
 That 'tis not lousie Beer Boys,
 But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THE thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again ;
 The plants such in the Earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The Sea it self, (which one would think,
 Should have but little need to drink)
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'rflew the Cup.
 The busie Sun, and one would guess,
 Boy's drunken fiery face, no less
 Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun :
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night ;

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high;
 Fill all the Glasses here, for why
 Should every Creature drink, but I?
 Why, Man of Morale, tell me why?

Song 18.

FINE young Folly, though you wear
 That fair Beauty, I do swear,
 Yet you ne're could reach my Heart:
 For we Courtiers learn at School,
 Only with your Sex to fool,
 Y're not worth our serious part.

Song 19.

BE thou that art my better part,
 A Seal impress'd on my Heart:
 May I thy Fingers Signet prove;
 For Death is more strong than Love.
 The Grave's not so insatiate,
 As Jealousies inflam'd debate.
 Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
 Their Water would not quench Loves fire;
 Nor in all Natures Treasury,
 The freedom of Affection buy.

Song 20.

TO Friend and to Foe,
 To all that I know,
 That to Marriage estate do prepare;
 Remember your days,
 In several ways
 Are troubled with sorrow and care:
 For he that doth look
 In the Married-Man's Book,
 And reads but his *Items* all over,
 Shall find them to come,
 At length to a Sum,
 Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.

In

In the Pastimes of Love,
When their Labours do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman must have or be sick :
There's *Item* set down,
For a Loose-bodied Gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her ;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or some other fine thing :
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver :
Deliver'd and well,
Who is't cannot tell ?
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine.
And Gassips so fine,
And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple :
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Soap ;
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle ;
For better for worse,
There's *Item* for Nurse,
The Babe to dress and to dandle,
When swaddled in Lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
A Coral with Bells,
Which custom compels ;
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle ;
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks ;
And thus doth thy Pleasure bewray thee ;
But this is the sport,
In Country and Court :
Then let not these Pastimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I DOAT, I doat,
 But am a Sot to show it;
 I was a very fool to let her know it:
 For now she doth so cunning grow,
 She proves a friend worse than a foe,
 She will not hold me fast, nor let me go.
 She tells me I cannot forsake her,
 Then straight I endeavour to leave her:
 But to make me stay,
 Throws a kiss in my way:
 O then I could tarry for ever!
 Thus I retire,
 Salute, and sit down by her:
 There do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire:
 Now Ne^ear from her lips I sup,
 And though I cannot drink all up,
 Yet I am fox't by kissing of the Cup:
 For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
 Where first I began to miscarry:
 Her Breasts of delight,
 Are two Bottles of White;
 And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.
 Drunk as I live;
 Dead-drunk beyond reprieve,
 And all my senses driven through a sieve:
 About my Neck her arms she lay'th,
 Now all is Gospel that she saith,
 Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith.
 I find a fond Lover's a drunkard,
 And dangerous is when he flies out;
 With hips, and lips,
 With black eyes and white thighs;
 Blind *Cupid* sure tipled his eyes out.
 She bids me rise,
 Tells me I must be wise,

Like

Like her, for she is not in love, she cries;
This makes me fret, and fling and throw.
Shall I be fettered to my foe?

I begin to run but cannot go.

I prithee sweet use me more kindly,
You were better to hold me fast.

If once you disengage

Your Bird from his Cage,

Believe he'll leave you at last.

Like sot I fit,

That fill'd the Town with wit,

But now confess I have most need of it.

I have been soxt with Duck and Dear,

Above a quarter of a year,

Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer:

I think I can number the Months too,

July, August, September, October:

Thus goes my account,

A mischief light on't.

But sure I shall go when I'm sober.

My legs are lam'd,

My courage is quite tam'd,

My heart and all my body is inflam'd;

As by experience I can prove,

And swear by all the powers above,

'Tis better to be drunk with Wine than Love:

For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,

Our foreheads with Jewels adorning.

Although we do grope,

Yet there is some hope,

That a man may be sober next morning:

Thus with command,

She throws me from her hand,

And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand.

I measure all the ground by trips:

Was ever sot so drunk with tips?

Or can a Man be overseen with lips ?
 I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
 And leave off your damnable dodging ;
 Then do not deceive me,
 Either love me or leave me,
 And then let me go home to my Lodging.
 I have too much,
 And yet my folly's such,
 I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch :
 H-re's a Health to the King : How now,
 I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow ;
 Lovers and Fools say any thing you know.
 I fear I have tired your patience,
 But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't.
 My wit hath bereft me,
 And all that is left me,
 Is but enough to make a Song on't.
 My Mistress and I
 Shall never comply :
 And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 22.

WHY should we not laugh and be jolly,
 Since all the World is Mad,
 And sull'd in a dull Melancholy ?
 He that wallows in store,
 Is still gaping for more ;
 And that makes him as Poor,
 As the Wretch that ne'r any thing had.
 How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,
 Grows shrivel'd with thirst and hunger :
 While we that are bonny,
 Buy Sack with ready Money,
 And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.
 Those Guts that by scraping and toiling,
 Do swell their Revenues so fast,
 Get nothing by all their turmoiling ;

But

But are marks for each Tax,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at last.
While we that do traffick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword:
Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripple.
We ne're trouble our heads,
With Indentures and Deeds,
And our Wills are composed in a Word.
Our Money shall never indite us,
Nor dragg our free Minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wrecks can affright us,
We that have no Estates,
Fear no Plunder nor Rates,
We can sleep with open Gates.
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at those Fools, whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines:
When we that spend all are the savers:
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty agen,
And the Plunderers loose their designs.
Then let us not think on to Morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow:
Those Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a Pox is he better than we?
He must vail to the Man with his Buff on:
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbery meat;
Yet our Sick makes us merrier then he.

Song 23.

NEVER more I will protest,
 To love a Woman, but in jest:
 For as they cannot be true,
 So to give each Man his due.
 When the wooing fit is past,
 Their affections cannot last.
 Therefore if I chance to meet,
 With a Mistress fair and sweet,
 She my service shall obtain,
 Loving her for love again.

Thus much liberty I crave,
 Not to be a constant slave.
 For when we have try'd each other,
 If she better like another,
 Let her quickly change for me;
 Then to change am I as free.

He or she that loves too long,
 Sells their freedom for a Song.

Song 24.

NOW fie on foolish Love it not befits
 Or man or Woman know it:
 Love was not meant for people in their wits;
 And they that fondly show it,
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain:
 If single Love be such a curse,
 To Marry, is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

TURN *Amaryllis*, to thy Swain;
 Thy *Damon* calls the back again.
 Here is a pretty Arbour by,
 Where *Abollo*, where *Apollo*,
 Where *Apollo* cannot spy:
 There let's sit, and whilst I play,
 Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song 26.

Song 26.

COURTIERS, Courtiers, think it no scorn,
That silly poor Swains in love should be;
There is as much love in rent and torn,
As there is in silks and bravery.
The Beggar loves his Tass as dear,
As he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,
He that hath thousand pounds a year.

Song 27.

TAKE a pound of Butter made in May,
Clap it to her Arse in a Summers day,
And ever as it melts, then lick it clean away:
'Tis a Med'cine for the Tooth-ach, old wives say.

Song 28.

BESS, black as Charcoal,
Was found in a dark hole,
With Kit at the Cat and the Fiddle:
But what they did there,
None safely can swear:
Yet Gentlemer, Riddle my Riddle:
Troth I would be loth,
Were I put to my Oath,
To swear *Kit* with *Bess* did engender:
Yet it would tempt a Man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present well-wishes to tender.
But 'twas found at last,
E'r a twelve-month was past,
That *Christopher*, *Bess* had o're master'd;
For her belly betray'd her,
And she down laid her,
And brought him a jolly brown Bastard.

Song 29.

THE Glories of our Birth and State,
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no Armour against our Fate:

Death lays his icy hands on Kings;

Scepter and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal laid;

With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;

But their strong Nerves at last must yield,

They tame but one another still.

Early or late,

They bend to Fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

While the pale Captive creeps to death.

The Garland withers on your brow;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds.

For on Deaths purple Altar now,

See where the Victor Victim bleeds.

All heads must come

To the cold Tomb,

Only the Actions of the Just,

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Song 30.

SWEET *Fane*, sweet *Fane*,
I love the wondrous well;

But am afraid,

Thou't die a Maid,

And so lead Apes in Hell.

For why my dear, 'tis pitty it should be so:

Thou't better then to take a Man,

And keep thee from the foe.

Thou art so pritty and fine,

And wondrous handsom too:

Then be not coy,

Let's get a Boy.

Alas what should we do!

I see thy brow,

And

And well I know
 What colour is below:
 Then do not jest,
 But smile the rest:
 I'faith I know what I know.

Song 31.

Victorious Beauty, tho' your Eyes
 Are able to subdue an Host;
 And therefore are unlike to boast
 The taking of a little Prize:
 Do not a single heart despise.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power,
 To say how long our love will last:
 It may be we, within this hour,
 May lose those joys we now may tast.
 The blessed that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.
 And though you now immortal seem,
 Such is th' exactness of your fame:
 Those that your beauty so esteem,
 Will find it cannot last the same.

Love from mine eyes has stoln my fire,
 As apt to waste, and to expire.
 Then since we mortals lovers are,
 Let's question not how long 'twill last;
 But while we love let us take care,
 Each minute be with pleasure past.

It were a madness, to deny
 To live, because we are sure to die.
 Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
 My reason shall my heart direct:
 Your kindness now will then prevail,
 And passion turn into respect:

Chloris at worst, you'l in the end,
 But change your Lover for a Friend.

Song 33.

Song 33.

Celemana, of my heart
 None shall e'r bereave you:
 It with your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day,
 I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Passion's but an empty name,
 Where respect is wanting:
Damon you mistake your aim:
 Hang your heart and burn your flame,
 If you must be ranting.

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
 As decaying liquor:
 Anger sets on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to beget,
 Wisely you endeavour;
 With a grave Physician's wit,
 Who to cure an Ague fit,
 Puts me in a Fever.

Damon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
 And his only Bait is;
 'Tis the Spur to vain delight,
 And is but an eager bite,
 When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
 In our wooing-weather;
 If such drops of heat can fall;
 We shall have the devil and all,
 When we come together.

Song 34.

Song 34.

TWelve sorts of meat my Wife provides,
 And bates me not a dish:
 Of which four flesh, four fruit there are,
 The other four of fish.

For the first Course she serves me in
 Four Birds that Dainties are:
 The first a Quail, the next a Rail,
 A Bitter, and a Jar.

Mine appetite being clos'd with these,
 With Fish she makes it sharp,
 And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
 A Gudgeon, and a Carp.

The second is of Fruit well serv'd,
 Fitting well the season:
 A Medlar and a Hartichok,
 A Crab, and a small Reason.

What's he, that having such a Wife,
 That on her would not doat;
 Who daily does provide such fare,
 Which costs him never a Groat?

Song 35.

BE gon, be gon, thou perjur'd Man;
 And never more return:
 For know that thy inconstancy,
 Hath chang'd my love to scorn,
 Thou hast away'd me, and I can
 See clearly, there's no truth in man.
 Thou may'st perhaps prevail upon
 Some other to believe thee.
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Ne'r think that it shall grieve me:
 For th' hast wak'd me, and I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.
 By thy apostacy I find
 That love is placed amiss,

And

And can't continue in the mind,
Where Virtue wanting is,
I'm now resolv'd, and now there can
No constant thought remain in Man.

Song 36.

Straight my Green Gown into Breeches I'll make,
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'll take,
With a Hey down, a down, down a.
Then I'll cut me a Switch, and on that ride about;
And wander, and wander, 'till I find him out;
With a hey down, down, a down, down-a.
And when Philander shall be dead,
I'll bury him, I'll bury him,
And I'll sweetly ring his Knell,
With a pretty Cowslip bell,
Ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell.

Song 37.

LO O K! see how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty passes:
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone: But mark the Fate of Faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.
And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self-same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer from such fires.
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lies!
Whether my heart be faulty, or mine eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die.
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can questionable me: What is the mystery?
Sure Beautie's Empire, like the greatest States,
Haib certain periods set, and bidden dates.

Song 38.

DEAR give me a thousand kisses,
 Pay the D bts thy lips do owe :
 Let the number of those blisses,
 To ten thousand thousands grow :
 Till to infinites they flow,
 Let the sweet perfumed treasure
 Of thy breath, thy spirits fill ;
 So enjoying endless pleasure.
 Breaths rebreathing ; let us still
 Breath one breath, and wish one will.

Song 39.

LITTLE love serves my turn,
 'Tis so inflaming :
 Rather than I will burn,
 I'll leave my gaming :
 For when I think upon't,
 Oh 'tis so painful !
 'Cause Ladies have a trick,
 To be disdainful.
 Beauty shall court it self,
 'Tis not worth speaking :
 I'll no more amorous Pangs,
 No more heart breaking.
 Those that ne're felt the smart,
 Let them go trie it :
 I have redeem'd my heart,
 Now I desie it.

Song 40.

NO more no more,
 I must give o're :
 For Beauty is so sweet,
 It makes me pine :
 Distrust my mind,
 And suffer when I see't.

Forgive me, Love,
 If I remove
 Unto some other Sphere,
 Where I may keep
 A flock of Sheep,
 And know no other care.

Song 41.

CHLORIS farewel, I now must go :
 For if with thee I here do stay,
 Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall grow blind, and lose my way.
 Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
 Amongst the rest me hither brought :
 Finding this Fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought :
 For I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,
 A servant to anothers Will ;
 Yet for thy Love would forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.
 But what assurance can I take,
 When thou, fore-knowing this abuse,
 For some more worthy Lovers sake,
 May'st leave me with so just excuse ?
 For thou may'st say, 'Twas not my fault,
 That thou didst thus unconstant prove :
 Thou wer't by my example taught,
 To break thy oath to mend thy love.
 No *Chloris*, no : I will return,
 And raise thy story to that height,
 That strangers shall at distance burn,
 And she distrust me reprobate.
 They shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust, that I may come,
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Song 42.

TO little or no purpose I spent many days,
 In ranging the Park, the Exchange & the Plays;
 For ne'r in my Rambles till now could I prove
 So lucky, to meet with the man I did love.
 For oh how I am pleas'd, when I think of this man,
 That I find I must love, let me do what I can,
 How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Fever when I should be well.
 My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
 And yet would I give all the world he did know it.
 But oh! how I sigh when I think he shou'd woo me,
 I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Song 43.

SHALL I lie wasting in Despair,
 Die, because a Woman's fair?
 Or my cheeks make pale with care,
 'Cause another's rose are?
 Be she fairer than the Day,
 Or the flowry Meads in May;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?
 Shall I mine Affections slack,
 'Cause I see a Woman black,
 Or my self with care cast down,
 'Cause I see a Woman brown?
 Be she blacker than the Night,
 Or the blackest Jet in sight?
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how black she be?
 Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
 'Cause I see a Woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature,
 Joined in a comely feature?
 Be she kind, or meeker than
 Turtle dove, or Pellican;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?
Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a Woman curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish Nature,
Joined in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer then
Brutish Beasts or Savage Men.

If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be?
Shall a Womans virtues make
Me to perish for her sake:
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own:
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may merit name of best:

If she seems not so to me,
What care I how good she be?
Shall a Womans Vices make
Me her Virtues quite forsake?
Or her faults to me make known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how she be?
'Cause her fortunes seem so high,
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble mind,
If not outward help he find,
Think what with him he would do,
That without them dares to woo?

And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?
'Cause her fortune seems too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?

He that bears an humble mind,
And with riches can be kind;
Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave:

And if that same mind I see

What care I how poor she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair;

I will ne'r the more despair:

If she love, then believe

I can die e'r she shall grieve:

If she slight me when I woo,

I can slight and bid her go.

If she be not fit for me,

What care I for whom she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black

I will ne'r the more be slack.

If she hate me then believe,

She shall die e're I will grieve:

If she like me when I woo,

I can like and love her too:

For if she be fit for me,

What care I what others be?

Song 44.

OH Chloris, 'twas unkindly done,
First, to invade me with your eyes;
And when my yielding heart was won,
Then to begin your Tyrannies:
The generous Lion straight grows meek,
And gently spares the fawning Chace.
But the submissive wretch may seek
In vain for pity from that face;
Where while enchanting Syrens sing,
Th' allured Mariner is wrackt.
So whirling Gulphs destruction bring,
And overwhelm what they attract.

Song 45.

Help, help, O help, Divinity of Love!
 Or Neptune will commit a Rape
 Upon my Chloris, she's on his Bosom
 And not without a wonder can she 'scape.
 See, see, the Winds grow drunk with Joys, and thron
 So fast to see Loves Argo, and the Wealth it bears;
 That now the Tackling, and the Sails they tear:
 They fight, they fight, who shall convey
 Amyntor's Love unto her Bay;
 And hurl the Seas at one another,
 As if they would the Welkin smother,
 Hold Boreas, hold: he will not bear.
 The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls,
 The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls,
 A shower of Clouds in darkness fall,
 To put out Ch'oris light withal.
 Ye Gods where are ye, are ye all asleep,
 Or drunk with Nectar? why do you not keep
 A Watch upon your Ministers of Fate?
 Tie up the Winds, or they will blow the Seas
 To Heav'n, and drown your Deities.
 A Calm, a Calm, a Miracle of Love!
 The Sea-born Queen that sits above,
 Hath heard Amyntor's cries,
 And Neptune now must loose his prize.
 Welcome, welcome Chloris to the Shore,
 Thou shalt go to the Sea no more.
 We to Tempe's Groves will go,
 Where the calmer Winds do blow,
 And embark our hearts together,
 Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather;
 But out-ride the storms of Love,
 And for ever constants prove.

Song 46.

NOW, now, Lucasia, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art :
Thou needst but one frown more, to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.

Alas ! undone : to fate I bow my head,

Ready to die, now die ;

And now, now, now am dead.

You look to have an Age of trial,

E're you a Lover will repay,

But my state brooks no more denial,

I cannot this one minute stay.

Alas ! undone : to Fate I bow my head,

Ready to die, now die,

And now, now, now am dead.

Look in my Wound, and see how cold,

How pale and gasping my Soul lies ;

Which Nature strives in vain to bold,

Whilst wing'd with sighs, away it flies.

Alas ! undone : to Fate I bow my head,

Ready to die, now die ;

And now, now, now am dead.

See, see, already Charon's Boat,

Who grimly asks, Why all this stay ?

Hark how the Fatal Sisters shout,

And now they call, Away, away,

Alas ! undone : to Fate I bow my head,

Ready to die, now die,

And now, oh now, am dead.

Song 47.

WHen as Leander young was drown'd,
No heart my love receiv'd a Wound;
But on a Rock himself sat by,
There weeping superabundantly,
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sighing deeply thus he said :

Ab

Ah cruel Fate : and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd down the *Hellespont*.
 And sure his tongue had more exprest :
 Hast not his tears, had not his tears,
 Had not his tears forbad the rest.

Song 48.

OH! how I hate thee now,
 And my self too,
 For loving such false, false thing as thee,
 Who hourly canst depart,
 From heart to heart,
 To take new harbour, as thou didst in me :
 But when the World shall spie,
 And know thy shifts as well as I,
 They'l shut their hearts, and take thee in no more
 They that can dwell in none, must out of door.
 Thy pride hath over-grown,
 All this great Town ;
 Which stoops and bows as low,
 As I to you.
 Thy falshood might support,
 All the new Court,
 Which shifts and turns, almost as oft as thou.
 But to exprest thee by,
 There's not an object low, or high :
 For 'twill be found, when e're the measure's try'd,
 Nothing can reach thy falshood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

Yonder he goes,
 Takes Corns from your Toes,
 Cures the Gout, and all woes
 Call him hither,
 His skill I will try,
 Before he pass by,

Or sure I shall die
This Weather.

The reports of your fame Sir,
Call you agen Sir,
Shew your skill, or shame your face for ever.

Song 50.

HANG sorrow, cast away care,
Come let us drink up our Sack,
They say it is good,
To cherish the blood,
And eke to strengthen the back.
'Tis Wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
And fills the body with heat:
Besides 'tis good,
If well understood,
To fit a Man for the seat.

Then call,
And Drink up all,
The Drawer is ready to fill,
A Pox of Care,
What need we to spare?
My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAVE you any work for a Tinker, Mistress,
Old Brass, old Pots, old Kettles:
I'll mend them all with a tink-terry-tink,
And never hurt your Metals,
First let me have a touch of your Ale,
'I will steel me 'gainst cold Weather,
Or Vintners Lees,
Or Tinker's Freez,
Or Tebatco, choose you whether;
But of your Ale e
Your Nappy Ale,
I would I had a Firkin,
For I am old,

And

And very cold,
And never wear a Ferkin.

Song 52.

HAve you observ'd the Wench in the Street,
She's scarce any hose or shooes to her feet:
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings,
I ha' hot Codlings, I ha' hot Codlings.
Or have you ever seen or heard,
The mortal with a lion tawny Beard.
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries, Buy a Brish, Buy a Brish.
Since these be so merry, why should we take care;
Musicians, like Camellions, must live by the air.
Then let's be blythe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk:
For when we have no money,
We shall find chalk.

Song 53.

IF any so wise is
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober:
Whilst we drink Sack and Sing,
As if it were Spring:
He shall droop, like the trees in October.
But be sure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning;
Soon out of your bed,
To settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning:
And be not so silly,
To follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us:
Let his *Ne assuescas*,
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bi-bi-to Vinum Fe-janus*.

Song 54.

Song 4.

GOOD *Simon*, how comes it your Nose looks so
 And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale? (red,
 Sure the heat of your Toast
 Your Nose did so Roast,
 When they were both soust in Ale;
 It shews like the Spire
 Of *Paul's* Steeple on fire,
 Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes;
 While your face looks as dead,
 As if it were Lead,
 And covered all over with Ashes.
 Now to heighten his colour,
 Yet fill his Pot fuller,
 And nick it not so with froth:
 Gramercy mine Host,
 It shall save thee a Toast:
 Sup *Simon*, for here is good Broth.

Song 55.

HOW merrily looks the man that hath Gold?
 He seemeth but twenty, tho' threescore year
 How nimble the Bee, that flieth about, (old:
 And gathereth Honey within and without?
 But men without money,
 And Bees without honey,
 Are nothing better than Droans, Droans, &c.

Song 56.

GOOD *Susan* be as secret as you can,
 You know your master is a jealous man,
 Though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill,
 Yet men take women in the worst sense still:
 And fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
 Than wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckold's head.

G

Song 57.

Song 57.

THE Wife Men were but Seven,
 Ne're more shall be for me ;
 The Muses were but Nine,
 The Worthies three times three :
 And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
 And three merry Boys are we.
 The Virtues were but Seven.
 And three the greater be ;
 The *Casars* they were twelve,
 And the Fatal Sisters three :
 And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
 And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58.

A Woman's Rule should be in such a fashion,
 Only to guide her household, & her passion;
 And her obedience never out of season,
 So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason.
 Ill fares the hapless Family that shows,
 A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
 I know not which live more unnatural Lives,
 Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.

Song 59.

A Pox on the Goaler, and on his fat Jowl,
 There's liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl
 A fig for whatever the Rascal can do,
 Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too.
 Then drink we around, in despite of our Foes,
 And make our cold Iron cry clink in the close.

Song 60.

When Wives do hate the Husbands Friends,
 As jealous of some fearless ends ;
 And still an angry look she settles,
 As if of late she had piss'd on Nettles :
 'Ware ho, 'ware ho, for then of force
 The Mare will prove the better Horse :
 When Women will be ever nice,

Foolish

Foolish, proud, and manly wife;
 And their wanton humour itches,
 To wear their Husband's widest Breeches:
 'Ware ho, 'ware ho, for then on force
 The Mare will prove the better Horse.

Song 61.

IF she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy;
 Leave her: she's only worth the care
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy:
 I would not have thee such an Ass,
 Hadst thou ne'r so much leisure,
 To sigh and wine for such a Lass
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.
 Make much of every bucksom Girl,
 Which needs but little courting.
 Her value is above the Pearl,
 That takes delight in sporting.

Catch 62.

HE that will win a Widows heart,
 Must bear up briskly to her:
 She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
 But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, tho' to your conq'ring Eyes
 Love owes the chiefest Victories,
 And borrows those bright Arms from you,
 With which he doth the World subdue:
 Yet you your selves are not above
 The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
 Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
 Lest Love on you revenge her pain:
 You are not free, because y' are fair:
 The Boy did not his Mother spare.
 Beauty's but an offensive dart,
 It is no armour for the heart.

Song 64.

PHYLLIS, tho' your powerful Charms
 Have forc'd me from my Celia's Arms;
 That sure defence against all Pow'r,
 But those resistless eyes of yours;
 Think not your Conquest to maintain,
 By rigour or unjust disdain:
 In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For love does seldom hope survive.
 My heart may languish for a time,
 While all your glories in their prime,
 May justify their Cruelty,
 By the same force that conquered me.
 When Age shall come, at whose command,
 Those Troops of Beauty must disband;
 A Tyrant's strength once took away,
 What slave's so dull as to obey?
 Those threatning dangers to remove,
 Make me believe (at least) you love:
 Dissemble well and by that art,
 Preserve and Govern still my heart.
 But if you'll choose another way,
 To save your Empire from decay,
 Oh then for ever fix your Throne,
 Be kind, but kind to me alone.

Song 65.

AMYNTAS he once went astray,
 But now again hath found his way:
 Mad Lovers oft do please themselves,
 With noise and jangling of the Bells;
 And fancy there some warbling Note,
 As ecchoing from a mistress throat:
 And why disturb'd then should they be,
 Since Love on Earth's our Deity?
 But those who Reason do preserve,
 Make all things to their purpose serve:

Taught

Taught then by that Example, I
 Loves Power now will soon/desire;
 Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd,
 His passion's not on me entail'd;
 No Son of his: I'll boldly say,
 I'm made of Steel, and not of Clay.

Hold, let me not this God despise;
 For fear he rob me of mine Eyes:
 His Power Subjects, and can destroy;
 I'll therefore stoop unto the Boy,
 By yielding to his moderate fire,
 I may an easier way expire:
 So sweet a death gives us no pain,
 Whilst dying, we revive again.

Song 66.

FAIR *Fidelia* tempt no more,
 I can thy Beauty now no more adore,
 Nor offer to thy Shrine:
 I serve a more divine,
 And greater far than You.
 Hark, the Trumpets call away,
 We must go,
 Lest the Foe
 Get the Field, and win the Day,
 Then march bravely on,
 Charge them in the Van:
 Our Cause God's is,
 Though the odds is
 Ten times ten to one.
 Tempt on no more, I may not yield;
 Although thine Eyes
 A Kingdom may surprize:
 Leave off thy wanton Tales,
 The high-born Prince of *Wales*
 Is mounted in the Field;

Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
 Though forlorn,
 Nobly born,
 Of a ne're decaying Stock :
 Cavaliers be bold,
 Bravely keep your hold,
 He that loyters,
 Is by Traytors
 Meerly bought and sold.
 One kiss more, and so farewell.
 Fy ! no more,
 I prithee Fool give o're :
 Why dar'st thou thus thy Beams ?
 I see by these extreams,
 A Woman's Heaven or Hell ;
 Pray the King enjoy his own :
 That the Queen
 May be seen,
 With her Babes on *England's* Throne ;
 Rally up your Men,
 One shall vanquish ten.
 Victory ! we come to try
 Our Valour once again.

Song 67.

WERE *Celia* but as chaste as fair,
 How could I kiss the Snare,
 And never be
 Weary of my Captivity ?
 But she's a Whore that cools my blood.
 Oh that she were less handfom, or more good.
 Would you believe, that there can rest
 Deceit within that brest,
 Or that those Eyes,
 Which look like Friends, are only Spies.
 But she's a Whore : Yet sure I lie :
 May there not be degrees of chastity ?

No, no, what means that wanton smile,
 But only to beguile?
 Thus did the first
 Of Women make all Men accurst:
 I for their sakes give Women o're,
 The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

Song 68.

THE Morning doth waste,
 To the Meadows let's haste,
 For the Sun doth with glory shine on them:
 The Maidens must rake,
 Whilst the Hay-cocks we make,
 Then merrily tumble upon them:
 The envy of Court
 Ne'r aims at our sport,
 For we live both honest and meanly.
 Their Ladies are fine,
 But to *Venus* incline;
 And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.
 Then let us advance
 Our selves in a Dance,
 And afterward fall to our labour.
 No measure we mete,
 Nor Musick so sweet
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry month of *May*,
 On a morn by break of Day,
 Forth I walked the Woods so wide,
 When as *May* was in her pride:
 There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and *Corydon*:
 Much ado there was wot;
 He could love, but she could not:
 His love he said was ever true:
 Nor was mine e're false to you:

He said he had loved her long,
 She said, Love should do no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then :
 She said Maids must kiss no Men,
 'Till they kiss for good and all :
 Then she made the Shepherds call
 All the Gods to witness sooth,
 Ne'r was lov'd a fairer Youth :
 Then with many a pretty Oath,
 As *yea*, and *nay*, and *faith*, & *truth*.
 Such as silly Shepherds use,
 When they will not love abuse :
 Love, that had been long deluded,
 Was by kisses sweet concluded,
 And *Philida* with Garlands gay,
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

Song 70.

DOWN in a Garden sat my dearest Love,
 Her Skin more white than down of Swan,
 More tender-hearted than the Turtle-dove,
 And far more kind than bleeding Pellican.
 I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
 Why was I born to live, and die a Maid ?
 With that I pluck't a pretty Marygold,
 Whose dewy Leaves shut up when Day is done :
 Sweeting (I said) arise, look and behold,
 A pretty Riddle I'll to thee unfold,
 These Leaves shut in as close as cloister'd Nun,
 Yet will they open when they see the Sun.
 What mean You by this Riddle ? Sir, she said,
 I pray expound it : Then I thus began ;
 Are not Men made for Maids and Maids for Men ?
 With that she chang'd her colour, and grew wan,
 Since now this Riddle you so well unfold,
 Be you the Sun, I'll be the Marygold.

Song 71.

Song 71.

THE Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a score,
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many more.

Song 72.

LOVE is a fowr delight, and sug'red grief,
A Sea of Fears, and everlasting Strife :
A breach of Reasons Laws, a secret Thief,
A living Death, an ever-dying Life :
A bane for Souls, a scourge for noble Wits,
A deadly wound, a Shaft that ever hits,
A labyrinth of Doubts, and idle Lust,
A raving Bird, a Tyrant most unjust :
Yet mighty Love ; regard not what I say,
But blame the Light that led mine Eyes astray :
Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Who am content to lodge her in my Heart.

Song 73.

THEN our Musick is in prime,
When our Teeth keep triplr time :
Hungry Notes are fit for Knells ;
May Lankness be
No guest to me.
The Bag-pipe sounds, when that it swells ;
A Mooting night brings wholesome smiles,
When *John-an Oakes* and *John-a-Styles*
Do grease the Lawyers Satin
A Reading Day,
Frights French away ;

The Benchers dare speak *Latin* :
 He that's full doth Verse compose,
 Hunger deals in fullen Prose :
 Take notice and discard ~~her~~.

The empty spit,
 Ne'r cherish'd Wit,
Minerva loves the Larder :
 First to Breakfast, then to Dine,
 Is to conquer *Bellarmino* :
 Distinctions then are badding.

Old *Suckliff's* Wit,
 Did never hit,
 But after his Bag-pudding.

Song 74.

WHY should I not dally (*my Dear*) in thine
 And chase the dull hours away? (eye,

He that lets such a fair Opportunity fly,
 He loses his aim by delay :

*And it's pity he ever should sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

Upon thy fair Tresses (which *Phæbus* excel)
 My diligent Fingers I'll twist :

O ther's my desire for ever to dwell ;
 And I hope thou wilt never resist.

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

Upon thy fair Breasts I'll be mounted aloft,
 And there in my Chariot I'll feel
 The grain of thy Body more precious and soft
 Than the web of *Arachnes* wheel :

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

I'll wander abroad in thy Veins, and I'll seek
 The mazes of pleasure and live.
 The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy Cheeks,
 And thither my fancy shall move :

And

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*
 There on the Lillies and Roses I'll light,
 And gather my sweets like a Bee:
 And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
 For surely the Hive shall be thee:

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*
 Where when I'am hurl'd, my Nest I will bui,
 Of Honey-combs all in a rank;
 I'll buzze in each corner, until it be fill'd,
 And make thee more full in the flank:

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*
 Come then with a Cornish let us combine,
 (I know thou canst easily do't)
 Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine:
 And I'll give thee my hand to boot:

*And e're and anon I will sip,
 Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.*

Song 75.

ALL in vain,
 Turn again;
 Why shou'd I love her?

Since she can
 Love no man,
 I will give over.

I'll not stay
 To obey,

But will retire,
 Why should I
 Thither fly,
 And not enjoy her?

Let her still
 Please her Will,
 With a denial:

She

She shall be
 Unse me,
 As a Sun-Dial.
 Let her Blood
 Raise the mud
 All in good season?
 I'll not gaze
 On her Face,
 'Till I have reason.

Song 76.

HOW happy and free is that plander,
 When we care not for Jove and his thunder;
 Having entred a Town,
 The Lasses go down,
 And: to their O'recomers, lie under:
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?*
 If her Fingers be soft, long, and slender,
 When once we have made her to render,
 She will handle a Flute
 Better far than a Lute,
 And make what was hard to grow tender:
*Then why should we study to love and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?*
 If her Hair of a delicate brown is,
 And her Belly as soft as the down is,
 She will fire your heart
 In performing her part,
 With a flame that more hot than the Town is:
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?*
 When the Houses with flashes do glitter,
 Who can sever our sweet from the bitter?
 And in that bright night
 We can take our flight,

No Damsel shall 'scape, but we'll hit her :
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long addressees, but never prevail?*

Song 77.

I'M sick of Love, oh let me lie
 Under your shades to sleep, or die ;
 Either is welcome, so I may have,
 Or here my bed, or here my grave.
 Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time to my tears, whilst I do weep?
 Can you have sense, or do you prove,
 What Crucifixions are in love?
 I know you do, and that's the why,
 Y'are weeping sick of Love as I.

Catch 78.

THERE were three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
 And they fell out with our Cook ;
 And all was for a Pudding he took,
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

Slash Cook,

Swash Cook ;

And thou mayst kiss mine Arse Cook ;
 And all was for a Pudding he took,
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
 And they fell all on our Cook,
 And beat him sore, that he did look
 As black as the Pudding he took,
 From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

Song 79.

LAST Night I dreamed of my Love,
 When sleep did overtake her ;
 It was a pretty drowsie rogue,
 She slept, I durst not wake her.
 Her Lips were like the Coral red,
 A thousand times I kiss'd 'em ;
 And a thousand more I might have stol'n,

For

For she had ne'r a mis'd 'um.
 Her crisped Locks, like threds of Gold,
 Hung dangling o'er the pillow :
 Great pity 'twas, that one so fair,
 Should wear the Rainbow-willow.
 I folded down the Holland-sheet,
 A little below her belly,
 But what I did you n'er shall know,
 Nor is it meet to tell ye.
 Her Belly's like to yonder Hill,
 Some call it *Mount of Pleasure* ;
 And underneath there springs a Well,
 Which no man's depth can measure.

Song 80.

I Feed a flame within, which so torments me,
 That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me :
 'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
 That I had rather die, than once remove it :
 Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it :
 My tongue does not betray, nor mine eyes show it ;
 Nor a sigh, nor a tear my pain discloses,
 But they fall silently, like dew off Roses.
 But to prevent my Love from being cruel,
 My Heart's the Sacrifice, as 'tis the Fuel:
 And while I suffer this, to give him quiet ;
 My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
 On his Eyes will I gaze, there to delight me ;
 Whil'st I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me :
 And to be more happy I dare not aspire ;
 Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song 81.

FLY, oh fly, sad sighs, and bear
 These few words into her ear ;
 Blest where e'r thou dost remain,
 Worthier of a softer chain :
 Still I live, if it be true,

The Turtle lives, that's cleft in two.
 Tears and sorrow I have store;
 But, O thine do grieve me more.
 Die I would, but that I do
 Fear my fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

ALL the materials are the same,
 Of Beauty and Desire,
 In a fair Womans goodly frame:
 No Beauty is without a flame,
 No flame without a fire.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
 That would be thought both Chast and fair.*

If modesty it self appear,
 With blushes in her face;
 Think then the blood that danceth there,
 Must revel in some other where,
 To warm some other place.

Then tell me, &c.

If on her neck her hair be spread,
 With many a curious ring;
 Why sure that heat which curls the head,
 Will make her mad to be in bed,
 And do the other thing,

Then tell me, &c.

Go ask but the Philosopher,
 What give her lips the balm,
 What spirit gives motion to her eye,
 Which makes her breast to swell so high,
 Gives moisture to her palm.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
 That would be thought both chaste and fair.*

Song 83.

TIS true, fair Celia, that by thee I live;
 That kiss, and every fond embrace,
 Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give

A Balsam to the wound, made by thy face.
 Yet still methinks I miss
 That Bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name ;
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame.
 Those favours which do bless me ev'ry day,
 Are yet but empty and Platonical :
 Think not to please your servants with half pay,
 Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all :
 Who can endure to miss
 That Bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name ;
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame ?
 If all those sweets within you must remain
 Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure ;
 Nature as well as I will lose her name,
 And you as well as I, your youthful pleasure.
 We wrong our selves, to miss
 That Bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name ;
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame.
 Our souls, which have peep'd at one another,
 Out of the narrow, Casements of our eyes,
 Shall now by love conducted be together,
 And in their natural pleasure sympathize.
 Then, then we shall not miss
 That Bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name ;
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame.

Song 84.

I Keep my Horse, I keep my Where,
 I take no Rents, yet am not Poor;
 I travel all the Land about,
 And yet was born to never a foot:
 With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
 I do at midnight often dine;
 And if my Whore be not in case,
 My Hostess Daughter has her place.
 The Maids sit up and watch their turns,
 If I stay long, the Tapster mourns.
 The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,
 Though tempted by the Chamberlin:
 But when I knock oh how they bustle,
 The Hostler yawns, the Geldings jostle:
 If Maid but sleep, oh how they curse her!
 And all this comes of, Deliver your Purse Sir.

Song 85.

I We' no' go to't, I mun no' go to't,
 For love, nor yet for fee:
 For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
 And am a good one till I dee;
 Yet mine intent I could repent,
 For one Man's company.

Song 86.

HE that Marries a merry Lass,
 He has most cause to be sad;
 For let her go free in her Merry tricks,
 She'll work his patience mad.
 But he that marries a scold, a scold,
 He has most cause to be merry:
 For when she is in her fits,
 He may cherish his wits,
 With singing heigh do n-derry.
 He that weds a roaring Girl,
 That will both scratch and fight:

Though

Though he study all day,
 To make her away,
 Will be glad to please her at Night.
 And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
 That scarce will speak at all;
 Her doggedness more,
 Than a Scold or a Whore,
 Will penetrate his Gall.
 He that's matcht with a Turtle-Dove,
 That has no Spleen about her,
 Shall waste so much life,
 In love of his Wife,
 He had better be without her.

Catch 87.

THE parch'd Earth drinks the Rain,
 Trees drink off that again:
 Rivers the Seas do quaff,
 Sol drinks the Ocean off.
 And when that health is done,
 Pale *Cynthia* drinks the Sun.
 Friends, why do ye chide,
 And stem my drinking tide?
 Thinking to make me sad;
 I will, I will be mad.

Song 88.

COMmit the Ship unto the Wind,
 But not thy Faith to Woman-kind:
 There is more safety in a Wave,
 Than in the trust that Women have.
 There is none good: yet if it fall,
 Some one prove good among them all;
 Some strange intents the Fates have had,
 To make a good thing of a bad.

Song 89.

Song 89.

LIKE to the falling of a Star,
 Or as the flight of Eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of Morning-dew,
 Or like the Wind that chases the Flood,
 Or Bubble which on Waters flood:
 Even such is Man, whose borrowed Light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to Night.
 The Wind blows out, the Bubble dies,
 The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
 The Dew's dried up, the Star is shot,
 The Flight is past, and Man forgot.

Song 90.

LIKE a Ring without a Finger,
 Or a Bell without a Ringer,
 Like a Horse was never ridden,
 Or a Feast, and no Guest bidden;
 Like a Well without a Bucket,
 Or a Rose if no Man pluck it:
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.
 The Ring, if worn, the Finger decks,
 The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks;
 The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
 The Feast doth please if Guest be bidden;
 The Bucket draws the Water forth,
 The Rose when pluck'd, is still more worth;
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, Marries ere she dies.
 Like to the Stock not grafted on,
 Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
 Or like a Jack without a Weight,
 Or like a Barque without a Freight,
 Like a Lock without a Key,
 Or a Candle in the Day,

Just

Just such as these may she be said.

That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,

Ther's musick in the finger'd Lute ;

The Weight doth make the Jack go ready,

The Freight doth make the Barque go steady,

The Key the Lock doth open right,

The Candle's useful in the night :

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,

That lives, loves, marries e're she dies.

Like a Call without *Anon*, Sir,

Or a Question and no Answer,

Like a Ship was never rigg'd,

Or a Mine was never digg'd,

Like a Wound without a Tent,

Or Silver Box without a Scent :

Just such as these may she be said,

That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.

Th' *Anon* Sir, doth obey the Call,

The civil Answer pleaseth all :

Who rigs a Ship, Sails with the Wind :

Who digs a Mine, doth Treasure find :

The Wound, by wholesome Tent, hath ease,

The Box perfum'd, the Senses please :

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,

That lives, loves, marries e're she dies.

Like Marrow-bone, was never broken :

Or Commendations and no Token :

Like a Fort, and none to win it :

Or like the Moon, and no Man in it :

Like a School, without a Teacher ;

Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher :

Just such as these may she be said,

That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,

The Token doth adorn the Greer,

There's

There's triumph in the Fort being won,
 The Man rides glorious in the Moon,
 The Shool is by the Teacher fill'd,
 The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd :
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e'r she dies.
 Like a Cage without a Bird,
 Or a thing too long defer'd ;
 Like the Gold was never tried,
 Or the Ground unoccupied ;
 Like a House that's not possessed :
 Or a Book was never pressed :
 Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.
 The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
 Due Season sweetens every thing ;
 The Gold that's try'd, from dross is pur'd,
 Ther's profit in the Ground manur'd ;
 The House is by Possession graced,
 The Book well press'd is most embraced :
 Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, e'r she dies.

Song 91.

THE Wit hath long beholder been
 Unto the Cap to keep it in ;
 Let now the Wit flie out amain,
 In praise to quit the Cap again.
 The Cap that owes the highest part,
 Obtaiu'd that place by due desert.
 For every Cap whatever it be,
 Is still the Sign of some degree.
 The Cap doth stand (each Head can show)
 Above the Crown, the King's below ;
 The Cap is nearer Heav'n than we,
 A sign of greater Majesty,

When

When off the Cap we chance to take,
 The Head and Feet obeisance make :
From every Cap, whatever it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.

The Monmouth-Cap, the Sailor's Thrum,
 And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
 The Physick, Law, the Cap-Divine,
 And that which Crowns the Muses Nine,
 The Caps that Fools do countenance,
 The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And every Cap, &c.

The Sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
 The Fudling Cap, however bought ;
 The Quilted, Furr'd, the Velver, Satin,
 For which so many Fools learn *Latin* :
 The Crewel-Cap, the Fustian-Pate,
 The Periwig, a Cap of late ;
And every Cap, &c.

The Soldiers that the Monmouth wear,
 On Castle tops their Ensigns rear :
 The Sea-man with his Thrum doth stand,
 On higher parts than all the Land :
 The Tradesman's Cap aloft is born,
 By 'vantage of (some say) a Horn ;
And every Cap, &c.

The Physick-Cap to dust can bring,
 Without comptrol, the greatest King :
 The Lawyers-Cap hath heavenly might,
 To make a crooked Action right,
 Which being round and endless, knows
 To make as endless any Cause,
Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

Both East and West, both North and South,
 Where-e'r the Gospel finds a Mouth,
 The Cap-Divine doth thither look :
 'Tis square like Scholars and their Book.

The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew their Heads more stable are.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Morly-Cap a man may wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer :
And 'tis no slender part of Wit,
To act a Fool where great Men sit.
But oh the Cap of London Town,
I wis 'tis like a Gyants Crown.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sicly-Cap, not wrought with Sil^d,
Is li^e Repentate white as Mil^d :
When Hats in Church drop off in haste,
This never leaves the Head uncas'd.
The Sic^d Man's Cap that's wrought, can tell
Though he be sic^d, his state is well.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Fudling-Cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night :
It fove li^e ma^ses proud heads to bend,
And lowly fa^ses ma^ses to ascend :
It ma^ses men higher than before,
By seeing double all their Store.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The rounds the World within the Brain,
And ma^ses a Monarch of a Swain ;
When it is on our heads we be
Compleatly Armed Cap-a-pee,
The furr'd and quilted Cap of Age,
Can ma^e a mouldy Proverb sage.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sattin and the Velvet Hive,
Unto a Biskopric^d doth drive :
Nay when a File of Caps are seen in ;
A Square, then this, and next a Linnen.

This

This triple Cap may raise some hope,
(If Fortune smile) to be a Pope :

Thus every Cap, &c.

Though Fustian-Caps be slender wear,
The Head is of no better gear :
The Crewel Cap is knit like Hose,
From them whose zeal takes cold i'th' Nose;
Whose Purity doth think it meet,
To Cloth alike the Head and Feet :

*This Cap would fain, but cannot be,
The only sign of some degree.*

The Perriwig, oh, that declares
The rise of Flesh, but fall of Hair ;
And none but Grandees can proceed
So far in sin, that this they need,
Before their Prince, which cover'd are,
And only to themselves go bare :

*This Cap of the Caps that be,
Is now the sign of high degree.*

Song 92.

CA S T our Caps and Care away,
This is Beggars Holiday,
In the World look out and see,
Wher's so happy a King as he ?
At the Crowning of our King,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
Where's the Nation lives so free,
And so merry as are we ?
Be it Peace or be it War,
Here at liberty we are :
Hang all Officers, we cry,
And the Magistrates too by.
We enjoy our ease and rest,
To the Field we are not Press.
When the Subsidie's increast,
We are not a penny Ceas't ;

Nor

Nor are call'd into the Town,
To be troubled with a Gown :
Nor will any go to Law
With a Beggar for a Straw.

All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his Rags.

Song 93.

OF late in the Park a fine fancie was seen,
Betwixt an old Bawd, and a lusty young Quean :
Their parting of Money began this uproar.
I'll have half, says the Bawd : But you shan't, says
the Whore.

Why 'tis my own House,
I care not a Louse ;

I'll have three parts of four, or you get not a Sou.
'Tis I, says the Whore, that must take all the pains ;
And you shall be damn'd, e'r you get all the gains.
The Bawd being vexed, straight to her did say,
Come, off with your Duds, and I pray pack away ;
And likewise your Ribons, your Gloves, and your Hair :
For naked you came, and so out go you bare.

Then th' Buttock so bold

Began for to scold,

Hurry dan was not able her clack for to hold :
Both pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar ;
With these complements, Thou'rt a Bawd, Thou'rt a
Whore.

The Bawds and Buttocks that lived there round,
Came all to this chase, both pockey and sound ;
To see what the reason was of this same Fray,
That did so disturb them before it was day.

If I tell you amiss,

Let me never piss.

This Buttock so bold, her name was call'd Cis :
By quissing with Cullies three Pound she has got,
And but one part of four, must fall to her lot.

Then all the Bawds cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
 Unless she will yield to return you half share;
 If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
 And turn her abroad with a slit on her Nose:

Who when she did see

There was no remedy,

For her from the tyrannous Bawds to get free:
 The Whore them the Money was forced to yield,
 And in the conclusion, the Bawds got the field.

Song 94.

NO, no, cruel Beauty:

Ne'r tell me of Duty,

For I can no longer forbear:

On fear I will trample,

A dreadful example,

I'll make thee for being severe.

To revenge all my harms,

I'll take thee, and press thee between my strong
 And then thou shalt prove, (arms:

That I am a Devil in love.

There is not in Nature

So furious a Creature,

As I: when I view'd thy each grace,

As fierce as a Lion,

I leap and I flie on,

To see so bewitched a face.

Now, now shalt thou know,

What 'tis to provoke so merciless a Foe.

From my Charms I'll be freed,

For Witches ne'r hurt when they bleed.

But *Phillis* who heard him,

With scorn did regard him,

And vow'd she would humble his pride:

But alas! as he ranted,

He suddenly fainted,

And, Truce my fair *Phillis*, he cry'd.

Thus

Thus Colon was quell'd;
 But straight he recover'd new force and rebell'd;
 And by turns in the field,
 Both conquer'd, and neither would yield.

Song 95.

THERE is not in Nature a merrier life,
 Than that of the brave Bonny-bawler,
 Who still at his beck hath another Man's Wife,
 And his Doxy when-e'r he will call her.
 Who zealously all the Week plies the Burgundy,
 And then lies in Bed as devoutly on Sunday.
 Before he is stirring he sends to provide
 The Dish that he most had a mind to:
 He rises at twelve, with a Friend by his side;
 That he ostentime hath been kind to:
 And when he hath din'd, either sooner or later,
 He fails not to take a turn at the Theater:
 Where he sits in the Pit while the Musick doth call,
 And then out of door he doth rally:
 And if it be Summer he rows to Fox-hall,
 To pick up a Punk in an Alley:
 And there if he fails, being hot with his Dinner,
 He walks the Piazza's to meet a kind Sinner.
 But oh! how divinely we'll dance and we'll sing,
 When we meet at the Dog and the Partridge?
 When ev'ry VVench there hath the world in a string,
 Till each Man hath empty'd his Cartridge;
 And when we come there, to drive away sorrow,
 We'll drink all their healths, and recruit for to morrow.

Song 96.

TIS not how witty nor how free,
 No, nor how beautiful you be;
 But how much kind, and true to me.
 Freedom and Wit none can confine,
 And Beauty like the Sun doth shine;
 But kind, and true, is only mine.

H 2

Let

Let others with attention sit,
 To listen and admire your Wit;
 On that same Rock I'd never split.
 Let others doat upon your Eyes,
 And burn their Hearts for Sacrifice,
 Beauty's a Calm, where Danger lies;
 But Kind and True, hath long been try'd
 A Harbour where we may confide,
 And there at Anchor safely ride;
 From change of Wind we there are free,
 Nor need we fear Storms tyranny,
 Nor Pirate though a Prince he be.

Song 97.

NO: To what Purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched Heart, Swell 'till you break:
 She cannot love me if she would,
 And to say truth, 'twere pity that he should.
 No: To the Grave thy Sorrow bear,
 As silent as they will be there.
 Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does
 So handsomly the thing contrive, (give,
 That she may guiltless of it live:
 So perish, that her killing thee
 May a Chance-medly, and no Murther le.
 'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her Beauty, not her Anger die:
 This will look justly, and become
 An Execution, that a Martyrdom.
 The censuring World will ne'r restrain
 From judging Men by Thunder slain.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me,
 By being hers, happier than She.
 I will not; 'tis a milder fate,
 To fall by her not loving, than her hate,

And

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will ominous to her appear;
 When found in every part,
 Her Sacrifice is found without an Heart:
 For the last Tempest of my Death
 Shall sigh out that too, with my Breath.
 Then shall the VWorld my noble Ruin see,
 Some pity, and some envy me.
 Then she her self, the mighty she,
 Shall grace my Fun'rals with this truth,
 'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

Song 98.

THUS all the Day long we are frolick and gay,
 Instead of Court Revels, we merrily play
 At Trap, and at Skeels, and at Bayly-break run,
 At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
 With these innocent Sports we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a Green Gown.
 We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant to quarry,
 The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chase,
 The innocent Lark we betray with a Glass.

But when the night comes, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a Green Gown.
 About the May-pole, we dance all a-round,
 With Garlands of Pinks, and Roses are Crown'd.
 Our little kind Tribute we chearfully pay
 Unto our bright Lord, and gay Lady of May.
 But when the night comes, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-Gown.
 With our dainty fine Nymphs, we sport and we toy,
 What others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
 With our Mistress we dally, so long, 'till we find
 Her pretty Eyes shows, that her Heart is grown kind.
 And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-Gown.

Cantio 99.

- Streph. **V**ENI Daphne, chare mei
Perit magna pars diei.
- Daph. Quid Strephon vis, qui vocas me?
- Streph. Ad myrtulum sequere,
Quo Venus capite tiaras
Convertit tuo raras.
- Daph. Corrumpan clauso in arbore,
Vel certivam ut sequare.
- Streph. Mel meum, ne sit mora,
Cito nimis fugit hora.
- Daph. Mille basta dabo ibi,
Cæca ac Cupido tibi,
- Streph. Sum tuo velle errare?
In ram calido nive quis nollat diviare?
- Cho. Ridentes mundum relinquemus:
Et ipsi qui videbunt
Dii, nobis invidebunt;
Nec tanti cum felicitate,
Sua potiuntur deitate.

Song 100.

I Love thee, not because thou'rt fair,
Or 'cause thou'rt virtuous too;
Though in them both is Power enough,
To make a Prince to woo.
Nor love I thee for those sweet Lips,
Nor for thy dimpled Chin;
Though in them both is Power enough,
To tempt a Saint to sin.
Nor love I thee for those bright Eyes,
Which shine like Lamps of Love.
'Twas not these lovely curled Locks
Did my Affection move,
Nor love I thee for those fair Cheeks,
Where Damask Roses grow:

Nor

Nor for that lovely Neck of thine,
 And Breasts like hills of Snow.
 Nor love I thee, because thou once
 Disdain'st my love to see,
 Was there e're such amorous flames
 As may be found in me?
 Since Love and Virtue now are lodg'd,
 Within thy Brest to grow;
 I'll love thee still in spite of Fate
 And let the World this know.

Song 101.

THERE was a fair Maiden came out of Kent,
 To be kiss'd by a Joyner, was her intent :
 To be kiss'd by a Joyner, was her intent :
 I have a job of work for you to do,
 To make me a bed go jig a jog-goo ;
 To make my bed, &c.
 And when wou'd you have this job of work done,
 By th' faith of my body as soon as you can ;
 By the faith, &c.

When this Job of work it was thoroughly done,
 Then he laid this fair Maiden thereupon ;
 Then he laid, &c.

He knock in a Pin, where a Pin should be,
 Which made the Bed to go jig a joggee ;
 Which made the bed, &c.

But when the old Mother came full of wo,
 With oh, fy ! Daughter why would you do so ?
 With oh, fy ! Daughter, &c.

Since it must be done Mother, why not he,
 That would make my bed go jog-a-joggee.

Song 102.

SINCE Love hath in thine and mine eye,
 Kindled an holy flame ;
 What pity 'twere to let it die ?
 What sin to quench the same ?

The Stars that seem extinct by day,
 Disclose their beams at Night;
 And in a subtil sense convey
 There loves in flames of light.
 What though our Bodies do not meet?
 Loves fuel's more divine:
 The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
 Although they never join.
 False Meteors that do change their place,
 Though they seem fair and bright,
 Yet when they covet to embrace,
 Fall down and lose their light.
 If thou perceiv'st thy love decay,
 Come light thine Eyes at mine;
 And if I find mine cast away,
 I'll fetch fresh fire from thine.
 Thus, while we shall preserve from waste
 The flame of our desires,
 No *Vestal* shall maintain more chaste,
 Nor more immortal fires.

Song 103.

BLIND Love, to this hour
 Had never like me a Slave under his power:
 But blest be the Dart
 That he threw at my Heart;
 There's nothing can prove
 A joy so great as to be wounded by Love.
 My Soul's all on fire,
 While I have pleasure to doat on Desire:
 When a pretty soft pain
 Does tickle each Vein,
 'Tis the pain of my smart (Heart.
 That makes my breath short, when it beats at my
 My days, and my nights
 Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights:
 From

From my Heart I still sigh,
 And my Eyes are ne'r dry :
 But Cupid be prais'd,
 I am to the top of Love's happiness rais'd.
 Sometimes in a per,
 When I am neglected, my freedom I get,
 Full many would wish,
 To be wounded, and miss.
 But blest be Loves Fire, (fire
 But more blest be those Eyes that caus'd my de-

Song 104.

I Have followed thee a Tear at least,
 And never slept my self to rest :
 But yet can thee o'retake no more,
 Than this day can the day that went before.
 In this our fortunes equal prove,
 To Stars which govern them above :
 Our Stars they move for ever round,
 With the same distance still betwixt them found,
 In vain, alas ! in vain I strive,
 The Wheel of Fate the faster to drive,
 Since if a round it swifter fly,
 She in it mends her pace as much as I.
 Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a pair.
 Tamelier than Worms are Lovers slain.
 The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again,

Song 105.

I Will not urge thou art unjust,
 To force me from thy arms ;
 Since of necessity I must
 Confess, I'm of the meanest dust,
 And thou art full of Charms.
 But if thou wilt renew what's past,
 Thy bounty unto me,
 And kindly, once more, let me taste,

H 5

Thy

Thy balmy lips, and hug thy waste,
 I'll court felicity.
 But now alas! when too too late,
 All joys are dreams I find.
 And yet I glory in my fate,
 Since she that chang'd my former state,
 It is that is unkind.
 For such my happiness will be,
 Neglected and forlorn.
 'Tis fair, but cruel *Calia*, she,
 Made me become her property,
 And I'll embrace her scorn;
 Faithful *Amyntor*'s heart is torn.
 Yet like the Phenix, here I'll lie,
 And kiss the Beams that make me die.

Song 106.

LIKE to the wealthy Island thou shalt lie,
 And like the Sea about, it I.
 Thou like fair Albion, to the Sailors sighs,
 Spreading her beautious bosom all in white;
 Like the kind Ocean, I will be
 With loving arms for ever clasping thee.
 But I will embrace thee gentlier far than so;
 As their fresh Bants soft Rivers do:
 Nor shall the proudest Plain boast a power,
 Of making my full love to ebb an hour,
 It never dry, or low can prove,
 Whilst thy unwasted Fountain feeds my love:
 Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
 As if like Doves, we ingendred there.
 No bound, nor rule my pleasures shall endure:
 In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
 Nought shall my hands, or lip controul;
 I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul.
 Yet nothing but the night our sport shall know,
 Night, that's both blind and silent too.

Alpheus

Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicanion Fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the Sea;
Than I will do, to enjoy and feast on thee.
Men out of Wisdom, Women out of pride,
The pleasant Thefts of Love do hide.
That may secure thee: but thou hast yet from me
A more infallible security.
For there's no danger I should tell
The joys, which are to me unspeakable.

Song 107.

THough you doom all to die, who dare adore thee,
I'll not refuse a fate so full of glory,
With my arms round your waste grasping my treasure,
While other die of pain, I'll die of pleasure.
With my hand straining yours, and fingers clasping
On your neck, and your brest, let me lie gasping
On your lips, while you look languishing on me,
Let me revenge the wrong your eyes have done me.
When from those lips I have suck'd balmy kisses,
Crown my delight with the best of all blisses,
While with a sigh you cry, when I begin it,
Ah my love! oh my love! this is the minute,
Not the least truce will I beg from my cruel,
'Till with my death I could do the sweet Duel;
Then as a Miser lies bugging his Treasure,
While others die of pain, I'll die of pleasure.

Song 108.

FAirest thing that shines below,
Why in this dost thou appear;
Would'st thou a white most perfect show?
Thou must at all no Garment wear:
For thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than Winter when 'tis clad in Snow.
'Tis not the Linnen shows so fair,
Her Skin shines thro', and makes it bright:

So

So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,
 When the Sun pierces them with light.
 So Lillies in a Glas inclose,
 The Glas will seem as white as those.
 Thou now one heap of Beauty art,
 Nought outwards, or within is foul;
 Condensed Beams make every part,
 Thy Body's clothed like thy Soul,
 Thy Soul which does it self display,
 Like a Star plac'd i' th' Milky-way.
 Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
 Woven all with light divine;
 Such their exalted Bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine:
 But they regard no mortals pain,
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.
 Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still:
 Thou would'st not take this Garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill.
 O! Peace and yielding who would doubt,
 When the white Flag he sees hangs out?

Song 109.

I Others may with safety tell,
 The moderate flames that in them dwell;
 And either find some Med'cine there,
 Or cure themselves, ev'n by despair.
 My loves so great, that it may prove
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love.
 So tender is my Wound, it must not bear
 Any salute, though of the kindest Air.
 I would not have her know the pain,
 Or torments I for her sustain;
 Lest too much goodness, make her throw
 Her love upon a fate too low.

Forbid

Forbid it, Heaven, my Life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency :
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than to her disadvantage find relief,
Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all :
Like covetous Men, who ne'r descry
Their dear hid treasure, 'till they die.
Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
My Ghost, to get from thee a tear ?
But take heed, for if me thou pitiest, then
Twenty to one, but I shall live again.

Song 110.

DO not ask me, charming *Phyllis*,
Why I lead you hear alone,
By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown :
'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of those Flowers that crown the Spring;
'Tis to—but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.
'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be ?
Every Minute gently flying,
Smiles, and says, Make use of me.
What the Sun does to those Roses,
While the Beams play sweetly in :
I would—but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die if I conceal it.
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own ;
And if neither dare reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I speak what I wou'd do,

I wou'd with my lovely *Phyllis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd; Ah! wou'd you?

Song 111.

GO, soft desires, Loves gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Sylvia* seize;
Then quickly back again return to me;
Since that's the only Cure of my Disease:
But if You miss her Breast whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit me no more.

Song 112.

I Lov'd a Lass, a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen:
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba*—Queen.
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too:
But now alas! she's left me.

Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like Gold did glister,
Each eye was like a Star,
She did surpass her Sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh! she'd kiss me too,
But, now alas! she's left me.

Falero, lero, loo.

In Summer-time to *Medley*,
My Love and I would go:
The Boat-man he stood ready,
My Love and I to row.
For Cream there would we call,
For Wine and Cheese-cakes too.

But now, alas! &c.

Many a merry meeting
My Love and I have had:
She was my only Sweeting,

She

She made my heart full glad,
The tears stood in her eye,
Like to the morning-dew :

But now, alas ! &c.

And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The Sun would steal a kiss,
The Wind upon her Lips
Likewise most sweetly blew :

But now, alas ! &c.

Her Cheeks were like the Cherry :
Her Skin as white as Snow ;
When she was blithe and merry,
She Angel-like did show :
Her waste exceeding small,
The Fives did fit her Shooe ;

But now, alas ! &c.

In Summer-time, or Winter,
She had her hearts desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her,
From Sugar, Sack, or Fire ;
The World went round about,
No cares we ever knew ;

But now, alas ! &c.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight through the Town,
To keep away the weather,
O're her I'd cast my Gown ;
No cold my love could feel,
What e're the Heavens could do ;

But now, alas ! &c.

Like Doves we would be billing,
And clipt and kist so fast ;
Yet she would be unwilling,
That I should kist the last,

There

They'r Judas's Kisses now,
Since she hath prov'd untrue:

For now alas! &c.

To Maidens Vows and Swearing,
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe:
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue:

For mine alas! &c.

If ever Madam, Nature,
For this false Lover's sake,
Another loving creature,
Like unto her would make;
Let her remember this,
To make the other true:

For this, alas! &c.

No Riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair;
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a World it self:
My Earthly Heaven Adieu;
Since S H E, alas! has left me.

Falero, lero, loo.

Song 113.

BE not proud, pretty one, for I must love thee:
Thou art fair but unkind, yet dost thou move me;
Red are thy lips, and cheeks like Rosy-blushes:
The flame that's from thine Eyes, burns me to ashes:
And on thy Breast, the place of Love's abiding,
Sits Cupid now enthron'd, my pains deriding.

Song 114.

THE silver Swan, who living had no Note,
At death's approach unlockt her silent Throat,
Leaning

Leaning her Breast against a reedy Shore,
 She Sung her first, and last, and Sung no more;
 Farewel all Joys, oh Death come close my Eyes:
 More Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wise.

Song 115.

CUPID's no God; a wanton Child,
 His Arts too weak, his Power's too mild:
 No Active heat, nor Noble fire,
 Feathers his Arrows with desire;
 'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis Venus Eye
 Makes him ador'd, and crowns his deity.

Song 116.

MY Lodging it is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare;
 But that which troubles me most, is,
 The unkindness of my Dear:
 Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that I long for,
 And alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a Rush-ring,
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing;
 O turn to me, my dear Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that alone canst,
 Procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan;
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And tumble in Straw all alone:
 Yet still I cry, Oh turn Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me,
 For thou art the Man, that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

Song 117.

Song 117.

AMONG Rose buds slept a Bee,
 Wak'd by Love, who could not see
 His soft finger that was stung
 Then away poor *Cupid* flung,
 First he ran, then flew about,
 And to *Venus* thus cry'd out:
 Help Mother, help, oh I'm undone!
 A Scorpion hath Stung your Son:
 'Twas a Serpent, it could fly,
 For't had wings as well as I:
 Country Swains call this a Bee,
 But oh this hath murder'd me.
 Son, said *Venus*, if the Sting
 Of a Fly such torment bring,
 Think, oh think on all those Hearts,
 Pierced by thy burning Darts!

Song 118.

HE deserved much better than so,
 In the thick woods to be lost,
 Where the Nut-trees grew so low,
 As if they had been nipt with Frost.
 Oh whither, whither my Love dost thou go?

Song 119.

ABOUT the sweet Bag of a Bee,
 Two *Cupids* fell at odds:
 And whose the pretty Prize should be,
 They vow'd to ask the Gods:
 Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them;
 And taking thence from each his flame,
 With Rods of Myrtle whipt them;
 Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 And quiet grown she'ad seen them;
 She kist and dry'd their Dove-like Eyes,
 And gave the Bag between them.

Song 120.

Song 120.

SEE! SEE!

CHLORIS, my *Chloris* comes in yonder Barque:
 Blow gently, VVinds, for if ye sink the Ark,
 You'll drown the World with Tears, & at one breath
 Give to us all an universal Death.
 Hark, Hark! how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays,
 To my sweet Shepherdess his Roundelays.
 See how the *Syrens* flock to wait upon her,
 As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour.
 Behold great *Neptune's* risen from the deep,
 With all his *Tritons*, and begins to sweep
 The rugged VVaves into a smoother form,
 Not leaving one small wrinkle of a Storm,
 Mark, how the VVinds stand still, & on her gaze!
 See, how her Beauty doth the Fish amaze!
 The Whales have beg'd this boon of wind & weather
 That on their backs they may convey her hither,
 And see, she lands, just like the rising Sun,
 That leaves the briny Lake when Night is done.
 Fly, fly *Amyntor* to thy envy'd bliss,
 And let not th'Earth rob thee of her greeting Kifs.

Song 121.

ALAS! poor *Cupid*, art thou blind?
 Canst not thy Bow and Arrow find?
 Thy Mother sure the Wanton plays,
 And lays them up for Holidays.
 Then *Cupid*, mark, how kind I'll be,
 Because thou once wer't so to me:
 I'll arm thee with such powerful Darts,
 Shall make thee once more God of Hearts,
 My *Chloris* Arms shall be thy Bow,
 VVhich none but Love can bend you know:
 Her precious Hairs shall make the String;
 VVhich, of themselves, wound every thing.
 Then

Then take but Arrows from her Eyes;
And All you shoot at surely dies.

Song 122.

BRING back my comfort, and return:
For well thou know'st that I, that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.
Return, return, insult no more;
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequestred Joys I had before.

Song 123.

I Love thee for thy fickleness,
And great inconstancy;
For hadst thou been a constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy D:ollery;
For if thou hadst not love to sport,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin;
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglinefs,
And for thy Foolery;
For if thou hadst been fair or wise,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

Then let me have thy Heart a while,
And thou shalt have my Money;
I'll part with all the Wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Song 124.

TH Y Love is chaste, they tell thee so;
But how, young Soldier, shalt thou know?
Do by her,
As by thy Sword;

Take

Take no Friend's word,
But try her;
'Twill raise her honour one step higher.
Fame has her trial at Love's Bar:
Deifi'd *Venus*, from a Star
Shoots her Lustre;
She never had been Goddess't,
If *Mars* had been modest.
Try, and trust her.

Song 125.

DRINK to me Boy,
Here's to thee Boy;
A Health to our Master,
A Nobler never obey'd I:
Couple him with my Lady;
Ne'r Man had a chaster.
March the Vice-Roy as even,
With his Royal Creator.
To the King, Bless him Heaven!
And a Pox take the Traytor.

Song 126.

A Dialogue, between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening. **I** Am the Evening, dark as the Night,
Jack-wi'-the Lanthorn, bring a Light.

Jack. Whisber? whisber? whisber?

Evening. Hither; hither; hither.

Jack. Thou art some prattling Echo of my making.

Evening. Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mistaking;
I am the Evening; that creates thee.

Jack. My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee.

Evening. Those Flajolets, which we hear play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way:
They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-round;
Lead them up: here's Fairy Ground.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Let the Men 'ware the Ditches,
 Maids look to your Britches;
 VVe'll scratch them with Briers and Thistles:
 VVhen the Flajolets cry,
 VVe are a dry,
 Pond water shall whet their whistles.

Song 127.

THIS is not the *Elyzian* Grove,
 Nor can I meet my slaughter'd Love
 VVithin these Shades: Come Death, and be
 At last as merciful to me,
 As in my dearest dear Love's fall,
 Thou shewd'st thy self tyranical.
 Then did I die, when he was slain;
 But Kill me now I live again,
 And I will go and meet him in a Grove,
 Fairer than any here above.
 Oh let this woful life expire.
 VVhy should I wish *Evadnes* Fire,
 Sad *Portias* Doles; or *Lucrece* Knife,
 To rid me of a loathsome Life?
 'Tis shame enough, that grief alone
 Kill me not now, when thou art gone.
 But Life, since thou art slow to go
 I'll punish thee for lasting so;
 And make thee, piece-meal, every day
 Dissolve to Tears, and melt away.

Song 128.

CH L O R I S, when e're You do intend
 To 'venture at a Bosom-Friend,
 Be sure You know your Servant well,
 Before your Liberty You sell:
 For Love's a Fever in Young or Old;
 Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold.

And

And Men, You know when e're they please,
Can soon be sick of this Disease.
Then wisely choose a Friend, that may
Last for an Age, not for a Day :
That loves thee not for Lip or Eye,
But for a mutual Sympathy :
To such a Friend thy Heart engage,
For he will court thee in old Age,
And kiss thy hollow wrinkled Brow,
VVith as much Joy as he doth now.

Song 129.

THE Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I,
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Love Mall, Meg, and Mariana, and Margery ;
But none of us cared for Kate :
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang :
She lov'd not the savour of Tar, nor of Pitch ;
Yet a Sailor might scratch her where-ere she did itch,
Then to Sea Boys, and let her go hang.

Song 130.

BRIGHT Aurelia, I do owe
All the Woe
I can know,
To those Glorious Looks alone,
Though you are as unrelenting Stone :
The quick Lightning from your Eyes,
Did sacrifice,
My unwise,
My unwary, harmless Heart,
And now you glory in my smart.
How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame
From You came ;
Vext with what your self may burn,
Your Scorns to Tinder did it turn.

The

The least spark now Love can call,
That does fall,
On the small

Scorcht remainder of my Heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Song 131.

BEAUTY and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other :
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother ;
Thou hast no power on Men at all,
But what I gave to thee ;
Nor art thou longer fair, or sweet,
Than Men acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy ! then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind ;
But Men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find.
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know ;
And call'd thee Blind Desire.
I made thee Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle Fire.

Love here in Anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn
To punish this proud Maid.

So Beauty ever since has been
But courted for an hour ;
To love a day, is now a sin
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song 132.

BRIGHTEST, since your pitying Eye
Saves, whom it once condemn'd to die :
Whom lingring Time did long dismay,
You have relieved in this short Day ;

Pro-

Propitious Gods themselves can do no more,
Slow to destroy, but active to restore.

From your fair, but absent look,
Cold death her pale Artillery took,
Till gentle Love that Dart suppress,
And lodg'd a milder in your Brest;
Like fam'd *Achilles* mystick Spear, thus you,
Both scatter wounds, and scatter'd Ballam too.

Song 133.

Love and Wenchcs are Toys,
And at best but vain joys,
Fit to please the beardless Boys,
That sigh and pule till they are weary:
When they visit their Mistres,
And boast of their Kisses,
I'd not envy their Blisscs,
While virtue consists in Canary.

Song 134.

Disputcs daily arise, and errors grow boller
Philosophers prattle, and so does the Siger.
The more we shou'd know then by being the older;
But plainly it appear's there's no body wiser:
He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
'Tis he is the Man Ma-the-mati-cal.

Song 135.

WHere the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslip Bed I lie.
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Bats back I do fly,
After Summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

Song 136.

WHo is *Sylvia*? what is shee?
That our Swains commend her:
Holy, fair, and wise, is she,

I

That

That Heav'n such grace did lend her,
 That she might admir'd be,
 Is she kind, as she is fair?
 For Beauty lives with blindness,
 Love doth her Eyes repair,
 To help him of his kindness,
 And being help'd inhabits there:
 Then to *Sylvia* let us sing,
 That *Sylvia* is exceeding,
 She surmounts each mortal thing,
 Upon the dull Earth dwelling,
 To her let us Garlands bring.

A drinking Catch, or Song 137.

HE that will look for a Swallows nest,
 A Swallows nest, a Swallows nest,
 Must look in the Chimney high;
 And he that would look for minikin Lads,
 And trimmikin Lads, and finnikin Lads,
 Must chuse her by her black Eye;
 And he that will fish for Frogs,
 Must fish all in this Well;
 And all those,
 That will fuddle their Nose,
 That will fuddle their Note,
 Must come where good Ale's to sell.

Song 138.

YOU spotted Saakes with double Tongue,
 Thorny Hedg-hogs be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomele with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely Lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby,

Weaving

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long-leg'd Spiders hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor Snail do no offence.

Philomele with a melody, &c.

Hence away now all is well,
One a loof stand Sentinel.

Song 139.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot? How nourished?
It is ingendred in the Eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell,

Song 140.

YOU that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair and chuse as true,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss;
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiss.

Song 141.

Under the Green-wood Tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet Birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.
Who doth Ambition shun.
And loves to live i'th Son,

Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here you shall see
 N, Enemy,
 But Winter and rough Weather.

Song 142.

WHat shall we have that kill'd the Dear?
 His Leather-skin and Horns to wear:
 Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this bur-
 take thou no scorn (then.
 To wear the Horn,
 It was a Crest e're thou wast born.
 Uhy Father's Father wore it,
 And thy Father bore it.
 The Horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 It is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 143.

WEDding is great Juno's Crown.
 O blessed bond of Board and Bed;
 'Tis Hymen people every Town,
 High Wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, God of every Town.

Song 144.

A Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill;
 Broil her not, burn her not,
 Turn the Tripe Gill,
 For a Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill.

Song 145.

HOW long shall I pine for love?
 How long shall I sue in vain?
 How long like the Turtle Dove
 Shall I heavily thus complain?
 Shall the Sails of my love stand still?
 Shall the Grists of my hope be unground?

Oh

Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
 Let the Mill, let the Mill go round,
 Think me still
 In my Father's Mill,
 Where I have oft been found-a
 Thrown on my back
 On a well fill'd Sack,
 While the Mill has still gone round-a,
 Prithee, Sirrah try thy Skill,
 And again let the Mill go round-a.
 The young one, the old one,
 The fearful, the bold one.
 The lame one, tho' ne'er so unsound-a ;
 The Jew and the Turk
 Have leave for to work,
 The whilst that the Mill goes round-a.

Song 167.

TAke her, and hug her,
 Then turn her, and tug her,
 And turn her again Boy, again ;
 Then if she mumble
 Or if her tail grumble,
 Kiss her amain, Boy, amain :
 Do thy endeavour
 To take off her Feaver,
 Then her Disease no longer will reign ;
 If nothing will serve her,
 Then thus to preserve her,
 Swinge her amain, Boy, amain ;
 Give her warm Jelly,
 To take up her Belly,
 And once a day swinge her again :
 If she stands all these pains,
 Then knock out her Brains,
 Her disease no longer will reign.

Song 147.

Come fill with Wine this lusty bowl,
 'Twill scatter sorrows from my Soul,
 'I will stifle Care that inward foe,
 'Tis the An iodes to woe,
 'I will rescue old Age from the Grave,
 'I will make a Freeman of a Slave,
 'Twill vigour and right fancy bring,
 'Twill boise a Beggar to a King,
 Lo how it glows and sparkles there,
 Brighter than a spangled Spear.
 And how it bubbles from the deep,
 Leaping to surprize my Lip,
 Rich juice since thou dost court my taste,
 I'll meet a kiss with equal haste.
 Go then, go mingle with thy blood,
 Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood,
 'Tis vanish, and I see the store,
 Not wasted thither by an Oar;
 Oh fill't again and fill't high,
 Oh let me be but drunk, and die.
 Seas heap't on Seas cannot assuage
 This eager thirst, this violent rage;
 Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,
 I'd drink it, and eat the Earth for sop;
 But bab, by all the Gods I reel,
 My B'ain are traitors to my will,
 My Vitals stop, my Spi-its sink,
 Come then I'll sleep, and dream of drink.
 Cho. We that Bacchus do adore
 Envy not the Miser's Store;
 Nor the Charms, nor sweets of Love,
 Nor the states of gods above.

Song 148.

TIS late and cold, stir up the fire,
 Sit close and draw the Table nigher:

Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
 A hearty Medicine 'gainst a Cold:
 Your Beds of wanton Down the best,
 Where you shall tumble to your rest,
 I would wish you Wenches too;
 But I am dead, and cannot do;
 Call for the best, the House may ring.
 Sack, White, and Claret let them bring.
 And drink apace while breath you have.
 You'll find but cold drink in the Grave:
 Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,
 And a Capon for the Sinner,
 You shall find ready when you are up,
 And your Horse shall have his sup:
 Welcome, welcome are you all.
 From Master high, to Servant small.

Song 149.

Come let us be friends, and most friendly agree,
 For the Pimp, the Punk, and the Doctor are three,
 Which cannot but thrive when united they be.
 The Pimp brings in custom, the Punk she gets treasure,
 Of which the Physician is sure of his measure,
 For work which she makes him in sale of her pleasure,
 For which when she fails by diseases and pain,
 The Doctor new Vamps, and up-sets her again.

Song 150.

Fear not (dear Love) that I'll reveal.
 Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry what you and I have done;
 No ear shall hear our Love, but we
 Silent as the Night will be.
 The God of Love him (whose Dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell
 What sweets in sto'n embraces dwell.

This only means may find it out,
 If when I die Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, there to view,
 Of all their Judgments which was true :
 Rise up my heart, Oh then I fear,
 The World would set thy Picture there.

Song 151.

ARM, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
 Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honors
 Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears (win :
 Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes,
 and Spears.

Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,
 O view the wings of Horse the Meadows scouring :
 The Vant-guard marches bravely, bark the Drums
 Dub-dub,

They meet, they meet, and now the Battle comes,
 See low the Arrows fly,
 That darken all the Skie,
 Hark how the Trumpets sound,
 Hark how the Hill rebounds—Tara—tara—tara,
 Hark how the Horses charge, in-boys, in-boys, in
 Tara—tara.

The Battle rouses ; Now the wounds begin,
 O how they cry, O how they die ;
 Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder,
 See how he breaks the Ranks asunder ;
 They flie, they flie, Eumenes has the Chase,
 And brave Polibius makes good his place :
 To the Plains, to the Woods,
 To the Rock, to the Floods,
 They flie for succour, follow, follow, follow, Hey, hey,
 Hark how the Soldiers bellow,
 Brave Diocles is dead,
 And all his Soldiers fled.
 The Battles is won, and lost,
 That many a Life hath cost.

Song 152.

Song 152.

A Curse upon thee for a Slave,
 Art thou hear, and heard'st me rave?
 Flie not Spargles from mine Eye,
 To shew mine indignation nigh?
 Am I not all foam and fire,
 With a voice as hoarse as a Town-Cryer?
 How my Back opes and shuts together,
 With fury, as old Mens with Weather!
 Could'st not thou hear my Teeth knock hither?
 Thou nasty, scurvy, Mungril Toad,
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
 All the plagues that can confound thee,
 Or did ever reign abroad:
 Better a thousand lives it cost,
 Than have brave Anger spilt or lost.

Song 153.

Place and Silence be the Guide
 To the Man and to the Bride:
 If there be a Joy yet new
 In Marriage, let it fall on you,
 That all the world may wonder;
 If we should stay, we should do worse,
 And turn our Blessings to a Curse,
 By keeping you asunder.

Song 154.

JO Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen,
 Was wont to be still the old Song,
 At high Nuptial Feasts,
 Where the merry merry Guests
 With Joy and good wishes did throng:
 But to this new Wedding new Notes do I bring,
 To rail at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing,
 He O Hymen, he O Hymen, he O Hymen,
 What hands and what hearts dost thou knit?

A Widow that is poor,
 And a very Whore,
 To an Heir that wants nothing but wit;
 Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,
 When his means are spent, they may live by their
 Trade. *Song 155.*

Give me more Love, or more Disdain,
 The torrid or the frozen Zone,
 bring equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate affords me none;
 Either extream of love, or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.
 Give me a storm: if it be love,
 I like *Danae* in a golden shore,
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 M. Vulture hopes: and he's poss-est
 Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast.
 Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain;
 Give me more Love, or more disdain.

Song 156.

Tell me, prethee, faithless Swain,
 Tell me prethee, faithless Swain,
 Why you did such Passions feign,
 On purpose to deceive me.
 I no sooner lov'd again,

But you again do leave me.
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Phillis we must blame our fate,
 Kindness bears a certain date,
 And o're these Joys we tasted,
 You in peevishness and state,
 The time have almost wasted.
 'Twas Love did yours destroy,
 'Twas Love did yours destroy,
Strephon had I still been coy,

I know you still would prize me ;
 Think or dream you do enjoy,
 And then you'll not despise me,
 Love like other natives fires,
 Love like other native fires,
 Leaves what's burnt, and straight desires,
 Fresh objects to be chusing,
 Repetition always tries;
 And all's the worse for using.
 Once again thy Love pursue,
 Once again thy Love pursue,
 And my scorius I will renew,
 But passion doth so sway me,
 That should I my sighs subdue,
 My tears would soon betray me,
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Nymph, your Beauty soon will gain
 A more deserving Lover ;
 Slaves that once broke their Chain
 You hardly can recover.

Song 157.

TELL me no more you love, in vain,
 Fair Celia you this passion feign :
 Can those pretend to love that do
 Refuse what Love persuades unto ?
 Who once have felt his active flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour do disdain.

You would be thought his slave, and yet
 You will not to his power submit.
 More cruel than those Beauties are,
 Whose Coyneſs wounds us with despair,
 For all the kindness which you show,
 Each smile and kiss which you bestow,
 Are like those Cordials which we give,
 To dying men to make them live.

And

And languish out an hour :
Be kinder *Celia*, or disdain.

Song 158.

HOW happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love ?
There's no such Blessings here beneath,
Whate'er there is above :
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
That every wise man loves :
Out, out upon those Eyes
That think to murder me ;
And he's an Ass that thinks her fair,
That is not kind and free,
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet,
To Man but liberty.
I'll tie my Heart to none,
Nor yet confine my eyes :
But I will play my Game so well ;
I'll never want a Prize,
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
Has made me now so wise

Song 159.

WHY should only Man be ty'd
To a foolish female thing,
When all Creatures else beside,
Birds and beasts change every Spring ?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found ?
Why should I my self confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all *Europe* mine,
When I list to run my race ?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found ?
Would you think him wise, that now
But one sort of Meat doth eat,

When

When both Sea and Land allow
Sundry sorts of other Meat?

Who would then to one be bound,

When so many may be found?

E're old *Saturn* chang'd his Throne,

Freedom reign'd and banish'd Strife;

Where was he that knew his own,

Or who call'd a Woman Wife?

Who would then to One be bound,

When so many may be found?

Ten times happier were these Men,

That enjoy'd those Golden Days;

Until time's redress'd agen,

I will never *Hyman* praise.

Who is it would to one be bound,

When so many may be found?

Song 160.

Love's Empire as the World is wide,

All living Creatures lovers be,

And those which have no Life beside,

Love by a secret Sympathy.

Nay, God's themselves who limit Destiny,

To love's Almighty Sceptre subject be.

Under gilt Roofs, in humble Cells,

In Desarts, and in Princes Courts,

This uncontroled Power dwells,

Love unto every Place resorts;

And all the World under his Yoke does faint,

But he's a Monarch that brooks no restraint.

Song 161.

OH *Chloris*, would the Gods allow

We e'er might love, as we love now!

What greater Joys hath Earth in store,

Or Heaven it self, to give us more?

For nothing sure so sweet can prove,

As Pleasures of beginning love.

But

But Love when to its heighth arriv'd,
 Of all your Joys is shortest liv'd;
 It's Morning past, it's set so soon,
 That none can find the Afternoon,
 And of that little time is lent,
 Half in unkindness is mis-spent,
 Since fate to Love such short time gives,
 And love so tender whilst it lives,
 Let us remove main fears away,
 So to prevent its first decay;
 For Love like Blood let out before,
 VWill lose its Power, and cure no more.

Song 162.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
 Thou hast not yet undone me quite;
 For I have lost but half my heart,
 Yet I confess the wound doth smart;
 Then pretty thief, oh steal no more,
 But let me keep one part in Store.
 Sure half's too much for thee of mine,
 Unless I had some share in thine.
 Though thou art fair, and though thou'rt young,
 And though thou hast a pretty Tongue,
 And every word that thou dost say,
 Might lead a Prince's heart astray:
 Yet all those traps will ne'er catch me,
 I must have kinder Snares from thee,
 'Las thou shalt see I can retreat,
 And not lie conquered at thy Feet.
 'Tis true, if I did keep the Field,
 At length I must be forc'd to yield,
 Not like a Ceward will I fly,
 Not like a Fool will stay and die;
 VVith half my heart I'll march away,
 Then t'other part not long will stay;

A heart

A heart divided knows no power,
 Nor will submit above an hour:
 Reproach me not; though heretofore
 I only freedom did adore,
 And brag that none though kind as fair,
 The loss of it could half repair.

Since I now willingly do yield
 To *Chloris* beauty all the field,
 VVith greater Joys I do design
 My freedom, though thou e'er keepst thine,
 And am resolved constant to prove,
 Should her neglect transcend my Love,

Strange charms they are that make me burn,
 VVithout the hopes of a return.
 To see, and not to be in Love,
 A wonder like her self would prove,
 VVhose charms by Nature and by Art,
 Do each of them deserve a Heart,

For which my Sorrows are not small,
 I have but one to pay them all.
 I must confess a while I strove
 VVith reason, to resist my Love
 All Saints sometimes gainst death do pray,
 Though it be to Heaven their only way.

'Tis only *Chloris* hath the Skill,
 To make me blest against my Vill.
 Nor will I so much as endure,
 To think Inconstancy a Cure;
 For were I to that sin so bent,
 It sure would prove my Punishment.

Her to adore I must confess
 Is better than elsewhere Success.

Song 163.

WAke all Ye dead what ho, what ho,
 How soundly they sleep whose Pillows
 lie low :

They

They mind not poor Lovers that walk above,
 On the Decks of the World in storms of love ;
 No whisper now, nor glance can pass
 Through Wicket, or through panes of Glass ;
 For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd,
 Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-Yard,
 In every Grave, make room, make room,
 For the World's at an end, & we come, we come,
 The State is now, Loves foe, Loves foe,
 Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow,
 Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet :
 But oh sad chance, his Judge was old,
 Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold :
 No Man being young, his Process would draw.
 Oh Heavens that Love should be subject to Law !
 Lovers go woe the dead, the dead
 Lie two in a Grave, to bed, to bed,

Song, 164.

IN faith, 'tis true, I am in Love,
 'Tis your black Eyes have made me so ;
 My Resolutions they remove,
 And former niceness overthrow.
 The glowing Charcoal set on fire,
 A heart that former flames did shun,
 Who as Heretick unto desire,
 Now's judg'd to suffer Martyrdom.
 But Beauty since it is thy Fate
 At distance thus to wound so sure ?
 Thy Virtues I will imitate,
 And see if Distance prove a Cure,
 Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,
 Whose lately entertain'd Desires :
 Wise Men can from that Plague remove ;
 Farewel black Eyes, and farewell fires,
 If ever I my Heart acquit.

Of

Of the dull Flames I'd bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and swear they're fit
For nothing but a Tinder-Box.

Song 165.

I Happy saw, and faithful lov'd,
Which I shall ever, do,
Not to be constant call'd and prov'd,
For that I am compell'd unto;
For she that in her Love does think of Fame,
Loves not for the right end, but for the Name.

Compell'd to love by parts divine,
I follow them whom Angels tend;
Then tell me, can my Love decline,
Whose lowest Objects do ascend;
No, I must love him, and will prove it then,
She's the best Woman loves the best Men.

Song 166.

OUR Ruler hath got the *Vertigo* of State,
The world turns round in his Politick Pate,
He steers in a Sea where his Course cannot last,
And bears too much Sail for the strength of his
Let him plot all he can, (Mast.
Like a politick Man,
Yet Love though a Child may fit him:
The small Archer though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

Sure *Angelo* knows loves party is strong.
Love melts like soft wax the heart of the young;
And none are so old but they think of the taste,
And weep with remembrance of Kindness past.

Let him plot all, &c.

Love in the foolish is held a mad Fit,
And madness in Fools is reckoned a Wit:
The Wise value Love, as Fools Wisdom prize,
Which when they cannot gain, they seem to despise.

Let him plot all, &c.

Cold

Cold Cowards all peril of anger shun,
To dangers of Love they leap when they run;
The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led 'em a dance from Greece unto Troy.

Let him, &c.

Song 167.

FOND Love, what dost thou mean
To court an idle folly?

Platonick Love is nothing else,

But meerly melancholy,

'Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,

Or court a sparkling eye.

Or to esteem a dimpled Chin,

Compleat Felicity.

'Tis to betray your Liberty,

Then pray be not so fond,

Think you that Women can

Rest satisfy'd with Complements,

The frothy part of Man?

Nó, nó, they hate a Puritan.

They are not for your sighs,

Nor your erected Eyes,

They hate to hear a Man complain,

Alas he dies, he dies,

Believe't they love a closer prize.

Then venture to embrace,

'Tis but a smack or two;

'Im confident no Woman lives,

But sometimes she will do,

The fault lies not in her, but you.

Song 168.

Silly Heart forbear,

Those are murdering Eyes,

In the which I swear

Cupid lurking lies.

See his Quiver, see his Bow too, see his Dart;

Fly, O fly! O fly! thou foolish heart.

Song

Song 169.

POOOR *Artaxander*, long had woo'd
 Fair *Celia*, but in vain,
 For she on terms of Honour stood,
 Though never to disdain,
 His kind Addresses as a charm,
 Sometimes she'd entertain,
 With soft embraces close and warm,
 Yet streight grow cold again:

Song 170.

THOU Deity, swift wing'd Love,
 Sometimes below, sometime above,
 Little in shape, but great in power,
 Thou that mak'st thy Heart a tower,
 And thy Loop-holes Ladies Eyes,
 From whence thou strikest the fond wife,
 Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
 Stick fast in my Ambitious Liver,
 Yet thy Power would I adore,
 And call upon thee to shoot more,
 Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 171.

O Cupid, turn away thy Bow,
 Thy Power we Maids both feel and know:
 Fair Cupid turn away thy Bow,
 They be those golden Arrows,
 Brings Ladies all their sorrows,
 And if there be't more truth in Men,
 Never shoot at Maids agen.

Song 172.

FAin would I wake thee, sweet, but fear
 I should invite You to worse chear:
 In your Dreams You cannot fare
 Meaner than Musick, no compare:
 None of your slumbers are compil'd
 Under the pleasures makes a Child:

Young

Your Day-delights so well compact,
 That when You think turns all to act.
 I'd wish my self no better play,
 Your dream by night, your thought by Day.
 V Wake, gently wake, part softly from your Dreams,
 The Morning flies,
 To Your fair Eyes,
 To take her special beams.

Song 173.

LET the Bells ring,
 And the Boys sing,
 The Young Lasses trip and play,
 Let the Cups go round,
 Till round goes the round,
 Our learned Vicar we'll stay.
 Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
 And let the fat Goose swim,
 For verily, verily Hey,
 Our Vicar this Day shall be trim:
 The stew'd Cock shall crow, -- Cock-a-doodle dow,
 A loud Cock-a-doodle shall crow,
 The Duck and the Drake,
 Shall swim in a Lake
 Of Onions and Claret below.
 Our Wives shall be neat
 To bring in our Meat.
 To thee our noble Adviser,
 Our pains shall be great,
 And our Bottles shall sweat,
 And we our selves shall be wiser.
 We'll labour and swink,
 We'll kiss, and we'll drink,
 And Tibbes shall come thicker and thicker.
 We'll fall to the Plough,
 And get Children enough,
 And thou shalt be learned, O Vicar.

Song

Song 174.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
 Let him leave other Loves, and come listen
 Though he travels all the Day, (to me;
 Yet he comes home still at Night,
 And dallies with his Doxie,
 And dreams of Delight.

His Pot and his Toast, in the morning he takes,
 And all the Day long good musick he makes;
 He wanders up and down to Wakes and to Fairs,
 And casts up his Cap at the Court and it cares:
 When to the Town the Tinker doth-come,
 O how the wanton Wenches do run!

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
 All Wenches pray him to stop up their Holes:
 Tink goes the Hammer, the Skellet, & the Scummer,
 Come bring me the Copper Kettle
 For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker,
 Oh he is the Man of mettle.

Song 175.

ASilly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,
 He walked so long he got cold in his Feet;
 He laid on his Coals by two and by three,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuckcolder was he.
 Alas, good Wife, what shall we do now?
 To buy us more Fuel we'll sell the Brown Cow:
 To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuckcolder was he.
 Some Shepherds, said she, themselves can warm keep,
 By feeding their Flock, and folding their Sheep:
 But when thou com'st home with thy Tar-Box and
 Crook, (look.
 Oh how it grieves me, how Cuck-cold thou dost
 Alas, good Wife, I walk thro' dew, dirt and mire;
 Whilst thou perhaps warmst thy self without fire,
 With a Friend in a corner, in such sort as whereby,
 The warmer thou art, the Cuck-colder am I. Song

Song 176.

NOW that the spring hath fill'd our veins
 With quick and active fire,
 And made green Liv'ries o'er the Plains,
 And every Grove a Quire;
 Sing we this Song with Mirth and glee,
 And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
 And here's to thee,
 And thou to me,
 And every thirsty Soul.
 Shear Sheep that have them, cry we still,
 But see that no Man 'scape,
 To take off the sherry,
 That makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty Grape.

Song 177.

Pish, modest Sipper, to't agen,
 My sweetest Joy,
 The Wine's not coy,
 As Women are,
 My dearest Puling, prethee then,
 Prethee my fair,
 Once more bedew those Lips of thine,
 Mend thy Draught, and mend the Wine,
 Since it hath tasted of my Lip,
 (Too quickly cloy'd)
 How overjoy'd
 It cheerfully
 Invites thee to another Sip:
 Methinks I see
 The Wine perfume by thee, my Fair.
Bacchus himself is dabling there.
 Once more, dear Soul, nay prethee try,
 Bath that Cherry,
 In the Sherry,
 The jocund Wine,
 Which

Which sweetly smiles and court thy Eye,
As more Divine :

Though thou take none to drink to me,
Takes pleasure to be drank by thee :

Nay, my Fair, off with't, off with't clean,
Well I perceive,

Why this you leave,

My love reveals,

And makes me guess, what 'tis you mean,

Because at Meals,

My Lips are kept from kissing thee,

Thou needs wilt kiss the Glass to me.

Song 178.

THE *Spaniards* love his ancient Step,

A *Lombard* the *Venetian*;

And some like breechless Women go,

The *Rush*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.

The thrifty *Frenchman* wears small Waste,

The *Dutch* his Belly boasteth;

The *Englishman* is for them all,

And for each Fashion coasteth.

The *Turk* in Linnen wraps his Head,

The *Persian* in his Lawn too;

The *Rush* with Sable furs his Cap,

And change will not be drawn to.

The *Spaniard* constant to his Black,

The *French* inconstant ever;

But of all Felts that may be felt,

Give me the *English* Beaver.

The *German* loves his Coney-wool,

The *Irishman* his Shag too;

The *Welsh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,

And of the same will brag too;

Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,

Some great, and others small things;

But oh our Liquorish *Englishman*,

He loves to deal in all Things.

The

The *Rush* drinks *Quass*, *Dutch*, *Lubecks Beer*,
 And that is strong and mighty;
 The *Britain* he *Metbeglin* quaffs,
 The *Irish*, *Aqua vite*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans Grape*,
 The *Spaniard* sips his *Sherry*,
 The *English* none of these can scape,
 But with all makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high *Chop*,
Scotch Lads, and lovely *Vrouw* too,
 The *Spanish Donna*, *French Madam*,
 He doth not fear to go to

Nothing so full of hazard dread,
 Nought lives above the Center;
 No Health, no Fashion, *VVine* nor *VVench*,
 On which he will not venter.

Song 179.

FROM the fair *Lavinian* shore,
 I your Markets come to store;
 Muse not though so far I dwell,
 And my *VVares* come here to sell;
 Such is the sacred hunger of Gold.
 Then come to my Pack,
VVhere I cry, what do You lack?
VVhat do You buy?
 Fore here is to be sold.
 You whose birth and breeding base,
 Are rankt into a nobler Race,
 And whose Parents heretofore
 Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore,
 First lee me have but a touch of Your Gold.
 Then come to me Lad,
 You shall have
VVhat Your Dad
 Never gave,
 For here is to be sold.

Madam,

Madam, for your wrinkled Face,
Here's Complexion it to grace,
Which if your Earnest be but small,
It takes away the Virtue all.
But if your Palms are anointed with Gold,
Then you shall seem,
Like a Queen
Of fifteen,

Though you are threescore years Old.

Song 180.

When Daisies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a Word of fear,
Unpleasant to a Married ear.

When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten straws,
And merry Larks are Plough mens Clocks;
When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married Men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
Unpleasing to a Married ear.

Song 181.

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes pity, who causes my pain!

Chorus. *Ah what, &c.*

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter.
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venter!
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

K

When

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
 And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain,
 Ah what a Pleasure the touch of her hand is !
 Ah what a Pleasure to press it again !

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
 And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and pain ;
 Ah what a Joy ! Oh beyond all expressing !
 Ah what a Joy to hear it again !

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

When with delight we have surfeit our Senses,
 And like a Deer that retires from the Chace,
 Ah what a Thousand of pretty pretences,
 Doth she use to be brought to a second Embrace

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

Song 182.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky
 And new budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went *Aminas* and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingal sing.
 I sat and he laid him down by me ;
 And scarcely his Breath he could draw,

But when with a Fear,

He began to come near,

He was dasht with a ah, ah, ah.

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
 And his modesty curb'd his desire ;

But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire,

Ah, *Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe :

Then once more he prest,

With his hands to my breast,

But was dasht with a ah, ah, ah ;

I knew 'twas his passions that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pitied his Case ;

I whif

I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:

But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw,

And just as our Bliss

Began with a kiss,

He burst out with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

I had him be quiet for fear of the Swain,
And follow me down to the Grove.

Where we croke in a Cave, and we chatter'd again
The dangers that prosecute Love.

He play'd with my pretty white Shoe-Bring,

My Legs he did tickle and claw:

But do what I cou'd,

Yet he forced my Blood,

And I squeek'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

The small of my Leg he did prittily praise,

And my Calf that so roundly did rise;

I wink'd and I frown'd at his foolish delays,

Which made him skip up to my thighs.

He plaid with soft panting belly,

I bad to his fingers no Law;

But when he did touch—

What he loved so much,

He burst out with a ha, ha, ha.

Song 183.

When Ice-cicles hang by the Wall,

And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail,

And Tom bears log into the Hall,

And Milk comes frozen home in Pail;

When Blood is nipt, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring Owl,

To-whit, To-who, a merry Note,

While greasie Joan doth keel the Pot;

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,

And coughing drowns the Parsons Saw,

And Birds his bro'king in the Snow,
 And *Marrians* Nose looks red and raw ;
 When toasted Crabs his in the Bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 To-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
 While greasie *Joan* doth keel the Pot.

Song 184.

TAke, oh take those Lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those Eyes the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;
 But my Kisses bring again,
 Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Song 185.

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never :

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey Nonney, Nonney.

Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The Frauds of Men were ever so,
 Since Summers first was leavy :

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonney,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey Nonney, Nonney.

Song 186.

A Maid I dare not tell her name,
 For fear I should disgrace her,

Tempted

Tempted a young Man for to come
One Night, and to Embrace her;
But at the door he made a stop,
He made a stop, he made a stop,
But she lay still and snoring said,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young Man he ring of her words,
Pull'd up the Latch and enter'd;
And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he ventur'd:
But the poor Maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead,
But she lay still, and snoring said,

The Truckle-bed, the Truckle-bed.
Unto the Truckle-bed he went,
But as the Youth was going,
Th' unlucky Cradle stood in's Way,
And almost spoil'd his wooing.

When after that the Maid he spy'd,
The Maid he spy'd, the Maid spy'd,
But she lay still and snoring said,
The other side, the other side.

Unto the other side he went,
To shew the Love he meant her,
Pull'd off his Cloaths courageously,
And falls to the work he was sent for:
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply;
But she lay still and snoring said,
A little too high, a little too high.

This Lusty Lover was half asham'd
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge home as well,
As any Girl could wish him;
O now my Love, I'm right I know,
I'm right I know, I'm right I know,

But she lay still and snoring said,
A little too low, a little too low.

Though by mistakes at length this youth
His business so well tended,
He hit the mark so cunningly,
As defy'd the world to mend it;
O now, my Love, I'm right I swear,
I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
O there, O there, O there, O there.

Song 187.

I Can love for an hour, when I'm at leisure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure:
Cupid come tell me, what Art had my Mother,
To make me love one Face more than another.
Men to be thought more wise, daily endeavour,
To make the World believe they can love ever;
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For when they have their Will, then they will
leave you.

Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet sea-
They love variety of charming Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

Song 188.

TOM and Will were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;

When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,

Alas! why came she thither?

For though they fed two several Flocks,

They had but one desire.

Pastora's Eyes and Amber Locks,

Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle Race,

By Father and by Mother;

Will was noble, but alas,

He was a younger Brother.

Tom

Tom was toylsome, *Will* was sad,
 No Huntsman, nor no Fowler ;
Tom was held a proper Lad,
 But *Will* the better Bowler :
Tom would drink her health, and swear
 The Nation could not want her ;
Will could take her by the Ear,
 And with his voice enchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
 And ne'er forgot his duty :
Will was witty, and could write
 Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
 Thus did she exercise her skill,
 When both did dote upon her,
 She graciously did use them still,
 And still preserv'd her Honour.
 So cunning and so fair a she,
 And of so sweet behaviour,
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he.
 Was chiefly in her favour.
 Which of those two she loved most,
 Or whether she lov'd either,
 'Twas thought they'll find it to their cost,
 That she indeed lov'd neither.
 Far to the Court *Pastora*'s gone,
 'T had been no Court without her ;
 The Queen amongst her Train had none
 Was half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
 His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet ;
Will burst his Pipes and curst the day
 That e'er he made a Sonnet.

Song 169.

LAWN as white as driven Snow,
 Cypress as black as e'er was Crow,
 Gloves as sweet as damask Roses,

Masques for Faces, and for Noses,
 Beagle bracelets, Necklace, Amber,
 Perfume for a Ladies Chamber;
 Golden Quoifs and Stomachers,
 For my Lads to give their Dears:
 Pins and Poaking Sticks of Steel;
 Come buy of me, Come buy, come buy;
 Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry:
 Come buy.

Will you buy any Tape,
 Or Lace for your Cape,
 My dainty Duck, my Dear-a?
 Any Silk, any Thread,
 And Toys for your Head,
 Of the newest, and finest wear-a;
 Come to the Pedlar,
 Money's a Medler,
 That doth utter all Mens wear-a.

Song 173.

Fear no more the Heat o'th Sun,
 Nor the furious Winter's rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hath done,
 Home art gone, and take thy Wages.
 Golden Lads and Girls all must,
 As Chimney-Sweepers, come to Dust;
 Fear no more the frown o'th Great,
 Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,
 Care no more to cloath and eat.
 To thee the Reed is as the Oak;
 The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
 All follow thee, and come to dust;
 Fear no more the Lightning flash,
 Nor the all dreaded thunder-Stone.
 Fear no Slander, Censure rash,
 Thou hast finish'd Joy and Mene.
 All Lovers young, all Lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust,
 No Exercises harm thee,
 Nor no Witchcraft charm thee,
 Ghosts unlaid forbear thee,
 Nothing ill come near thee,
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy Grave.

Song, 191.

A Young Man lately in our Town,
 He went to Bed one Night,
 He had no sooner laid him down,
 But was troubled with a Spright;
 So vigorously the Spirit flood,
 Let him do What he can,
 Oh then he said,
 It must be laid

By a Woman not a Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
 And into the Bed she leapt,
 And to allay the Spirits Power,
 Full close to him she crept;
 She having such a Guardian care,
 Her Office to discharge,
 She opened wide her conjuring Book,
 And laid her Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
 Within a little space;
 Then up she rose and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his Face,
 She took her leave, away she went,
 When she had done the Deed,
 Saying, if it chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.

Song 192,

'TIS a merry life we live,
 All our work is brought unto us,

S ill are getting, never give,
 For their Clothes all Men do woo us,
 Yet unkind they blast our names,
 With aspersions of dishonour ;
 For which we make bold with their Dames,
 When we take our Measures on her.

Song 193.

Help Love, or else I sink ;
 He best can help that causeth woe :
 Help them and with thy smother Palm,
 The Fury of my Passions calm,
 Succeeding tears in Billows rise,
 As there were Tears met in my Eyes ;
 My sighs united proudly grown :
 As the four Winds combin'd in one :
 Hark how they roar, my sighs and tears,
 Sure have conspir'd to tempt my fears ;
 See how they swell now they are met,
 And even a Tempest do beget ;
 It shakes my Barque, her Ribs do crack,
 And now I fear a dismal Wrack ;
 Help Love for pity then I pray,
 E'er my poor Heart be cast away.

Song 194,

Make ready, Fair Lady, to Night,
 And stand at the door below :
 For I will be there,
 To receive you with Care,
 And with your true Love you shall go,
 And when the Stars twinkle so bright
 Then down to the door will I creep,
 To my Love I will flie,
 E'er the Jealous can spie,
 And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Song 195.

ONCE was I sad,
Till I grew to be mad,
But I'll never be sad again, Boys,
I courted a Riddle,
She fancied a Fiddle,
The Tune does still run in my brain, Boys :
The Cithern, the Lute,
The Pipe, and the Flute,
Are the new *Alamode* for the Nan Boys ;
With the Pistol and Dagger,
The Women out-swagger,
The Blades with the Muff and the Fan Boys :
All the Town is run Mad,
And the Hectors do pad,
Besides the false Dice and the Slur Boys :
The new formed Cheats
With their arts and debates,
Have brought the old to a demur Boys.
Men stand upon Thorns
To pull out their Horns,
And to Cuckold themselves in grain Boys,
When to wear 'um before,
Does make their Heads sore,
But behind they do suffer no pain Boys.
The Papist, the Presbyter,
And *Prestor John*,
Are much discontented we see Boys ;
For all their Religion,
No *Mabomet's* Pigeon,
Can make them be bolder than we Boys.
There is a mad fellow,
Clad always in yellow,
And sometimes his Nose is blue Boys ;
He cheated the Devil,
Which was very evil

To him and to all his Crew Boys,
 And whilst we are thus Mad,
 My Princess is glad
 To laugh at the World, and at me Boys,
 Cause I cannot apprehend
 What she please to command,
 But it is not my self you see Boys.

Song 196.

STav, shut the Gate,
 T'other Quart, faith 'tis not so late
 As you're thinking,
 The Stars which you see,
 In the Hemisphere be,
 Are but Studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
 The Sun's gone to ripple all night in the Sea Boys,
 To morrow he'll blush, that he's paler than we Boys.
 Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us
 Fill up the Glass, (the Boys;
 To the next merry Lad let it pass,
 Come away with it:
 Let's set Foot to Foot,
 And give our minds to it,
 'Tis H-retical Six that doth slay wit;
 Then hang up good Faces let's drink till our Noses
 Gives freedom to speak what our Fancy disposes,
 Beneath whose protection, now under the Rose is
 Drink off your Bowl,
 Twill enrich both your Head and your Soul
 With Canary:
 For a Carbuncled Face,
 Saves a tedious Race,
 And the Indies about us we carry,
 No Helicon like to the Juice of good Wine is,
 For Phæbus never had Wit that Divine is,
 Had his Face not been how dy'd, as thine is and
 mine is.

This

This must go round.

Off with your Hats till the Pavements be crown'd

With your Beavers ;

A Red-Coated Face,

Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,

Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers :

In state march our Faces like some of the Quorum,

While the Whore do fall down and the Vulgar a-

dore 'um,

And our Noses like Link-Boys, run shining before

Song 197.

MAY I find a Woman fair,

And her Mind as clear as Air ;

Let her Beauty go alone,

'Tis to me as if it were none.

May I find a Woman rich,

And not of too high a Pitch ;

If that Pride should cause disdain.

Tell me Lover, where is thy gain ?

May I find a Woman Wise,

And her falshood not disguise,

Hath she wit, or hath she will,

Double armed she is to ill.

May I find a Woman kind,

And not wavering like the Wind ;

How shall I call that Love mine,

When it is his, and his and thine ?

May I find a Woman true,

There is Beauties fairest hue :

There is beauty, Love, and Wit,

Happy he can compass it.

Song 198.

I Courted a Lass, my Folly,

Was the cause of her disdain,

I Courted her thus : What shall I, Sweet Dolly,

Do for thy dear loves obtaining ?

But another had dallied with Dolly.

That

That *Doll* for all her feigning,
 Had got such a mountain above her valley,
 That *Dolly* went home complaining.

Song 199.

GOOD People give ear whilst a Story I tell.
 Of twenty black Tradesmen were brought
 up in Hell,

On purpose poor People to rob of their due, (true.
 There's none shall be noozed, if you find but one
 The first was a Coyner that stamp'd in a Mould,
 The second a Voucher, to put off his Gold :

Then hark well,

And mark well,

See what will befall,

They are twenty sworn Brethren, Tradesmen all.

The third was a Padder that fell to decay ;
 And when he was living, took to the High-way.
 The fourth is a Mill-ken, to crack up a door ;
 He'll venture to rob both the rich and the poor,
 The fifth is a Glazier, who when he creeps in,
 To pinch all the Lurrey, he thinks it no sin.

Then hark well, &c.

The sixth is a Foyl-cloy that not one Hick-sparcs,
 And the seventh is a Badge, to track up the Stairs ;
 The eighth is a Bulk, that can bulk any Hick,
 If the Master be napt, then Bulk he is sick.

The ninth is a Ginny, to lift up a Gate ;
 If he sees but the Lurrey, with his Hooks he will

Then hark well, &c.

(bate.

The tenth is a Shop-lift that carries a Bob,
 When he ranges the City the Shops for to rob.
 The eleventh is a Bubber, much used of late :
 He goes to the Ale-House, and steals there the Plate.
 The twelfth a Trapan, if a Cull he doth meer,
 He naps all his Cole, and turns him i'th street.

Then bark well, &c.

The

The thirteenth a Fambler, false Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit, his Cole he will tell.
The fourteenth a Gamester if he sees the Hick sweet,
He presently drops down a Cog in the street.
The fifteenth a Prancer, whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse-courting, he's noozed for all.

Then bark well, &c.

The sixteenth a Sheep-napper, whose Trad's so deep
If he's Caught in the Corn, he's mark'd for a Sheep,
The seventeenth a Dun-aker, that will make Vows
To go in the Country and steal all the Cows.
The eighteenth a kid napper, Spirits young Men,
Though he tip them the Piks, they nap him again.

Then bark well, &c.

The nineteenth is a Prigger of the Cacklers,
Goes into the Country to visit the Farmers,
He steals their Poultry, and thinks it no sin,
When into the Hen-roost i'th night he gets in :
The twentieth a Thief-catcher, so we him call,
If he nap a poor Tradesman, he pays for all.

Then bark well, &c.

There's many more Crafts-men which I could name,
That do use such like Trade, yet think it no shame,
These may a poor Convert confess to his Grief,
Are all the black Trades of a Gentleman Thief;
Who though a good Workman is seldom made Free
Till he rides on a Cart to be noozed on a Tree.

Then bark well,

And mark well,

See what doth befall,

'Twas the end of these twenty sworn Brethren all.

Song 200.

COME hither sweet Melancholy,
Now it is time to be jolly,
Dame Fortune is poor,
And Venus a Whore.

And

And *Cupid* is full of Folly,
I cannot but laugh to see Men,
Thus dote on foolish Women ;
Accursed are they,

With such Puppets to play,
And blest is he that is a Free-man.
For as once, I dearly lov'd a Creature,
For Virtue more than Feature ;
But she is grown coy,

That then was my Joy,
And she is of a Weather-cock nature.
I lov'd her as a Sifter,
A thousand times I kist her,
Yet nevertheless I mist her :

These words in her Mouth were common,
She'd marry myself, or no Man ;
But away she flew

Like a *Hawk* from a *Mew*,
So fickle a Thing is a Woman.

Chast Life shall be my study,
My Closet a Walk that is woody ;
And during my Life,

I will never have a Wife,
She will make my Brains grow muddy.

My Muse shall be my Bed-fellow,
A Bundle of Books my Pillow,
And instead of a Horn,
My Bed I will adorn,
With a Garland made of Willow.

I will never more trust a Woman,
That will prove constant to no man,
She sets up her guiles,

With flattering Smiles,
With a purpose to undo man ;

For they are always so fickle,
And their Behaviour so brittle,

Like

Like Grails that is old,
 -And falls from the Mould,
 They are fit to be trimm'd with a sickle,
 False Fondling now I leave thee,
 For thou wilt of my wits bereave me,
 Although I am blind,
 I evermore find,
 Thou art constant to deceive me.

*Prime Youth list not, Age will follow,
 And make all white thy Tresses yellow;
 And when time shall date thy Glory,
 Then too late thou wilt be sorry.*

Song 210.

A King lives not a braver life,
 Than we merry Pris'ners do,
 Though fools in freedom do conceive,
 That we are in want and wee.
 When we never take care
 For providing our Fare,
 We have one that doth purvey
 For Victual day by day,
 What pray then can a King have more,
 Than one that doth provide his store?
 Kings have a Keeper, so have we;
 Although he be not a Lord,
 Yet shall strut and swell as big as he,
 And command all with a word.
 All the Judges do appear
 Twice before us every year;
 Where each one of us doth stand
 With the Law in his own hand:
 Can Kings command them more than we,
 Who of all Laws Commanders be?
 Each to the Hall walks in his Chain,
 Where our Guard about us stand,
 And all the Country comes in main,

At

At holding up of a hand,
 Though our Chaplain cannot Preach.
 Yet he'll suddenly you teach
 To read of the hardest Psalm:
 Doth not he deserve the Palm?
 Ye Courtiers all ye cannot show
 Such Officers as these, I row.

Song 202.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling reverence it doth bend
 Go bid the stones a Journey upwards make:
 Go bid the ambitious no more ascend;
 And when these false to their own motions prove,
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone to love,
 The fast-linkt Chain of everlasting Fate,
 Does nothing tie more strong than me to you:
 My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
 But will be the same whate'er you do.
 You cannot kill my love with your disdain,
 Wound it you may, and make it live in pain;
 Me, mine Example, let the Stoicks use,
 Their sad and cruel Doctrine to maintain;
 Let all Predestinators me produce,
 Who struggle with Eternal Bonds in vain.
 This Fire I'm born to, but 'tis she must tell,
 Whether 't be Beams of Heav'n, or Flames of Hell;
 You who Men's fortunes in their Faces read,
 To find out mine, look not alas on me;
 But mark her Face, and all the Features heed;
 For only there is writ my destiny.
 Or if the Stars shew it, gaze not on the Skies;
 But Rudy the Astrol'gy of her Eyes,
 If thou find there kind and propitious Rays:
 What *Mars* and *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
 I will believe the fate of mortal days
 Is writ in Heaven; but, oh my Heav'n is there.

What

What can Men learn from Stars they scarce can see?
Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

Song 203.

TIS well, 'tis well with them (say I)
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves
For none can be unhappy, who (can die:
Midst all his ills, a time does know,
Though ne'er so long, when he shall not be so;
Whatever part of me remain,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain:
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But like a God by powerful Art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part;
My affection no more perish can,
Than the first Matter that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one Dust of me
Mixt with another substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole Lump with love of thee.
Let Nature if she please disperse,
My Atoms over all the Universe,
At the last they easily shall,
Themselves, and together call;
For thy Love like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

Song 204.

I Wonder what those Lovers mean, who say,
They have given their Hearts away:
Some good kind Lovers tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.
If it be so, one place both Hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtship can love do more,
Than joining Hearts that parted were before?
Woe to her stubborn Heart, if mine once come
Into the self-same room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Granado like, into a Magazine.

Then

Then shall Love keep the Ashes, and torn parts
 Of both our broken Hearts :
 And out of both one new one make.
 From her's th' allay, from mine the Mettal take
 For of her Heart, he from the flames will find,
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire :
 No dross was there to perish in the fire.

Song 205.

MY Love is mortal, and it must be fed
 With its own Mothers Milk, or it is dead,
 Nor grow my flames like others, by disdain,
 But be kindly courted for its pain :
 She that does think to make my flames rise high,
 Must bring her fewel to't so well as I :
 I scorn to steal into my Mistres's Bed,
 Did she not wish for ev'ry step I tread :
 And being there should she prove coy and dull,
 I'd do no more than to a common Trull :
 But if she proves as kind as might another,
 I never any will esteem above her.

Song 206.

MEN of War, march bravely on,
 The Field is easie to be won ;
 There is no danger in that War,
 Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are :
 Here's no cold to chill you,
 A Bed of Down's your field ;
 Here's no Sword to kill you,
 Unless you please to yield :
 Here is nothing to incumber,
 Here will be no scars to number.

Song 207.

IN Love, away, you do me wrong,
 I hope I have not liv'd so long,
 Freed from the Treach'ries of your Eyes.

Now

Now to be caught, and made their Prize.

No Lady 'tis not all your art
Can shake me, and my Freedom part.

In Love, with what? With *Spanish Wine*,
Or the *French Juice* in Carnadine,
The Dimple, or the other Grace,
But not in Love with your fair Face.

No there's more sweetness in pure Wine,
Than either Looks or Lips of thine.
Your God you say can shoot so right,
He'll wound a Heart i'th darkest Night:
Pray let him fling away his Dart,
And see if he can hit my Heart:
No *Cupid*, know, if thou'lt be mine.

Turn *Ganymede*, and fill some Wine,
Then fill a Cup of Sherry,
And we will be merry,
There's nought but pure Wine,
Makes us Love-sick and pine,
I'll hug the Cup and kiss it,
And sigh if I miss it,
'Tis that makes us Jolly,
Sing hey trolly lolly.

Song 208.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Athen's* Head;
A Maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever Loud:
A Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always subject unto sloth,

The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some Faults remain among them all.

Song 209.

NOW by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
There's none that Loves thee half so well as I,
I do not neither ask your Love for this;

For

For Heavens sake believe me, or I die;
 No faithful S^rvant e're but did deserve
 His Master should believe that he did serve,
 And I ask no more Wages, though I starve.

My Love, fair Beauty, like thy self is pure,
 Nor could I e'er a beastial Love approve;
 One smile would make willingly endure,
 It can't but keep together Life and Love.
 Belog your Pris'ner, and your captiv'd Slave,
 So do not Feast nor Banquet look to have,
 A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

Upon your sigh for pity I can live,
 One tear will keep me twenty Years at least,
 And fifty more a gentle look will give,
 A hundred Years but one kind Word will feast,
 A thousand more will surely added be,
 If you an inclination have for me,
 They comprehend a vast Eternity.

Song 210.

HAve you any work for the Sow-gilder, ho?

My Horn goes too high, too low:

Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts?

Have you any Lambs in your Hols,

To cut for the Stone?

Here comes a cunning one,

Have you any Bitches to Spade?

Or e're a fair Maid,

That would be Nun?

Come kiss me, 'tis done.

Hark how my merry horn doth blow,

Too high, too low, Too high, too low.

Song 211.

IAm a Rogue, and without one,

A most courteous drinker,

I do excel,

'Tis known full well

Thr

The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.

Still do I cry,

Good your Worship, good Sir,

Bestow one small denire Sir,

And bravely then,

At the Bouzing ken,

I'll spend it all in Beer, Sir.

If a Bung be got by the High-way,

Then straight I do attend them ;

For if huy and Cry

Do follow, I

A wrong way soon do send them ;

Still do I cry, &c.

Ten Miles unto a Market,

I run to meet a Miser ;

Then in a Throng,

I nip his Bung,

And the Party ne're the wiser.

Still do I cry, &c.

My dainty Dells, my Doxies ;

When e're they see me lacking,

Without delay,

Poor Wretches, they

Will set their Duds a packing.

Still do I cry, &c.

I pay for what I call for,

And so perforce it must be,

For yet I can

Not know the Man,

Or Hostess that will trust me.

Still do I cry, &c.

If any give me Lodging,

A courteous Knave they find me,

For in their Bed,

Alive or dead,

Some Lice I leave behind me.

Still do I cry, &c.

If

If Gentlefolk be coming,
Then streight it is our Fashion,
Our-Leg to tie
Close to our Thigh,
To move them to Compassion.

Still do I cry, &c.

My Doublet sleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder
For Meat and Drink,
Mine Arm I shrink
Close up to my Shoulder.

Still do I cry, &c.

If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I high me :
For being Lame,

It is a shame,

Such Gallants should deny me.

Still do I cry, &c.

With a seeming Bursten Belly
I look like one half dead, Sir,
Or else I beg

With a Wooden Leg,

And a Night-Cap on my Head, Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

In Winter time stark Naked

I come into some City,

Then every Man

That spare them can,

Will give me Cloaths for pity.

Still do I cry, &c.

If from out of the Low Country

I hear a Captain's Name, Sir,

Then streight I swear,

I have been there

And so in the Fight came Lame, Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a string doth lead me,
When in the Town I go Sir,
For to the Blind,
All Men are kind,

And will their Alms bestow Sir,
Still do I cry, &c.

With Switches sometimes stand I
In a bottom of a Hill Sir,
Where those Men which
Do want a Switch,

Some Money give me still Sir,
Still do I cry, &c.

Come buy; come buy a Horn-Book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles?
In Cities I

Those things do cry,
Oft-times to scape the Beadles.

Still do I cry, &c.

In Paul's Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes y'ave seen me stand Sir,
VNieth a VVrit that shows

VVhat care and woes

I pass by Sea and Land Sir,

Still do I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boasting,

And bragging thus alone Sir,

For my self I will

Be praising still,

For Neighbours I have none Sir.

Which makes me cry,

Good your Worship, good Sir,

Bestow one small denire Sir,

And bravely then then,

At the Bouzing Ken,

I'll spend it all in Beer Sir.

Song 212.

Lets have a Dance upon the Heath,
 VVe gain more life by *Duncons* death,
 Sometimes like blinded Cats we shew,
 Having no Musick but our Mew;
 Sometimes we dance in some Old Mill,
 Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel
 To some old Saw, or Beardish Rhime,
 Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes above a hollow Tree,
 A round, a round, a round dance we;
 Thither the chirping Cricket comes,
 And Beetles singing drowfie hums,
 Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Furs,
 To howls of Wolves, and barks of Curs,
 And when with one of these we meet,
 VVe dance to th^e Echos of Our Feet.

Song 213.

MY Muse denies
 To Apologize,
 For my Songs Acceptation,
 I know 'twill fit
 Your Appetite,
 Because it is of the Fashion,
 New Fashions began
 With the World and Men,
 In *Adam's* time and *Eve's*
 They did begin,
 To cover Sin,
 With a fashion of their leaves.
 After was try'd,
 The rough Bucks Hide,
 A wear of commendation,
 Had not with the Skin,
 The Horns crept in,
 And turn it to a Fashion.

Each

Each Taylor is read
In this Fashion, his Head
Is capable on't 'ris fear'd,
When he's not at leisure,
His Wife will take measure.
Though't be by his Neighbours yard.
The Clowns array
Is an innocent grey
Nor stands by the Dyers Art.
Which doth invest
As pure as a brest,
And do less spotless Heart,
The Farmers Hose,
His wearing Shoes,
For both are wondrous plain,
His Honesty,
Not Kaavery he,
Most purely dies in Gain.
The Schoolmaster in
His Trouzes hath been
And humblest Doublet long space,
He's a *Monopore*,
For he varies not
At any time his Case,
His Wife is pure,
In her talk demure.
Her Gown is of Reformation.
And she verily
Turns up her Eye,
In a very zealous fashion.
The Shopkeepers walk,
And sometimes talk
In Gowns, or of Purple, or blue,
Since *Venner* and *Far*,
Wore such at the Bar,
Some wisely have chang'd the hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
 To all men) is prone
 To the fashion of long Hose ;
 And fain he would
 Still have and hold
 Long Suits, for he lives by those,
 Now with the best,
 Your Pimp's in Request,
 Thus your Gallant is supply'd
 By his Bones as well,
 As his Cloaths you may smell,
 He's rarely Frenchify'd ;
 His Mistress plum'd
 Painted, Perfumed,
 Is stillify'd all over,
 Her loose Array
 Doth every Day
 A looser Body cover.
 The Scholar well trust
 In his black Suit brusht,
 Is like to Jet in his degree,
 Nor is it enough,
 Men point at Stuff,
 He'll be pointed at the Knee.
 Thus are we become
 As Apes of *Rome*,
 Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations,
 And not Horses alone,
 And not Horses alone,
 But Men are grown.
 Diseased of the Fashions.

Song 214.

When *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,
 Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
 How his *Eurydice* was slain ;
 The Trees to hear
 Obtain'd an Ear.

And

And after left it off again,
 At every stroke and sorry stay,
 The Boughs kept me, and nodding lay;
 And listned bending all one way;
 The *Aspen-Tree*,
 As fast as he,
 Began to shake, and learn to play,
 If VWood could speak, and Tree might hear;
 If VWood could sound true Grief so near,
 A Tree might drop an Amber tear.
 If VWood so well
 Could ring a Knell,
 The Cypress might condole the Beer.
 The standing Nobles of the Grove,
 Hearing deep VWood to speak and move,
 The fatal Axe began to love;
 They envy'd Death
 VWhich gave such breath,
 As Men alive do Saints above.

Song 215.

Chloris forbear a while,
 Do not o're-joy me,
 Urge not another smile,
 Lest it destroy me:
 That Beauty pleaseth most,
 And is best taking,
 Which is soon won, soon lost,
 Kind, yet forsaken:
 I love a coming Lady, faith I do,
 But now and then I'd have her scornful too,
 O're could those Eyes of thine,
 Boo-peep thy Features,
 Warm with an *April* shine,
 Scorch not thy Creatures,
 Still to display thy ware,
 Still to be fooling,

Argues how rude you are
In Cupid's Schooling.

Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh.

'Tis cause I would, and cannot, make me try,

Chloris I'd have thee wise,

When Gallants view thee;

Courting do thou despise

Fly those pursue thee:

Fast moves an Appetite,

Makes hunger greater,

Who's flattered of delight,

Falls to't the better.

Be coy and kind betimes, be smooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Song 216.

YOU say you love me, nay can swear it too,

But stay, Sir, 'twill not do,

I know you keep your Oaths,

Just as you wear your Cloaths,

While new and few in fashion:

But once grown old you lay them by,

Forgot like words you speak in passion,

I'll not believe you.

Song 217.

YOU Fiends and Furies, come along,

Each bring a Crow and massie Prong;

Some bring your Sheekles, and draw near,

To stir up an old Sea cole cak'd,

That in the Hollow Hell hath bak'd

Many a thousand, thousand year,

In sulphurous Broth, Terens hath boil'd

Basted with Primstone; Tarquin hath broil'd

Long, long enough, then make more room.

Like smokie Flitches bang 'um by

Upon their sooty Walls to dry;

A greater ravisher will come,

If

If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure,
Yet stay a while, and do not stir,
For if his glowing Eyes should chance
On *Proserpine* to shoot a glance,
He is so hot, he'd ravish her.

Song 218.

GO happy heart, for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her, for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her Pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.

If a Tear escape her Eye,
'Tis not for my Memory,
But thy rights of Obsequy.

The Altar was my loving Breast,
My Heart the sacrificed Beast.
And I was my self the Priest.

Your Body was the sacred Shrine,
Your cruel Mind the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with the Hearts of Men, not Kine.

Song 219.

AH *Chloris*! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty could beget

No Pleasure, nor no Pain,
When I the Dawn us'd to admire
And prais'd the coming day;

I little thought the growing fire
Would take my rest away,
Your Charms in harmless childhood lay,

Like Metals in the Mine.
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,

Fond Love unperceiv'd did flie,
 And in my Bosom rest.
 My passion with your Beauty grew,
 And *Cupid* at my Heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart,
 Each glory'd in their wanton part,
 To make a Lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art,
 To make a Beauty she,
 Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my Fate;
 If your fair self my Chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.
 Lovers like dying Men may well
 At first disorder'd be,
 Since none alive can truly tell,
 What fortune they must see.

Song 220.

ALL joy unto the happy pair,
 Which this Day united are,
 Tho' all the World suffer'd decrease,
 Yet may their love never grow less,
 But still recruited every Day,
 With fresh delights may it increase;
 And may it lasting be,
 As vast Eternity.

May never fatal accident have force,
 To interrupt the pleasing course
 Of their united passions, till they grow
 So far above all here below;
 They may themselves so happily deceive
 As to believe,
 That though they're here,
 Yet they in Heav'n do fill a Sphere,

Song 221.

Dialogue Pastoral, Strephon and Phillis.

Phill. **S**trephon, what envious cloud hath made
All o're thy Face, this sullen shade?

Streph. It is the Index of my grief.

Phil. But say, admits it no relief?

Thy now neglected Flock doth stray,
The V Volf securely takes his prey,
And thy discarded Pipes lie by,
VVhilst thou under some Beach does lie,
Or Mirtle in the shady Grove,
And sigh'st and pin'st like one in love.

Streph. Ah *Phillis*, thou hast toucht me now,
I can't my Passion disavow,
And that word Love, my Heart does rise,
And with it strangely sympathize.

P. But who did thus your Heart surprize?

S. It was the Shepherdess, whose Eyes
Are brighter far than any Ray,
The Sun disclosed on *May-day*.

P. V Vho was it *Strephon*? Tell me true.

S. Ah! dearest *Phillis*, it was You.

P. Strive not false Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too easie to believe
A Passion, which she likes so well,
Such falshood would deserve a Hell.

S. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,
All my devoutest Prayers despise,
And all my humble Sacrifice;
Or what's a greater Curse, may I
Find nought from thee but Cruelty,
If I do love my *Phillis* less
Than my own greatest Happiness;
If truth doth not in Swains reside,
V Where is she in the V World beside?

Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by so sweet a Youth,
Ch. Let's join our hands and hearts, and we'll out-vie,
Of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.
Cho. Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Cho. Delay their Joys, and tedious suits pursue,
Voic. Our honest word their courtship far excel.
 'Mongst unambitious Shepherds love is true.

Song 222.

Haste sluggish morn, why dost thou stay,
 This is Venus Holy-day;
 Can nothing bribe thee, can no Charms:
 Force thee from thy Tythons arms?
 Oh yonder comes the expected Guest,
 Sol from his Chambers of the East,
 And daes me-thinks dance on Easter-day,
 Th' Intelligencies on the Spheres do play,
 The wing'd Songsters of the Groves,
 Do celebrate the Union of these Loves;
 The Heavens do smile, the Earth and all conspire
 To make the joys of thy blist time entire.

Come forth fair Bride, what wouldst thou be wed-
 ded to Virginity?

Haste to the Temple, do not stay,
 Kill not him with thy delay;
 Whose expectations call each hour a day,
 Lo now breaks forth the beautionous Dame,
 Like Lightnings sudden flame,
 Her high insinuating power's such,
 It melts the Soul, but not the body touch;
 The Bridegroom all do envy, each should be
 The principal in this Solemnity.

But now to Church they walk,
 And each Man's talk,
 Is of the happy pair.
 And what will be

Done when they united are,

They prophecy.

Their busie Tongues on that do clink,
The Ladys will not speak, but think:
Now to the Temple they draw near,
Where Joyful Hymen does appear,
Without his Saffron Rod, that the might be
No emblem of ensuing Fealouse.
The Priest begins, their hearts and hands be joyns,
And their loves with the Mystery refines;
The Bridegroom curses, the slow pac'd Vicar,
That in the Ceremony he is no quicker.

Now home they go to eat, to drink, to dance,
And at the Bride to glance.

The lusty Bridegroom's Spring tide of his Blood,
Swells in a purple flood.

Which puts him to such pains,

In his distended Veins,

It longs to ebb, and now the night has hurl'd

Her Sable Curtains over half the World,

When we by whisperings descry,

A plot against Virginity.

The Ladies steal the Bride away.

The impatient Bridegroom brooks no stay,

But slinks away, and thither all do swarm,

The Bridal Ceremonies to perform;

Then we withdraw, nor may we Candles stay,

Cause they are emblems of th' unwished for day.

My Muse dare say do more, but leaves the Theam,

To every man and woman that night's dream.

Song 223.

WHEN Celia, I intend to flatter you,

And tell you lyes to make you true,

I swear

There's none so fair,

There's none so fair,

And you believe it too.

Of

Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No Twins so like hath Nature made;

But is

Only in this,

Only in this,

You prick my hand and fade,

Oft have I said there is no precious stone,

But may be found in You alone,

Though I,

No stone espy,

No stone espy,

Unless Your Heart be One.

VVhen I raise Your Skin, I quote the VVool,

The Silk-worms from their Entrails pull.

And shew,

Than new-fal'n Snow,

Than new-fal'n Snow,

It is more beautiful.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles,

VVere You as Excellent as these,

VVhile I,

Before you lie,

Before You lie,

They might be had with ease,

Song 224.

A Maiden of late,

VVhose Name was sweet Kate,

VVas dwelling in *London* near to *Aldersgate*;

Now list' to my Ditty, declare it I can,

She would have a Child without help of a Man,

To a Doctor she came,

A Man of great Fame,

VVhose deep skill in Physick report did proclaim.

Quoth she, Master Doctor, shew me if you can,

How I may conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,

Since

Since so must be,
 This wondrous strong Med'cine I'll shew presently,
 Take nine pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 The wood of a Frog,
 The juice of a Log,
 Well perboil'd together in the skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon-calf, if get it You can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 The Love of false Harlots,
 The faith of false Varlets, (lets
 With the truth of Decoys, that walk in their Scar-
 And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man,
 Nine drops of Rain
 Brought hither from *Spain*.
 With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main.
 With eight quarts of Brimston, brew'd in a
 Beer-Can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 Six Pottles of Lard,
 Squeesh'd from a Rock hard,
 With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
 With a Pudding of Hailstones well bak'd in a Pan
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 These Medicin's are good,
 And approved have stood,
 Well temper'd together in a bottle of Blood,
 Squeesh'd from a Grasshopper, & a nail of a Swan,
 To make Maids conceive without help of a Man.

Song 225.

NO Man Love's fiery Passion can approve,
 All yielding either pleasure or promotion,
 I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
 Although I do not like it in Devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my Creed;
 To think that Lovers mean, as they pretend.

If

If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long e're this the World had had an end.

Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into love might die :
But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.

Another rather than incur the slander
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove ;
I'll neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for Love.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for Love as others do,
Prais'd be great *Jove*, I dy'd in such a sort,
As I reviv'd within an hour or two.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne're had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His Courage is as little as his Wit.

Song 226.

WHat Creatures on Earth,
Can boast freer Mirth,
Less envy'd and lov'd than we,
Though Learning grow poor
We scorn to implore

A Gift but what's noble and free.
Our freedom of mind,
Cannot be confin'd,
With riches we're inwardly blest ;
Not Death, nor the Grave
Our worth can deprave,

Nor Malice our Ashes molest ;
When such Moles as you
Your own Earth shall mure,
And worms shall your memory eat ;
Our names being read,
Shall strike Envy dead,

And Ages our worth shall repeat.

Song 227.

Song 227.

WHEN I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they,
And my aged thoughts lay by,
To the dance with Joy I flie;
Come a flowry Chaplet lend me,
Youth and Mirthful thoughts attend me,
Age be gone, we'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some Wine Boy, fill about,
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tippie too,
And be mad as well as you.

Song 228.

BRight Cynthia scorns,
Alone to wear Horns,
To her Sex grief and shame;
But swears in despight
Of the Worlds great light,
That Men should wear the same.
The Man in the Moon,
To hear this in a swoon,
And quite out of his Wits fell,
And with this affront,
(Quoth he) a pox on't,
My forehead begins to swell;
Away straight he woo'd
In his Lunatick Mood,
And from his Mistress would run;
And swore in his heat
Though stew'd in his sweat,
He had rather go live in the Sun.
But he was pleas'd,
To see other Men pleas'd,
And none that did murmur or mourn:
For without an affright,

Each

Each Man with delight,
 Did take to himself the Horn.
 The Lord he will go,
 In his Park to and fro,
 Pursuing the Deer that is barren,
 But whilst he's in's Park,
 His Steward or Clark,
 May boldly go in his warren.
 The Citizen Clown,
 In his Fox-furr'd Gown,
 And his Dublet fac'd with Ale,
 Talks slow, and Drinks quicker,
 Till his wife like his Liquor,
 Leaves working and relisheth stale,
 Lo thus she behorns him,
 And afterwards scorns him,
 Though he becomes to be Mayor of the Rout;
 And thinks it no sin
 To be well occupied within,
 While her Husband is busie without.
 The Puritan will go,
 Ten miles to and fro,
 To hear a sanctify'd Brother;
 But whilst his zeal burns,
 His wife she up turns
 The eggs of her eyes to another.
 The Lawyer to succour 'am
 with a Parchment and Buk'rum,
 To London next Day will strike,
 But whilst he opens his case,
 To his Adversaries Face,
 His wife to her Friend doth the like
 The Physician will ride
 To his Patient that dy'd,
 Of no Disease; but that he did come,
 But whilst abroad he doth kill,

V With Portion and Pill,
 His wife takes a Clyster at home.
 The Merchant o're runs,
 The Sea with his Guns,
 His mariners and their mates,
 But whilst he doth please,
 Himself on the broad Seas,
 Another may ride on his Straights.
 The Soldier will go,
 Like a Man to his Foe,
 with brave resolution to fight,
 V Whilst his wife with her Friends,
 In her wanton arm spends
 Time, & makes him a Beast till night,
 And though that he be
 V Vell arm'd Cap-a-pee.
 He must yield to a naked Boys scorn,
 And instead of bright Steel,
 And hard Iron, he'll
 Be content with a hard piece of Horn.
 Thus all Men will love
 Their wives, tho' they prove
 Them false, ev'n in their own sigh;
 But yet they do well,
 For a Horn You can tell,
 V Was always a Friend to the Night.

Song 229.

C Ome away bring on the Bride,
 And place her by her Lovers side;
 You fair Troops of Maids attend her,
 Pure and Holy thoughts befriend her,
 Blush and with You Virgins all,
 Many such fair nights may fall.
 Chor. Hymen, fill the House with Joy,
 All thy sacred Fires employ;
 Bless the Bed with holy Love,
 Now fair Orb of Beauty move.

Song

Song 230.

AT dead low ebb of night, when none
 But great *Charles's* wain was driven on,
 When mortals stri^d cessation keep,
 To re-recruit themselves with sleep,
 'Tas then a Boy knockt at my my Gate,
 Who's there say I that calls so late?
 Oh let me in he soon reply'd,
 I am a Child, and then he cry'd,
 I wander without Guide or light,
 Lost in this wet blind, Moonless night.
 In pity then I rose,
 And straight unbarr'd my door and sprang a light,
 Behold it was a lovely Boy, a sweeter sight
 ————— Ne're blest my eye;
 I view'd him round, and saw strange things,
 A Boy, a Quiver, and two Wings,
 I led him to the fire, and then
 I dry'd and chafed his hands with mine:
 I gently press'd his tresses curls,
 Which new fall'n rain had hung with Pearls,
 At last when warm, the youngster said,
 Alas my Boy, I am afraid,
 The string is wet, pray Sir, let's try
 My Boy, on that, do, do, say I.
 He bent and shot so quick and smart.
 As through my Liver reach'd my Heart;
 Then in a trice he took his flight,
 And laughing said, my Boy is right:
 It is, oh 'tis, for as he spoke,
 'Twas not his Boy, but my heart broke.

Song 231.

THE Beard thick or thin,
 On the Lip or Chin,
 Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
 That her silence

In the Beards defence,
May do her Neighbour wrong.
Now a Beard is a thing,
That commands a King,
Be his Scepter ne'er so fair:
Where the Beard bears the sway,
The People obey,
And are subject to a Hair.
'Tis princely sight,
And a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well thatch'd face,
Is a comely Grace,
And a shelter from the Cold.
When the piercing North,
Comes blustering forth,
Let barren Face beware;
For a trick it will find,
With a Razor of wind,
To shave the Face that's bare:
But there's many a nice,
And strange device,
That doth the Beard disgrace;
But he that is in
Such a foolish sin,
Is a Traytor to his Face.
Now Beards there be,
Such a Company,
And Fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard
To handle a Beard,
Though it be ne'r so long.
The Roman T
In its bravery
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns,

That

That oft it burns,
 With the Flames of a torrid Nose.
 The *Stiletto* Beard,
 Oh it makes me afraid,
 It is so sharp beneath,
 For he that doth place,
 A Dagger in his Face,
 What wears he in his Sheath?
 But my thinks I do itch,
 To go through stitch,
 The needle Beard to amend,
 Which without any wrong,
 I may call too long,
 For no man can see no end.
 The Soldiers Beard,
 Doth march in shear'd,
 In figure like a Spade;
 VVith which he'll make,
 His En'mies quake,
 And think their Graves are made,
 Then grim stubble eke,
 On the Judges Cheek,
 Shall not my Verse despise,
 It is more fit
 For a Nutmeg yet
 It grates poor Prisoners Eyes.
 VVhat doth invest
 A Bishops brest,
 But a milk white spreading Hair,
 VVhich an Emblem may be,
 Of Integrity,
 Which doth inhabit there.
 I have also seen,
 On a womans Chin,
 A Hair or two to grow,
 But alas the Face,

Is too cold a place,
 Then look for Beard below,
 But, Oh ! let us tarry
 For the Beard of King *Harry*,
 That grows about the Chin,
 With his bushy pride
 And a Grove on each Side,
 And a Champion ground between :
 Lest, the Clown doth out-rush,
 With his Beard like a Brush,
 Which may be well endur'd ;
 For though his Face,
 Be in such a Case,
 His Land is as well manured.

Song 232.

FAIR Mistress I would gladly know,
 What thing it is You cherish so,
 What Instrument, and from whence bred,
 Is that You call a *Maiden-head* ?
 Is it a Spirit, or the Treasure
 Lovers lose in height of pleasure ?
 If it be so, in vain You keep,
 That waking, which You lose in sleep ;
 But since you know not, I will tell ye,
 It is a Spring beneath your Belly,
 Fruit that alone You cannot taste,
 And barren Seed 'till it You waste ;
 Metals that must for want of using,
 A Gem most precious when 'tis losing,
 A sweet and pleasing Sacrifice,
 Then chiefly living when it dies ;
 A wealth that makes the untrifling blest,
 An Instrument that soundeth best,
 (A wonder to be heard or spoke)
 When the string in two is broke,

Then

Then let us offer Love his due,
 My Maiden-head I'll give to you,
 And in exchange receive another,
 What would you more, there's one for th'other?

Song 233.

A Dialogue between Orpheus and Charon.

Orph. **C**Haron, O Charon,
 Thou master of the Souls bliss or bane,

Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?

Orph. Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and whom in fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal joys shall follow.

Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

Orph. Shall thy black barque those guilty spirits stow.
 That kill themselves for Love?

Cha. O no, O no!

My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
 No Winds blow fair, nor I my self can steer.

Orph. What Lovers pass, and in Elizium reign?

Cha. Those gentle lovers that are beloved again.

Orp. This Soldier loves, and fain would die to win,
 Shall he go on?

Cha. No, 'tss foul a sin,

He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
 Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. No no, no no.

Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor Prayer;

My Boat is destiny, and who then dare

But those appointed come abroad? live still

And love by reason mortal, and by will.

Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine

Cha. Then come abroad and pass. (eyes,

Chorus, Orph. Till then be Wise.

Char. Till then be Wise.

Song 234.

Song 234.

Look out bright Eyes, and bless the Air,
 Even in shadows you are fair ;
 Shut up Beauty is like Fire,
 That breaks out clearer still and higher,
 Though your Body be confin'd,
 And sought love a Prisoner Bound ;
 Yet the Beauty of your Mind,
 Neither check, nor chain hath found :
 Look out nobly then, and dare
 Even the Fetters that you wear.

Song 235.

SURE 'twas a Dream, how long fond man have I
 Been fool'd into Captivity:
 My Newgate was my want of Wit,
 I did myself commit,
 My Bonds I knit.
 Mine own Goaler was my only Foe,
 That did my Freedom disavow ;
 I was a Prisoner, 'cause I would be so.
 But now I will shake off my Chains and prove,
 Opinion built the Goals of Love ;
 Made all the Bonds, gave him his Bow,
 His bloody Arrows too,
 That Murder so.
 Nay, those dire Deaths which idle Lovers dream,
 Were all contriv'd to make a Theam,
 For some carousing Poets drunken flame.
 'Twas a fine Life I liv'd, when I did dress,
 My self to court your peevishness,
 When I did at your Footstool lie,
 Expecting from your Eye,
 To live or die.
 Now smiles or frowns, I care not what I have,
 Nay rather than I'll be your Slave,
 I'll court the plagues to send me to my Grave.

Farewell

Farewel those Charms that did so long bewitch,
 Farewel that wanton youthful Itch,
 Farewel that treacherous blinking Boy,
 That proffers seeming Joy,
 So to destroy,
 To all those Night-embraces, which as you
 Know very well, were not a few;
 For ever, evermore I bid adieu.
 Now I can stand the Sallies of your Eyes;
 In vain are all those Batteries,
 Nor can that love-dissembling the stile,
 Nor can that crafty Smile,
 Longer beguile;
 Nor those Heart-traps which each hour you renew,
 To all those Witchrafts, and to You,
 For ever, evermore, I bid adieu.

Song 236.

Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
 And hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*
 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
 And my Pot, and thy Pot,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*
 'Tis Malt will cure thy Maw, *Tom,*
 And will heal thy Distempers in *Autum;*
Felix quem facient,
 I prethee be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*
 Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*
 Neither Parson, nor Vicar,
 But will toss off his Liquor,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

Song 237.

NOW I confess I am in love,
 Though I did think I never could,
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,

Whose

whose nature's made of the finest mould ;
 So fair, so good, so all Divine,
 I'd quit the world to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
 When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere ?
 So shrink the Beauties called great,
 When sweet *Rosela* doth appear ;
 Where she as other women are,
 I should not love, nor yet despair,
 But I could never bear a mind
 willing to stoop to common Faces :
 Nor confidence enough can find,
 To aim at one so full of Graces ;
 Fortune and Nature did agree,
 No woman should be wed by me.

Song 238.

With an old motly Coat, and a maumie Nose,
 And an old Jerkin that's out at the Elbows
 And an old pair of Boots drawn on without Hele,
 Stuffed with Rags instead of Toes.

And an old Soldier of the Queens,

And the Queens old Soldier.

with an old rusty Sword that's hack'd with blows,
 And an old Dagger to scare away the Crows,
 And an old Horie that reels as he goes,
 And an old Saddle that no Man knows,

And an old Soldier of the Queens,

And the Queens old Soldier,

With his old wounds in eighty eight,
 Which he recovered at *Tilbury* Fight,
 With an old Passport that never was read,
 That in his old Travels stood him in great stead.

And an old Soldier of the Queens,

And the Queens old Soldier :

With his old Gun, and his Bendaliers,
 With old Head-piece to keep warm his ears.

With an old Shirt is gone to wrack,
 With a great Louse and a list on his back,
 Is able to carry a Pedlar and his Pack,
And an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier,
 With an old Queen to lie by his Side,
 That in an old time had been pockify'd:
 He's no rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his Foes.
 And he swears by his valor he'll have better Cloths,
 Or else he'll lose Legs, Arms, Fingers, and Toes,
 And he'll come again when no Man knows,
Like an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

Song 239.

With an old Song made by an old antient pate,
 Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a
 great Estate,
 Who kept an old House at a bountiful rate,
 And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his gate,
 Like an old Cortier of the Queens, &c.
 With an old Lady whose anger good Words asswages,
 Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
 Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Foot-
 men, and Pages.
 But kept twenty old Fellows, with blue Coats and
 Like an Old Courtier, &c. (Badges,
 With an old Study fill'd full of learned Books,
 With an Old Reverend Parson, You may judge him by
 his Looks.
 With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Old
 Hooks;
 And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen
 Like an Old, &c. (old Cooks,
 With an Old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes,
 and Bows.
 With old Swords, and Bucklers, which have born
 many shrew'd blows.

And an Old Fryfado-Coat to cover his Worſhip's
Trunk-boſe.

And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Noſe,
Like an Old, &c.

With an old Faſhion when Chriſtmas is come,
To call in his Neighbour with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good cheer enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat ſpeak, and a wiſe-
Like an Old, &c. (man Dumb,

With an Old Huntsman, a Faulkner, a Kennel of
Hounds,

Which never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own
Grounds,

Who like an old wiſeman kept himſelf within his
own Bounds.

And when he died gave every Child a thouſand old
Like an Old, &c. (Pounds.

But to his eldeſt Son his Houſe and Lands he aſſign'd
Charging him in his Will, to keep the old bountiful
mind, (kind :

To love his good old Servants and to Neighbours be,
But in the enſuing Ditty, you ſhall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier of the Kings, (inclin'd.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Whores at his Command,

And takes up a thouſand pounds upon's own Land,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither

Like a young, &c. (go nor ſtand.

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
Who never knew what belonged to good Houſe-keeping
nor Care,

But buy ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen Dreſſings of other Mens

Like a young, &c. (Hair,

With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burn'd neither Coal nor Wood,

And a Shuffle-board Table, ſmooth and red as blood,
M 2 Hung

*Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor little
Like a young, &c. (good,*

*With a new Study stuff full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain that swear faster than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
five Days.*

*With a new French Cook to make Cickshaws and toys,
Like a young, &c.*

*With a new Fashion when Christmas is come,
With a new Journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
Like a youeg, &c. (stone:*

*With a Gentleman Usher, whose Carriage is compleat,
With a Footman, Coachman, and Page to carry Meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose Dressing is very
neat,*

*Who when the Master has din'd lets the Servants
Like a young, &c, (not eat.*

*With a new honour bought with his Fathers old Gold,
That many of his Fathers old Mannors had sold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold.*

*Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
Or the Kings young Courtier.*

Song 240.

W*ith a new Beard but lately trimm'd ;
With a new Love-lock neatly kem'd,
With a new Favour snatch'd or nim'd,
With a new Doublet French-like limb'd,
With a new Gate as if he swim'd.
And a new Soldier of the Kings,
Or the Kings new Soldier.*

*With a new Feather in his Cap,
With new white Boots without a Strap,*

And

And newly paid for by great hap;
 With a new Queen upon his Lap;
 And a new Brat that ne're eat Pap;

And a new, &c.

With a new Hat without band;
 With a new Office without Land;
 With all his Fingers on his hand;
 With a new Face at Plymouth tab'd;
 And a new Horse already pawn'd.

And a new, &c.

With a new Caslock lin'd with Cotton;
 With cardecues to call his Pot in;
 With a new Gun that ne're was shot in,
 Under a new Captain very hot in
 A new Command, & hardly gotten,

And a new, &c.

With a new head-piece, ne'r hit,
 With a new head of greenish wit,
 With a new shirt without louse or nit,
 With a new Band, not torn as yet,
 With a new Spear, and very fit.

For a new, &c.

With a new Jacket made of Buff,
 With new Sleeves of Spanish Stuff,
 With a new belt of Leather enough;
 With new Tobacco-pipes to puff,
 And a new brawl to take in Snuff.

Like a new, &c.

He's newly come to sixteen years,
 And gone aboard with his Mothers tears,
 With his Monmouth Cap about his Ears,
 With new Bravadoes void of Fears,
 And a new Oath by which he swears,

To be new, &c.

With a new Nose that ne're met foe,
 With a new sword that ne'r struck blow

With a new red breech to make a show,
 With a new Copper Lace or two,
 And new Points on his Wings also,
 To a new Courtier he will go,
 To drink old Sack, and do no more.

*Like a new Soldier of the Kings;
 Or, the Kings new Soldier.*

Catch, or Song 241.

THE Hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 And now it is almost Day,
 And he that's a Bed with another Mans Wife,
 It's time to get him away.

Mock Song 242.

OH Love! whose power and might,
 No Creature e're withstood,
 Thou forcest me to write,
 Come turn about *Robin Hood*,
 Sole Mistress of my Heart,
 Let me thus far presume,
 To crave in this Request,
 A black patch for the Rheum,
 Grant pity or I die,
 Love so my Heart bewitches,
 With Grief I howl and cry;
 Oh how my Elbow itches:
 Tears overflow my Sight,
 With floods of daily weeping,
 That in the silent Night,
 I cannot rest for sleeping,
 What is't I would not do
 To purchase one sweet smile?
 Bid me to *China* go,
 Faith I'll sit down the while.
 Oh Women you will never,
 But think Men still; will flatter;

I Vow

I vow I love You ever,
 But yet it is no matter,
Cupid is blind they say,
 But yet me thinks he seeth;
 He struck my Heart to Day,
 A Turd in *Cupid's* Teeth:
 Her tresses that were wrought,
 Much like the golden snare,
 My loving heart hath caught,
 As *Moss* did catch his Mare.
 But since that all relief,
 And comforts do forsake me:
 I'll kill my self with grief,
 Nay then, the Devil take me,
 And since her grateful merits,
 My loving looks must lack,
 I'll stop my vital Spirits
 With Claret and with Sack,
 Mark well my woeful hap,
 Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
 Send down thy Thunder-clap,
 And rend her Smock in sunder.

Mock Song, in Answer 243.

YOUR Letter I receiv'd,
 Bedeck'd with flourishing Quarters,
 Because You are deceived,
 Go hang you in your Garters.
 My Beauty, which is none,
 Yet such as You protest,
 Doth make You sigh and groan;
 Fie, fie, You do but Jest.
 I cannot chuse but pitty,
 Your restless mournful Tears,
 Because your plaints are witty,
 You may go shake Your Ears.
 To purchase Your Delight,

No labour you will lease,
 Your pains I will requite;
 Maid, give him some Bread and Cheese,
 'Tis you I fain would see,
 'Tis you I fain would see,
 'Tis you I daily think on,
 My Looks as kind shall be,
 As the Devil over *Lincoln*,
 If ever I do tame,
 Great *fowe* of Lightning Flashes,
 I'll send my fiery flame,
 And burn thee into Ashes,
 I can by no means miss thee,
 But needs must have thee one day;
 I pray thee come and kiss me,
 Whereon I sat on Sunday.

Song 244.

IF she be fair, I fear the rest,
 If she be sweet, I'll hope the best,
 If she be fair, they say she'll do,
 If she be foul, she'll do so too:
 If she be fair, she'll breed Suspence,
 If she be foul, she'll cause Neglect,
 If she be born o' th' better Sort,
 Then he doth favour of the Court;
 If she be of the City born,
 She'll give the City-Arms, the Hore,
 If she be born of Parents base,
 I scorn her vertues for her place;
 If she be fair and witty too,
 I fear the harm her wit may do.
 If she be fair and wanteth wit,
 I love no beauty without it:
 In brief, be what she will, I'm one
 That can love all, though I wed none.

Song 245.

THere's none but the glad Man,
 Compar'd to the mad-man,
 Whose heart is still empty of care,
 His Fits and his Fancies
 Are above all mischances,
 And Mirth is his ordinary Fare :
 Then be thou mad, & be mad, mad let us all be,
 There's no men lead lives more merry than we.

Song 246.

GAze not on thy beauties pride,
 Tender Maid in the false tide,
 That from Lovers eyes did slide,
 Let thy faithful Chrystal show,
 How thy colours come and go,
 Beauty takes a foil from wo,
 Love that in those smooth stream lies
 Under pity's fair disguise,
 Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of passions finest thread,
 (Snaring Poems) will be spread,
 All to catch thy Maiden-head.

Then beware for those that cure,
 Loves disease themselves endure,
 For a reward, a Calenture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
 Than his pale Cheek should assign,
 A perpetual blush to thine.

Song 247.

ABeggar got a Bailiff, a Bailiff got a Yeoman,
 A Yeoman got a Prentice, a Prentice got a Freeman,
 A Freeman got a Master, and he begot a rease,
 And soon became a Gentleman, then a Just. of Peace,
 This Justice got a Daughter, & she is come to light,
 She stept into the Court, and there she got a Knight,
 Knight got a Lord, a Lord an Earl begot,
 An Earl got a Duke, this Duke was a Scot.

This

This Duke a Prince begot, a Prince of Royal hope,
 He begot an Emperor, the Emperor a Pope,
 The Pope got a Bastard, he was a noble Spark,
 He lay with a Nun, and, and so begot a Clark,
 A Clark got a Sexton, a Sexton got a Vicar,
 A Vicar got a Parson, & all of them got Liquor,
 Till they were all made Prebends, and so they got a
 A Dean got a Bishop, a Bishop got a Quean. (Dean.

Song 248.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that never was in Print,
 'Tis truly & newly come out of the Mint,
 I'll tell you beforehand, you'll find nothing in't.

On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write.

'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight
 Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth & Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and
 Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos a Den; (Men,
 And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.

'Tis *nothing* sometimes makes many things hit,
 As when fools among wisemen do silently sit;
 A fool that says *nothing* may pass for wit.

What one man loves, is another man's loathing,
 This blade loves a quick thing, & that loves a slow
 thing;

And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*. (ing

Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth-
 And thinking with sighs to gain her & soothing,
 Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
 He may to the Bed of a whore be betray'd;
 But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a Maid,

Your flashing and clashing, and flashing of wit,
 Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit:

'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ.

VVhen first by the ears we together did fall,
 Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
 From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall. The

The Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
 VWho made our 3^d Kingdoms & Churches lie waste.
 Their Project, and all come to *nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
 To tumble down Monarchy, Branches & Root,
 They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* wou'd do't

The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
 In Presbyter Jack begot such a loathing,
 That he must needs raise a pretty New *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctified cloathing
 Perjur'd the People by faithing and trothing ;
 At last he was catcht and all came to *nothing*.

In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
 Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall ;
 I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

VWhen War, and Rebellion, and Plundering grows,
 The Mendicant Man is freest from Foes ;
 For he is most happy has *nothing* to loose.

Brave *Cæsar*, and *Pompy*, and Great *Alexander*,
 VWhom Armies followed as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say it an Action of Slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
 Tho' conquer the world and give mankind a rout,
 Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.

Old *Noll* that arose from high thing to low thing
 By brewing Rebellion, Nicking and Frothing,
 In 7 years distance was all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
 VWho once was invested with purple fine Clothing,
 Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *Nothing*.

If King-killers Bold are excluded from bliss,
 Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
 Had better been *nothing*, than what he now is:

Blind Colonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl,
 To lofty Degree, from a low Cobler's Stall,
 Did bring Awl to *nothing*, when Awl come to all.

Your

Your Gallant that Rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with nothing.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his
When death doth arrest him & bear him away, (pay,
At the general Bar will have *nothing* to say,
Whores that in Silks were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac'd,
Thus courting, and sporting comes to *nothing* at last,
If any Man tax me for weakness of wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall;
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due;
Cause then it was with him, as now it's with you;
He studied when he had *nothing* to do.

This very word *nothing* if took the right way,
May prove advantageous, for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay?

Song 249.

BY Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she,
Why should she ashamed or angry be,
That she's beloved by me?

The Gods may give their Altars o're,
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but happy Men must them adore.

The lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain,
The humble Furzes of the plain,

She being so high and I so low,

Her power by this doth greater show,

V Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

Compared with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move.

Till

Till't be exalted by her love.
 Equal to her, alas, there's none;
 She like a Deity is grown,
 That must create, or else must be alone.
 If there be Man that thinks himself so high,
 As to pretend Equality,
 He deserves her less than I,
 For he would Cheat for his relief,
 And one will give with lesser Grief,
 To an undeserving Beggar than a Thief.

Song 250.

WHEN I drain my Goblets deep,
 All my cares are rockt asleep,
 Rich as *Craesus*, Lord o' th' Earth,
 Chanting *Odes* of Witt and Mirth,
 And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
 I can kick the Globe round, round.

Let others fight while I drink,
 Boy, my Goblet fill to the brink;
 Come fill it high, fill it high,
 That I may drink and die,
 For when I lay down my head,
 'Tis better to be drunk; 'tis better to be drunk,
 Dead drunk, than dead.

Song 251.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
 As to be invited twice;
 What should Women more incite,
 Than their own syweet Appetite?
 Shall savage things more freedom have,
 Than Nature unto VWoman gave?
 The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
 Bill and kiss, then take the Marrow.
 They bill and kiss, what then they do,
 Come bill and kiss, and I'll shew You,

Song 252.

Phillis on the new made Hay,
 Phillis on the new made Hay,

In a wanton posture lay,
 Thinking no Shepherd by her ;
 But *Aminas* came that way,
 And threw himself down by her.

Hotly he pursued the Game,
 Hotly he pursued the Game,
 She cryed pish and fie for shame,
 I vow you shall not do it ;
 But the Youth soon overcame,
 And eagerly fell to it,

VVhen alas to vex her more,
 VVhen alas to vex her more,
 He e're she began gave o're ;
 For such was the Adventure,
 He made his Complement at door,
 And could not stay to enter,

In great rage she flung away,
 In great rage she flung away,
 He ashamed and breathless lay ;
 But though he had displeased her,
 He rallyed and renewed the Fray,
 And manfully appeased her.

Song 253.

Come Jack, Let's drink a Pot of Ale,
 And I shall tell thee such a Tale,

VVill make thine Ears to ring ;
 My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
 And I this only Fruit can boast,

That once I saw my King.
 But this doth most afflict my mind,
 I went to Court in hope to find

Some of my Friends in place :
 And walking there I had a sight

Of

Of all the Crew, but by this light,
I hardly knew one Face.

S'lfe of so many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bare the Marks

Of their Integrity ;

And suffered ruin of Estate,

It was my base unhappy Fate,

That I not one could see.

Not one upon my life, among

My old acquaintance all along,

At *Truto* and before.

And I suppose the place can show,

As few of those whom thou didst know,

At *York*, or *Marston-More*.

But truly there are swarms of those

VVhose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose,

And backslides still wear Muffs ;

VVhilst the old rusty Cavalier

Retires, and dares not once appear,

For want of Coyn and Cuffs ;

VVhen none of those I could descry,

VVho better far deserved than I,

I calmly did reflect :

Old Servants they by rule of State,

Like Almanacks grow out of date,

VVhat then can I expect ?

Troth in contempt of Fortunes frown,

I'll fairly get me out of Town,

And in a Cloyster pray :

That since the Stars are yet unkind

To Royalists, the King may find,

More faithful Friends than they.

Song 254.

[Marvel *Dick*, that having been

So long abroad, and having seen

The VVorld as thou hast done :

Thou

Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,
As old as *Nectar*, and as stale,
As that of Priest or Nun.
Are we to learn what is at Court ?
A Pageant made for Fortunes sport,
Where Merits scarce appear ;
For bashful merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells,
Alas it comes not there.
Desert is nice in its Address,
And merit oft-times doth oppose,
Beyond what Guilt would do ;
But they are sure of their Demands,
That come to Court with Golden Hands,
And brazen Faces too.
The King indeed doth still profess,
To give his Party soon redress,
And cherish honesty ;
But his good *wishes* prove in vain,
Whose Service *with* the Servants gain
Not always to agree.
Ah Princes be they never so *wise*,
Are fain to see with other eyes,
But seldom hear at all.
And Courtiers find their Interest,
In time feather *well* their Nest,
-Providing for their fall.
Our comfort doth on him depend,
Things *when* they are at *worst* will mend ;
And let us but reflect
On our Condition t'other Day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
What did we then expect ?
Mean while a calm Retreat is best,
But Discontent if not suppress,
May breed Disloyalty ;

This

This is the constant Note I'll sing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And so shall live and die.

Song 255.

Phillis I pray,
VVhy did You say,
That I did not adore You?
I durst not sue,
As Others do,
Nor talk of Love before You:
Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown.
No Tears could e're appease You:
'Tis better I,
Should silent die
Than talking to displease You.

Song 256.

COME Chloris hie *We* to the Bower,
To sport us e're the Day be done,
Such is thy Power,
That every Flower,
Will ope to thee as to the Sun,
And if a flower but chance to die,
With my Sighs blast, or mine Eyes rain;
Thou canst revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy Breath make't sweet again,
The wanton Suckling and the Vine,
VVill strive for th' honour, who first may,
With their Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Song 257.

THough I am Young, and cannot tell
Either what Love or Death is well;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with Heat, and Death with Cold,
Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,

And

And both do aim at humane Hearts ;
 So that I fear they do but bring
 Extreame to touch and mean nothing.

Song 258.

UPon the *Change* were Merchants meet,
 'Twixt *Cornhil* and *Threadneedle-street*,
 Where wits on every Size are hurl'd,
 To treat of all things in the world,
 I saw a folded Paper fall,
 And upon it these words were writ,
Have at all,

Thought I, if have at all it be,
 For ought I know 'tishave at me ;
 And (if the consequence be true)
 It may as well be, have at you :
 Then listen pray to what I shall
 In brief declare what's written there,
Have at all.

I am a Courtier who in sport,
 Do come from the *Utopian Court*,
 To whisper softly in your ear,
 How high we are, and what we were ;
 To tell you all would be too much,
 But here and there a little touch,
Have at all.

I was not many years ago,
 In tatters trimm'd from top to toe,
 My Rags are all to Ribbons turn'd,
 My patches into pieces fall,
 I cog a Dye, swagger and lie,
Have at all.

Upon my *Pantalonian Pate*,
 I wear a *Milliners Estate* :
 But when he duns me at the Court,
 I shew him a *Protection* for't ;

Whilst

Whilst he does to protesting fall;
And then I cry, Dam me, you lye.

Have at all.

Since Venus shaved off all my Hair,
A powdered Perriwig I wear,
VVhich brings me in the Girls,
VVhich I procure for Lords and Earls,
VVhen Dove doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives at Maids and wives,

Have at all.

My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in fifty three;
VVhich I forgot, so doth not he;
I call him sawcy Fellow, Sirrah,
And draw my Sword to run him thorow,

Have at all.

Yet once a Friend that sav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a Cuckold and a Knight;
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,
Whilst she and I together cry,

Have at all.

But yet those Cits are subtle Slaves,
Most of them Wits, and knowing Knaves;
We get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands, and Lordships too:
And tis most fit in these Affairs,
That Lands should go to the right Heirs,

Have at all.

A Soldier I directly hate;
A Cavalier once broke my Pate,
With Cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my Mistress from me;
For I confels I love a Wench,

Though

Though English, Irish, Dutch, or French,
Have at all.

A Soldiers Life is not like mine ;

I will be plump, when he shall pine ;

My Projects carry stronger Force,

Than all his armed Foot and Horse ;

What though his Morter-pieces roar,

My Chimney-pieces shall do more.

Have at all.

Thus have I given you in short,

A Courtier of Utopia Court ;

I write not of Religion,

For (to tell you truly) we have none,

If any me do question call,

With Pen, or Sword, Hab Nab's the Word,

Have at All.

Song 259.

POOR Jenny and I we toiled,

A long long Summers Day,

Till we were almost spoiled,

With making of the Hay,

Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,

Bound low upon her Brow,

I've whisper'd something in her Ear,

But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green

Well sticht with yellow Silk,

Oh ! like a Leg was never seen ;

Her Skin as white as Milk.

Her Hair was black as any Crow,

And sweet her Mouth was too,

Oh ! Jenny daintly could mow,

But what's to you?

Her Petti-coats were not so low,

As Ladies now do wear 'em ;

She needed not a Page I trow,

For I was by to bear 'em :
 I'z took 'em up all in my hand,
 And I think Linnen too,
 Which made a Friend of mine to stand,
 But what's that to you ?

King Solomon had *Wives* enough,
 And Concubines a Number ;
 Yet I z posses more happiness,
 And he had more of Cumber.
 My Joy surmounts a wedded Life,
 With fear she lets me mow,
 A *Wench* is better than a *Wife*,
 But what's that to you ?

The Lilly and the Rose combine
 To make my *Jenny* fair,
 There's no contentment like as mine,
 I'm almost void of care.
 But yet I fear my *Jenny's* face,
 Will more Men bring to woo,
 Which I shall take for a Disgrace,
 But what's that to you ?

Song. 260.

A H! *Celia*, leave that cruel Art,
 Of killing with those conquering Eyes,
 Your triumph o're a tender Heart,
 Makes a sad Victim of your Prize.
 Such Souldiers little honour gain,
 As trample o're a Captive Slave,
 That use of Victory is vain,
 Pursues the Foe unto his Grave.

But Prisoner-like as when repriv'd
 Sad Sighs I will no more approve,
 Nor think 'tis happy to be griev'd
 Nor sacrifice my self to love.

Though 'tis most true, your Beauty lasts
 As powerful as it was before,

But

But having felt his fatal blasts,
I'm warn'd to give Devotion o're.

If now at last you will be kind,
And just, as I have been to you,
I then may once more change my mind,
And be for ever true,

But if you will be cruel still,
And constant zeal can nothing move,
Then be you wedded to your will,
And I'll divorce my self from Love.

Song 261.

Cook *Laurel* would have the Devil his Guest,
And bade him home to Peak to Dinner,
Where Friend had never such a Feast,
Prepared at the Charge of a Sinner,
With a Hey Down, Down, Down, Down,

His Stomach was squealie, he came thither Coacht,

The jogging had caused his Crudets to rise,
To help which he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the white of his Eyes.

With a Hey, &c.

And so he recovered unto his wish,

He sat him down, and began to eat,
A Promoter in Plumb-broath was the first Dish

His own privy Kitchen had no such Meat,
With a Hey, &c.

Yet though with this he was much taken,

Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spy'd the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Devil is a wench.

With a Hey, &c.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,

With Sempsters and Tyrewomen fit for his pallet,
With Feather-men and Perfumers, put

Some 12 in a Charger, to make a grand Sallet,
With a Hey, &c.

A rich

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
With him a Lawyers Head and green Sawce.
All which his Belly took in like a Barrel,
As though till then he had never seen Sawce;
With a Hey, &c.

Then Carbonado'd and Cook'd with pains,
V Was brought up a Serjeants cloven Face,
The sawce was made of a Yeomans Brains,
That had been beaten out with his Mace.
With a Hey, &c.

Two roasted Sheriffs came hot to the Board,
The Feast had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were foxed and furred,
And their Chains like Sausages hung about them
With a Hey, &c.

The next Dish was the Mayor of the Town,
With a Pudding of maintenance put in his belly,
Like a Goose in her Feathers, in his Gown,
With a couple of Hinch-Boys boil'd to a Jelly.
With a Hey, &c.

Next came the over-worn Justice of Peace,
With Clerks like Gizzards stuck under each arm,
And Warrants like Sippets, lay in his own Grease,
Set over a Chafing-Ditch to be kept warm.
With a Hey, &c.

A London Cuckold came hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver open had broke him,
The Devil chopt his Head up at a Bit,
But his Horns had almost like to choak him,
With a Hey, &c.

A fair large Pastry of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd Meat in this Story
A Reverend painted Lady was brought,
Long coffin'd in Craft till now she's grown hoary,
With a Hey, &c.

The Loyns of a Lecher then was roasted,
With

With a plump Harlots Head and Garlick;
 With a Panders Pettitoes that had boasted
 Himself for a Captain, that never was warlick.
 VVith a Hey, &c.

Then boiled and stuck upon a Prick,
 The Gizzard was brought of a holy Sister,
 That bit made the Devil almost so Sick,
 That the Doctor did think he had need of a Clyster
 VVith a Hey, &c.

The Fowl of a Taylor served for a Fish,
 A Constable sow'd pissed Vinegar by;
 Two Aldermen Lobsters laid in a Dish,
 Deputy Tart, and a Church-Warden Pye,
 With a Hey, &c.

All which he devoured, then for a close,
 He did for a Draught of Derby call,
 He heaved the Vessel up to his Nose,
 And never left till he had drank up all.
 With a Hey, &c.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
 Where Banquet and Wine was not to seek,
 All which he blew away with a Fart,
 From whence it was call'd, The Devils Arse in the
 With a Hey down, down, a down, down. (Peak)

Song 262.

Thyrsis, Thyrsis, I wish as well as You,
 To honour, to honour there were nothing
 Then would I pay my debt of Love,
 In that same Coyn,
 In the same Coyn which You approve;
 And now You must in Friendship take.
 'Tis all the Payment I can make,
 Friendship so high, that I may say,
 'Tis rather Love
 'Tis rather Love with some allay;
 Then rest contented, since that I

As well myself as you deny,
 And learn of me bravely to bear;
 The loss of what I hold so dear;
 And that which honour does in me,
 Let my Example,
 My Example work in thee.

Song 263.

OH! the little House that lies under the Hill,
 Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill
 Inere's Ale and Tobacco, and Wenches at Will,
 Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill.

Song 264.

ON a Hill there grows a flow'r,
 Fair befall the gentle Sweet,
 By that Flow'r there is a Bow'r,
 Where the Heav'nly Muses meet.
 In that Bow'r there is a Chair,
 Fringed all about with Gold,
 Where doth sit the fairest Fair,
 Mortal ever did behold.
 It is *Philis* fair and bright,
 She that is the Shepherds Joy,
 She that *Venus* did despight,
 And did blind her little Boy,
 That is she, the Wise, the Rich,
 That the World desires to see;
 This is *Ipsa quæ*, the which,
 There is none but only she.
 Who would not this Face admire,
 Who would not this Saint adore,
 Who would not this sight desire,
 Tho' he th'ught to see no more?
 Oh fair Eyes! but let me see
 One good look, and I am gone,
 Look on me, for I am he.

Thy poor tilly Coridon
 Thou art the Shepherd's Queen,
 Look upon thy tilly Swain,
 By vertues have been seen,
 Dead men brought to live again.

Song 265.

Since lifes but short and time a main
 Flyes on, and ne'r looks back again;
 Let's laugh and sing and merry be,
 And spend our times in Jollity.
 Good Wine makes the Pope religiously given,
 And sends all the Monks and little Fryars to Hea-
Then take a merry Glass, (ven,
Fill it just as it was,

*And let no man take it in dugeon;
 He that makes any stir,
 Is no true Drunken Cur,
 Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.*

'Twas Jove's refreshment when his mind was shrunk
 With cares, to make himself with Nectar drunk;
 So heavily drunk, his Brain ran like the Sphears,
 Round, and made musick to his ears.
 He's right honest man, you may believe what he'd
 tell you,

If he hath a jolly Nose, and a beautiful Belly,
Then take a merry Glass, &c.

Great *Alexander* to enflame his heart,
 With courage drank two Gallons and a Quart
 At six go-downs, and then in Raptures hurl'd,
 He went and conquer'd all the World.

Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedonian* won it,
 But if he had not been drunk, he could never have
 done it. *Then take a merry Glass, &c.*

Song 266.

Love I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
 A victim to thy Beardless Deity;
 Nor shall this heart of mine

Now

Now 'tis return'd
 Be offered at thy Shrine,
 Nor at thy altar burn'd,
 Love like Region's made an airy Name,
 To awe those Souls whom want of wit makes tame.
 There's no such thing as Quiver, Sheft, or Bow,
 Nor does like wound, but we imagine so;
 Or if it does perplex,
 And grieve the mind,
 'Tis in the Masculine S-x,
 Women no sorrow find,
 'Tis not our Parts or Persons that can move 'em,
 Nor is it mens worth, but wealth makes Women
 love 'em.

Reason, not Love, henceforth shall be my guide,
 Our fellow Creatures shan't be defiled.
 'Tis now a Rebel be, and so pull down,
 The Distaff Hierarchy,
 Or females fancy'd Crown,
 In these unbridled times, who would not strive
 To free his Neck from all Prerogative.

Song 267.

THE Springs coming on, and our Spirits begin,
 To retire to their places merrily home,
 And every soul is bound to lay in
 A new brewing of Blood for the year that's to come
 They'r Cowards that make it of Clarify'd Whey,
 Or swill with the Swine in the Juice of the Grains:
 Give me the Racy Canary to play,
 (And the sparkling Rhenish to vault) in my veins.

Let Doctors teach our lives are but short,
 And over much Wine a new death will invite,
 But we'll be revenged before-hand for't.
 And crown a lives mirth, with the space of a night,
 Then stand we about with our glasses full crown'd,
 Whilst every thing else to their postures doth grow,

Fill our Heads and our Caps with the Houses turn
 round, (now,
 And the Cellars become where the Chambers are
 Then fill out more Wine, 'twill a Sacrifice bring,
 We'll tippie, and fiddle, and fuddle all out
 This Night in full Draughts, with a Health to our
 King ;
 Till we baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about,
 Whose first rising Rays when shot from his throne,
 Shall dash upon Faces as red as his own.
 And wonder that Mortals can Fuddle away,
 More Wine in a Night, than he Water in a Day.

Song 268.

Love is a Bauble,
 No Man is able
 To say it is this, or 'tis that,
 'Tis so full of Passions,
 Of sundry fashions,
 'Tis like I cannot tell what,
 'Tis fair in the Cradle,
 'Tis foul in the Saddle,
 'Tis neither too cold, nor too hot,
 An errant Lye,
 Fed by desire,
 It is, and it is not.
 Love is a Fellow,
 Clad all in yellow,
 The Cankerworm of the Mind,
 A private mischief,
 And such a sly Thief ;
 As no Man is able to find,
 Love is a wonder,
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
 As common to one as to moe,
 So great a Cheater,
 Every one is better.
 Then barge him and so let him go.

Song

Song 269.

Dear Love, let me this Ev'ning die,
 Oh smile not to prevent it;
 But use this opportunity,
 Lest we both repent it,
 Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
 So that my way of dying.
 May though my Life be full of smart,
 Be worth the Worlds envying.
 Some striving knowledge to refine,
 Consume themselves with thinking,
 And some whose friendships seal'd in Wine,
 Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
 And some are wrack'd on Indian Coast,
 Thither by gain invited,
 And some in smock of Battle lost,
 Whom Drums nor Lutes delighted.
 Alas! how poorly these depart,
 Their Graves still unattended,
 Who dies not of a broken-heart,
 In love is not befriended;
 His Memory is only sweet,
 All praise no pity moving,
 Who fondly at his Mistress feet,
 Doth die with over-loving,
 And now thou frown'st, and now I die,
 My Corps my Lovers followed
 Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie,
 For that ground is only hellowed.
 If the Priest take it ill, I have a Grave,
 My death not well approving,
 The Poets my Estate shall have,
 To teach the Art of loving.
 And now let Lovers ring the Bells,
 For the poor Youth departed;
 He which all others else excels,

That are not broken-hearted,
 My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow,
 But if thy Tears fall near them,
 They'l so excel in scent and show,
 Thy self will shortly wear them :
 Such Flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
 That on a Lover's growing,
 And water'd by his Mistress eyes,
 With pity overflowing ;
 A Grave so deckt will (though thou art
 Yet fearful to come nigh me)
 Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,
 And lie down boldly by me.

Then every where the Bells shall ring,
 While all the black is turning,
 All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
 As Nature self were mourning,
 And we hereafter may be found,
 (By Destinies right placing)
 Making, like Flowers, love under ground,
 Whose Roots are still embracing.

Song 270.

YES, I could love if I could find
 A Mistress pleasing to my mind,
 Whom neither Pride nor Gold can move,
 To buy her Beauty, sell her Love,
 Goes neat, yet cares not to be fine,
 Who loves me for my self, not mine.
 Nor Lady proud, nor City coy,
 But full of freedom, full of Joy ;
 Not childish young, nor Beldam old,
 Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold ;
 Not gravely wise to guide a State,
 Not vain, as to be pointed at ;
 Nor rich, nor proud, nor base nor poor,
 Not chaste, nor no reputed Whore ;

When

When such a Lais I discover,
Cupid entitles me a Lover.

Song 271.

(Joyce

YO U Maidens and Wives, and young Widows re-
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with
voice.

Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say
There ne're was such cause for a Thanksgiving day;
For from London Town,
There's lately come down

Four able Physicians that never wore Grown,
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large;
And you may be Cur'd without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, nor Pill,
(Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill)
Your taste, nor your Stomack, need ever displease,
If you'l be advised by one of these:

For they have a new Drug,
Which is call'd, The close Hug,
Which will mend your Complexion, and make you look
snug.

A sovereign Balsam which one well apply'd,
Tho' griev'd at the heart, the Patient ne're dy'd,
In the Morning you not be robb'd of your rest,
For in your warm Beds your Physick doth best;
And though in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The Motion's so pleasant you cannot be tir'd,
For on your back you must lie,
With your Buttock raised high,
And one of those Doctors must always be by
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold all Physick doth harm,

Before they do venter to give their direction,
They always consider their Patients Complexion.
If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
She requires more Physick than one man can spare.
If she have a long Nose,

N 4

The

The Doctor scarce knows

How many good handfulls must go to her Dose.
You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,
In reason and Conscience should pay double Fees.

But that we may give these Doctors due praise,
Who to all sorts of People their favour conveys,
On the ugly for pity sake skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom they'r cur'd by their own,
On your Silver or Gold,
They never laid bold,
For want comes so freely they scorn should be sold,
Then join with those Doctors and heartily pray,
Their power of healing may never decay.

Catch, or Song 272.

Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man,
Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man was he,
So long he was a glad-man, a glad-man,
So long he was a glad-man, and a glad man was he,
Till Caesar from Pharsalia, routed his Batalia,
'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he,
Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 273.

O H Annis quoth he, well Thomas quoth she,
What wouldst thou say unto me?
I love thee quoth he, dost love me quoth she,
Ch'me the more beholding to thee.
To bed then quoth he, no Thomas quoth she,
Nor till the Parson hath said all unto me,
I'll bump thee quoth he, wo't bump me quoth she,
Ch'me, the more beholding to thee.
How lik'st it quoth he, well, Thomas quoth she,
So thou com'st but once more unto me.
That I will, quoth he, sayst thou so quoth she,
Ch'me, the more beholding to thee.

Song

Song 274.

Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, lay thy Leg o're me,
 Thou be'st a bonny Lass, fain would I mow thee,
 Fain would I mow thee, ans thou wilt let me,
 Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
 Out away Jonny Lad, I se am a Virgin,
 There is no hope to get a Pergin,
 For to get Pergin, I dare not let thee;

Out away Jonny Lad, I se mun forget thee.
 Thou be'st young, so is I, let us be doing,
 There is no better thing than to be mowing,
 Than to be mowing, ans thou would'st let me,
 Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
 Why dost thou whimper, thou knowest my mind Jo,
 Would Mother suffer me, I would be kind Jo,
 I would be kind Jo, ans she would let me,
 Bonny Lad, Jonny Lad, I se ne're forget thee.

Song 275.

I Went to the Ale-house as honest woman sho'd
 And a knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be knaves in every degree, (wo'o'd
 I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.
 I called for my Pot as an honest woman sho'd,
 And the Knave drank it up, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be Knaves, &c. (wo'o'd

I went into my bed, as an honest Woman sho'd,
 And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be Knaves, &c. (wo'o'd

I prov'd with Child as an honest Woman sho'd,
 And the Knave run away, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be Knaves in every degree. (wo'o'd
 And thus have I told you how this Knave served me.

Song 276.

Hang fear, cast away Care,
 The Parish is bound to feed us.

Thou and I
 And all must die,
 And leave this world behind us ;
 The Bells shall ring,
 The Clerk shall sing
 And the good old wife shall wind us,
 And *John* shall lay
 Our Bones in Clay,
 Where the Devil ne'r shall find us.

Song 277.

NAY prethee do not fly me,
 But sit thee down by me,
 For I cannot endure

The man that's demure,

A pox on your Worthips and Sirs :
 For your Congies and Trips,
 With your Legs and your Lips,
 Your Madams and Lords,
 With such finical Words,
 The Complements you bring,
 That doth spell nothing.

You may keep for the Change and the Furs,
 For at the beginning was neither Peasant nor Prince
 And who the Devil made the Distinction since :

Those Titles of Honours,
 Do remain in the Donors,
 And not in the thing,
 To which they do cling,

If his Soul be too narrow that wears them ;
 No delight can I see,
 In the thing call'd Degree,
 Honest *Dick* sounds as well,
 As a name with an L,
 That with Titles do swell,
 And hums like a Bell,

To affright mortal ears that do hear 'um :

He

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do
Is a Herald to himself, and a Goodfather too.

Why should we then dote on,
One with a fools Coat on,
Whose Coffers are cramm'd,
Yet he will be damn'd

E're he'll do a good act or a wise one,
What reason hath he,
To be Ruler o're me,
Who is Lord o're his Chest,
But his head and his brest
Are but empty and bare,
And puffed up with air,
And can neither assist, nor advise one,
Honours but air, and proud Flesh but dust is,
'Tis the Commons makes Lords, as the Clerk

But since it must be (makes the Justice,
Of a different degree,
'Cause some aspire
To be greater and higher,

Than the rest of our Fellows and Brothers;
He that hath such a Spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Countrys good,
And make himself fit,
By his Valour and Wit,
For things above the reach of all others :
Honour's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it ;
If not 'tis a Badge, and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me
Be but quiet and free,
I'll drink Sack and obey,

Let the great one sway ;
That spend their whole time in thinking,
I'll not busie my Pate

With

With the matters of State,
 The new books I'll burn all,
 And with the Diurnal
 Light Tobacco, and admit,
 They are so far fit,
 To serve good Company and Drinking;
 All the name I desire, is an honest good Fellow,
 For that man has no worth, that won't sometimes
 be mellow.

Song 278.

WHY shouldst thou swear, I am forsworn,
 Since thine I-vow to be?

Lady it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
 That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
 A tedious twelve hours space?

I must all other Beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,

Should I still dote upon thy Face?

Not but that all Joys in thy brown hair,
 By others may be found;

But I must search the black and fair,

Like skilful Mineralists that sound
 For Treasures in a plow'd up ground.

Then if when I have loved my round,

Thou provest the pleasant she,
 With spoil of other Beauties Crown'd,

I laden will return to thee,

Even sated with variety.

Song 279.

THE May Pole is up,

Now give me the Cup,

I'll drink to the Garlands around it;

But first unto those,

whose

Whose hands did compose,
 The Glory of Flowers that crown'd it ;
 A Health to my Girls,
 Whose Husbands may Earls
 Or Lords be, granting my wishes ;
 And whence they shall wed
 To the Bridal-bed,
 Then multiply all to Fishes.

Song 280.

Farewel, fond Love, under whose childish whip,
 I have serv'd out a weary Prentiship:
 Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
 To dose on those that love not to fly.
 Love that woo'd thee, go bane of my content,
 And practice on some other Patient.
 Farewel fond hopes that and my warm desire,
 Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
 Which no sigh could, nor tears extinguish can,
 Although my eyes out flow the Ocean,
 Forth from my thoughts for ever, thing of Air,
 Begun in error, finish'd in despair.
 Farewel false world, upon whose restless stage,
 'Twixt love and hope, I have fool'd-out an Age,
 E're I will seek to thee for my redress,
 Ple woo the Wind, and court the Wilderness,
 And bury'd from the days discovery,
 Find out some slow, but certain way to die,
 My woful Monument shall be my Cell,
 The murmurs of the purling Brooks my Knell,
 And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall grone
 Eternally, if any ask that stone,
 What wretched thing doth in that compass lie?
 The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I, 'tis I,
 The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I,

Song 281.

GO with thy staff the Sea divide,
 And with thy Whistle stop the Tide, Catch

Catch the wild winds fast in thy fist,
 And let them blow but when thou list,
 Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
 And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,
 Then sore more high and fetch me down
 Fair *Ariadnes's* starry Crown,
 So that with it I may wear
 Some of *Berenice's* Hair,
 Make *Mars* and *Saturn's* aspect mild,
 And get the Virgin Star with Child,
 But if thou hast a darling Soul,
 Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
 All this thou may'st long e're thou can
 A woman find, a woman find that's true to Man ;
 For Womens hearts take new desires,
 Far sooner than the Powder fires,
 Their flashes are more violent
 Than those flames and sooner spent,
 Like Torrents Womens loves rise high,
 Make a noise, decrease and die,
 Then let no wiseman think it strange,
 That Women are so apt to change.
 No creature underneath the Sun,
 Bears such relation to the Moon,
 He then that for their Love is sick,
 Is worse than they, is worse than they, he's lunatick.

- Song 282.

WITH more than Jewish Reverence, as yet
 Do I the Sacred name conceal;
 When ye kind Stars, Ah! when will it be fit,
 This gentle Mystery to reveal,
 When will our love be nam'd and we possess
 That Christening as a Badge of Happiness.

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
 To wear that Gem on any line,

Nor

Nor till that happy Nuprial Muse be seen,
Shall any Stanza with it shine.
Rest, mighty Name for thou must be,
Laid down by her, e're taken up by me.

Then all the Fields, and Woods shall with it ring ;
The Echoes burthen it shall be ;
Then all the Birds in several Notes shall sing,
And all the Rivers murmur thee ;
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper'd in some Angels Ear.

Then shall thy Name through all my verse be spread
Thick as the Flowers in Meadows lie,
And when in future time they shall be read,
(As thine I think they will not die)
If any Critick doubt that they be mine.
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the Coin.

Mean while I will not dare to make a Name,
So good to Represent thee by :
Adam (God's *Nomenclotar*) could not frame
One, that enough could signifie.
Astrea or *Cælia*, as unfit should prove,
For thee, as it is call the Deity, *Fove*.

Song 283.

Love, Fare thee well,
Since no man's Love doth dwell
In her, that in hatred doth all excel,
All love is blind,
But none more unkind,
Than that which repays love with a proud mind,
Love that's divine,
Is not like mine,
Since she doth laugh for whom I repine. The

Then gentle Love, for Love's own sake,
 Would faster that my Heart may break.
 My heart's on fire,
 While I do admire,
 Yet with disdain requite my Desire ;
 All Love must cease,
 Yet my Flames increase,
 O curst be that Pride that murth'rs'd my peace,
 Nothing can be
 More cruel to me,
 Than thus to dote on your Tyranny.
 Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
 Would faster than my heart would break.
 Many declare
 What torments there are,
 But none ever felt so much of despair,
 No Tongue can tell,
 How high my Griefs swell,
 Oh heaven ! That so traduc'd me to Hell.
 Ne're was poor heart,
 So pierced by a darr,
 Never less pity, nor greater a smart,
 Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
 Would faster that my Heart may break.

Song 284.

Cupid once when weary grown,
 With Womens Arranis laid him down,
 On a freshing rosie Bed,
 The same sweet Covert harbored
 A Bee, and as she always had
 A quarrel to Loves idle Trade,
 Stings the soft Boy : pain and strong fears
 Straight melt him into cries and fears,
 As Wings and Feet, would let each other,
 Home he hastens to his Mother,
 Then on her Knees he hangs his Head,

And

And cries, oh Mother, I am dead,
 An ugly Snake, they call a Bee,
 (O see it swells) has murder'd me,
 Venus with smiles reply'd, O Sir,
 Does a Bees-sting make all this stir:
 I think what pains attend those Darts,
 Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
 E'en let it smart, may chance that then
 Thou'lt learn more pity towards men.

Song 285.

A H! what advice can I receive,
 No, satisfy me first;
 For who would Physick Potions give,
 To one that dies with thirst.
 A little puff of Breath we find
 Small fires can quench and kill,
 But when they'r great the adverse wind
 Does make them greater still.
 Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
 But straight I'm just the same:
 Alas! the fate must needs be such
 Of cutting thro' a flame.

Song 286.

A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
 There's none leads a Life more jocund than he
 A Beggar I was, from a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar I'd be, and a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our Trading to fall
 We in the Conclusion shall Beggars be all,
 Tradesmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,
 And few Men are thriving but Courtiers and Players:
 A Carver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
 A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,
 A Li'ter my Aunt, and a Beggar my self;

In

In white wheaten straw when their Bellies were full
Then I was got between Tinker and Trull.

And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be.

For there's none leads a Life more jocund than be.

When Boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our Calling, we ne're bind them Prentice
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to doo'r,
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot :
We teach them their *Lingua* to crave and to cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.

And he or she, that Beggars will be,

Without Indentures he shall be made free.

We beg for Bread, yet sometimes it happens,
We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney and Capons,
For Churches Affairs we are no Men slayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers.
But if when we beg, Men will not draw their Purse
We charge and give fire, with a volley of Curses.

The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,

And such a bold brazen fac'd Beggar am I.

We do things in season, and have so much Reason,
We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,
We Bill at our Mates, at very low Rates,
Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the Gates
With *Shinkin ap Morgan*, with blue Cap or Teague
We into no Covenant enter, nor League:

And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,

For none lives a life more merry than be.

For such petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges ;
And sometimes the whip doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything to tything do trip,
For when in poor bouzing Ken we do bibe it,
We stand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet.

And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,

For when it is Night, in the Barn tumbles be.

We throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
 So much as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter.
 Though some Men do flout us, and others do doubt
 We commonly bear forty pieces about us, (us,
 But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
 That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer.
*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
 I fear not the Compter, Kings-Bench, nor the Fleet.*
 Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
 And when a Coach comes I hop to my Game,
 We seldom miscarry, or ever marry,
 By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory
 But *Simeon* and *Susan*, like Birds of a Feather.
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
*Like Pigs in the Pease Straw intangled they lie,
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.*

Song 287.

I Dream'd we both were in a Bed
 Of Roses almost smother'd,
 But when I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by Night will blush by day,
 I kiss thee (panting and I call)
 The night to record, that was all;
 But ah! if empty Dreams so please,
 Love give me more such nights as these.

Song 288.

GO treacherous hopes, by whose uncertain fire,
 I cherish my tyrannical desire;
 Love is a more uncertain Guest than Care,
 And my Fate's such,
 That will cost as much,
 To love as to despair.
 'Tis true our lives are but a long disease,
 Made up with real care, and seeming ease,
 Ye Gods that such uncertain favours give,

Oh

Oh tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
And such a task to live?

Song 289.

WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights;
Knowing how many Men have performed fights
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelo du Lake*,
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, who fought for Ladies sake?
Read old stories, and you shall plainly see
How *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon
St. George he was for *England*, (flee
St. Dennis was for *France*,
Sing bony soit qui maly pense.

To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell
And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excel
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a Field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus*, were those that *Rome* did build
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George, &c.

Jepthab and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all
to flight,

Hercules's Valour was in the Vale of *Basse*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone
of an *Ass*,

And when he was blind pull'd the Temple to the
ground,

But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound
St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pepins* Blood,
Alfrid and *Aldricus* they were brave Knights and
good, (main,

The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charle-*
Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux and *Godfrey de Bullaign*,
These were all *French* Knights, the *Pagans* did
convert, But

But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd out the Dragons
St. George, &c. (heart,

Henry the Fifth he conquered all *France*,
 He quarter'd their Arms his Honour to advance,
 He raced their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
 And he garnish'd his had with a double triple crown,
 He thumped the *French*, and after home came,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon
St. George, &c. (came

St. David you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
 And *Fason* was the Man brought home the golden
 Fleece.

And *Patrick* you know he was *St. George's* Boy,
 Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
 away,

For which knavish act a Slave he doth remain,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath slain.
St. George, &c.

Timurlain, the Emperor in Iron-Cage did Crown,
 With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town,
Scanderbeg magnanimous *Mahomet's* Bashaw did
 dread, (dead,
 Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was
 His *Baglerbegs*, his Corn like dregs, *Geo. Castriot* he
 was call'd,

But *St. George*, *St. Geo.* the Dragon he hath maul'd.
St. George, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia's* Race,
 The Great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves
 and Mace, (stride,
 The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* he madly did be-
 But these with their worthies Nine, *St. George* did
 them deride,

Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweedlands* Warlike King,
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, pull'd forth the Dragons
 Scing.

St. George, &c.

Pendra-

Pendgraon and *Cadwalador* of British blood do boast,
Though *John* of Gaunt his foes did daunt, *St. George*
shall rule the roost;

Agamemnon and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats,
But compared to our Champion they are but meer-
ly Cheats.

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their bran-
dish Swords out drew.

But *St. George* met the Dragon, and ran him thro-
and through,

St. George, &c.

Bidea and *Amazon*, *Porteus* overthrew,
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen* or *Jew*,
The Potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his Bed,
In came wise *Judith*, and subtly stole his Head;
Brave *Cyclops* stout with *Jove* he fought, although
he show'd down Thunder,

But *St. George* killed the Dragon, and was not that
a wonder?

St. George, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, plaid feats with
Egypt's Queen.

Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was ne-
ver seen,

Grim *Gorgons* might was known in fight,
Old *Bevis* most men frightened.

The *Myrmidons* and *Prestor Johns*, why were not
these men Knighted.

Brave *Spinola* took *Bredab*, *Nassaw* did it recover;
But *St. George* met the Dragon, and turned him
over and over.

St. George he was for England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing, *boni soit qui maly pense*.

Song

Song 290.

With much of pains, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my Love, and yet all will not do.

The World perceives it, and it may be she :
Though so discreet, and good she be,
By hiding it to teach that skill to me.

Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it, ever seem'd t'have none,

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no Arts, or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it, cause it self is blind.

The very eye betrays the inward smart,
Love of himself left there a part,
When through it he pass'd into the Heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely yet,
Like Drunkennels, into the Tongue 'twill get.

Song 291.

Swift as the feet of Leda, I
Will to Olympus flower'd bosom flie,
And there lie quaffing Immortality,
Who tastes such sweets, those hearts can never die,
The Cyprus Queens not half so fair,
Beauty her self can't with my Love compare,
She doth impale all things the gods count rare;
Come view with her what sublunary dare ?
Her neck's a Town of Snow, her Head
A rose Globe with curling Amber spread,
Whose darts are able to amaze the dead,

And

And make them leap from their cold shady Bed.
 When she first opes her chafed Eyes, (skies
 You'd swear two Suns at once broke through the
 Or that they were bright Lamps of Paradise,
 The sawcy Gazer on those splendors dies.

Her Ivory Brows a Throne erect,
 To arbitrate betwixt each Lovers Sect.
 Her footstool with Majestick Arch is deckt,
 It frowns to Death Loves wanton Heretick.

Descending hence a little grows
 A lovely Gnomon, rustick call'd the Nose,
 Each side to blushing Hemispheres disclose,
 Where the Lilies youthful Bridal with the Rose
 Her Lips like Gates of Rubies show,
 And opens where two sets of Pearl doth grow,
 In Coral Sockets, bending like a Bow,
 Whose worth the Lapidaries do not know.

Hence breaks a Voice such Harmony,
 Is able to transform a Deity,
 And cause the dead to live, the living die,
Orpheus and *Amphion* at it mute do lie.

Have you not seen at Sacrifices,
 How chafed Incense with brew'd Spikenard rises,
 In Clouds of Perfumes, or in flaming Spices,
 Just so her breath my senses each surprises,

But on her Breast two Hills advance,
 Would cost a Pilgrim an eternal Trance,
 On this the Nymphs, on that the Graces dance,
 Her *Cupid* lays his Bow, there *Mars* his Lance.

Beneath this Vale's a Plain reveal'd,
Eden it self no such delight doth yield,
 Where the bold Champion, though his back were
 steel'd

Sounds a Retreat, but vanquish't, quits the field,

O stay *Olympia*, I have not done,
 These Plains I wander, are *Elizium*.

Oh let me herein blest for ever come,
 Whilst in a Babe, we met, *Olympia* come.
 This is is the Theatre of Love,
 In this sweet Lab'rinth let me endless rove,
 And like the Orb about the Center move.
 So I'll change my Sense to be a Jove.

Song 292.

Come will you hear a merry Jest,
 That of a truth of late was play'd,
 The Story to you I'll relate,
 Between the Mistress & the Maid.
 Not far from hence a Lawyer dwelt,
 Which had a neat and handsom Wife;
 This Lawyer he was struck in years,
 But yet he loved her as his Life,
 This Lawyer had a handsom Clerk,
 That for his Master us'd to write,
 On him his Mistress often would
 Cast many an Amorous sight.
 Like *Adonis* that spruce Youth,
 Was bashful when fair *Venus* smil'd,
 It seem'd in him that Cowardize,
 To shew himself so like a Child.
 Had warlike *Mars* been present there,
 He'd not have dallied with *Loves Queen*
 But streight the Fort he would have scal'd,
 And Master of the same have been.
 But time doth Matters bring about,
 Young things you know delight to play:
 And Love hath many a Stratagem,
 (Though ne're so close) to find the way.
 As Fortune smil'd, the Lawyer had
 Occasion out of Town to ride:
 To have her Opportunity
 This witty Wife her fenestry'd
 This Mistress had a waiting Maid,

As many other Maidens be ;
Betwixt them both a Plot they laid,
And now hear how they did agree,
The Mistress sitting by the fire,
The Man and Maid then standing by,
Quoth *winking Moll*, here's *John* our Clark,
I think he hath a Docity.
Your are deceived the Mistress said,
The still Sow all the Draught doth eat.
I'll varrant you, let *John* alone,
For he *knows* how to do the Feat.
'Tis very like than answered *Moll*,
A Wager with you I will lay,
Ware he in Bed between us both ;
That still all night he would not lie :
I do believe it to be true,
The Mistress unto *John* did say,
I am afraid to lie alone,
A Wager with you I vwill lay.
And you shall lie between us both,
But if that you uncivil be,
Forty Shilling you shall pay,
Next Morning gentle *John* to me.
'Tis done sweet Mistress, then said *John*,
And so to Bed this Couple went,
But he thinks of a cunning Trick,
His Mistress Plot for to prevent.
Straight to his Thigh his Nag he ty'd,
With a Silk Garter presently,
Quoth he, revenge on thee I'll take,
If that thou wilt not quiet lie,
Stripping himself, to Bed he went,
And down betwixt them both he lay,
But *Moll* slipt the running Knot,
And so poor *John* she did betray,
The Spirits move him to the quick,

His

His Nag being at liberty,
 Then he began for to grow bold,
 And on his Mistress face did fly,
 Resting a while he at the Maid,
 Like to a Dragon straight he rusht,
 Quoth he, revenge on thee I'll take,
 But still she bad him do his worst.
 This night poor *John* had little rest,
 For he had *Work* enough to do,
 One *Woman* it is hard to please,
 Yet he was forc'd to please the two.
 Next Morning did his Mistress rise,
 What *Woman* can believe a *Man*?
 You were uncivil all the night,
 The *Wager's* lost say vvhhat you can.
 Not so sweet mistress, then said *John*,
 Your *Words* I utterly dese,
 But when my Master doth come home,
 He shall be Judge 'twixt you & I.
 Nay, *John*, I hope you'll be more wise,
 Than once to let your master know,
 Nay, by my troth, then answer'd *John*,
 I do intend it shall be so.
 Next morning came his Master home,
 To wait at Table was his Task;
 Now good Sir, may I be so bold,
 Only one question now to ask?
 A Man of late a Nag tyed fast,
 Hard by the Corn, where it did grow,
 The Party that did own the Corn,
 Unty'd the Rope and let him go.
 This Nag being left at liberty,
 Upon the Corn then he did graze,
 And vvho can blame the Nag for this
 He did his kind, altho' he strays.
 Now vvho the Trespas did commit,

Resolve me, Sir, I do you pray;
 That party that did owe the Corn.
 The Lawyer unto him did say,
 Lo *Mistress* I've your wager won,
 A Crimson blush her Cheeks bespread,
 Although the Wager I have lost,
 It doth not grieve me much, she said,
 And thus all Parties were agreed.
 But little did the Lawyer think,
 The crafty Cat could catch a Mouse,
 VVhen that she did but seem to wink.

Song 293.

WHEN I go to revel in the Night,
 The *Brewers* Dog my Brains did bite,
 My head's too heavy and my heels to light.

And I like my humour well, well,

And I like my humour well,

With *Ipse* 'ke I leave my Head,
 My Hostess Cellar is my Bed,
 The VVorld's our own when the Devil's dead,
And I like, &c.

Then I fall to talking of the Court,
 Or of the taking of some Fort,
 And I swear a lye for a true report.

And I like, &c.

Then from the *War* I come, I swear
 How I made a Fellow die for fear;
 And how many I kill'd that I never came near.

And I like, &c.

If mine Hostess bid me pay the Score,
 I'll stand if I can and call her VVhore,
 Or stumble and reel out of the Door.

And I like, &c.

The Cape of my Cloke hangs all on one Side,
 My Hat-band is lost, and my Hose are unty'd,
 My Heels on the ground begin for to slide.

And I like, &c.

Then

Then juggle with every Post I meet,
I kick the Dunghills about the Street,
I trample the Kennels under my Feet,

And I like, &c.

The Constable then I curse and ban,
He bids me stand if I am a Man;
I tell him he bids me do more than I can.

And I like, &c.

If I fall to the ground the Watchmen see,
They ask me if I foxed be?
I tell them it is my humility.

And I like, &c.

If I chance to juggle with a Taylors-Stall.
My Nose to the ground doth catch a Fall,
We kiss and be Friends and so We part all.

And I like, &c.

VWhen I come home, my Wife doth scold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
She'll rail the more I bid her hold,

And I like, &c.

When I go to bed I loose my way,
Forgetting where my Cloaths I lay,
And call to drink before it be Day.

And I like my humour well, well,

And I like my humour well.

Song 294.

S Hall I woo thee lovely Molly,
She's so fair, so fat, so jolly;
But she has a trick of Folly,

Therefore I'll have none of Molly, no, no, no, no,

I'll have none of Molly, no, no, no.

Oh the cherry Lips of Nelly,
They are red and soft as Jelly,
But too well, she loves as her Belly,

Therefore I'll, &c.

VWhat say You bonny Betty,

G 3

Have

Have you seen a Lass so pretty,
But her Body is so sweaty.

Therefore Ple, &c.

When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of Melancholly,
Oh that Wench is pestilent holy.

Therefore Ple, &c.

I could fancy lovely Nanny,
But she has the love of many,
Yet her self she loves not any.

Therefore Ple, &c.

In a Flax-shop I spy'd Rachel,
Where she Tow and Flax did hatchel,
But her Cheeks hung like a Satchel.

Therefore Ple, &c.

In a Corner I met Biddy,
Her Heels were light, her Head was giddy,
But she fell down and somewhat did I.

Therefore, Ple, &c.

Song 295.

THere was a Puritan Cat,
Was looking for her prey,
Being in the House,
She kill'd a Mouse,
Upon the Sabbath-Day:
Her Master being moved,
At such a Deed prophane;
Being at his Book,
The Cat he took,
And ty'd her in a Chain,
Thou wicked damned Creature,
Thou Blood-sucker (said he)
Enough to throw,
To Hell below,
My holy House and me.

But

But be thou well assured,
 Thou blood for blood shall pay,
 For spilling of
 The Mouses blood,
 Upon the Sabbath Day.
 Oh then he took his Bible-book,
 And earnestly he pray'd,
 That the great Sin,
 The Cat vvas in,
 Might not on him be laid.
 So then to Execution,
 Poor Pussee, she was drawn,
 Where on a Tree,
 There hanged she,
 And left her Life in pawn:
 For since the Act of Puritans,
 Since they did bear such sway,
 You murther must,
 Nor Mouse, nor Louse,
 Upon the Sabbath-Day.

Song 296.

Speak *Chloris*, if thou canst not love,
 Or if I am not he,
 That can in thee such passion move,
 Speak then, and set me free;
 I hate to Court and keep a pother,
 To make you Gamesome for another,
 These ten days past, that I have lain,
 Before thy Lips and Eyes,
 Hath been long time enough to gain
 A far more glorious Prize,
 But I'm content you make your boast,
 That I my time, and you be lost.

Song 297.

If the Season proves unkind,
 The Bees will yield no Hony.

And if you lie with me too night,
 You must give me your Money,
 And under the Moss mine grows
 And under the Mine the Money,
 And under the waste,
 The Belly is plac'd,
 And under that
 I know not what,
 But I think they do call it a---Cony.

Song 297.

WHEN *Aurelia* first I courted,
 She had youth and beauty too,
 Killing pleasures when she sported,
 And her Charms were ever new;
 Conquering Time doth now deceive her,
 Which her Glories did uphold,
 All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
 Poor *Aurelia* growing old.
 The airy Spirits which invited,
 Are retir'd, and move no more,
 And those eyes now are benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore.
 Want of these abate her Merits,
 Yet I've passion for her name,
 Only kind and am'rous Spirits,
 Kindle and maintain the flame.

Song 298.

A Lover I'm born, and a Lover I'll be,
 And I hope from Love I shall ever be free,
 Let Wisdom abound in the grave Woman-hater,
 Yet never to love is a sign of ill-nature.
 But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
 Shall never be wretched, but ever be Young.
 With hopes and with fears, like a ship in the Ocean
 Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion,
 When our passions are paus'd, and our fancies would fail.
 Then

Then some little fresh quarrel supplies a fresh gust,
 But when the doubt cleared, and the Jealousy gone,
 How we kiss and embrace, and can never have done,
 Song 299.

WE'll call for our Barge, & to Lambeth we'll row,
 The Fishes our Footmen shall be,
 The Swans that now silently swim too and fro,
 Shall die with their sighing to thee,
 We'll row, and we'll rest, we'll smile, and we'll kiss,
 And Neptune himself shall envy our bliss.
 Our drink shall be that which the Gods delight in,
 But Nectar beyond any theirs.
 Our Servants shall tippie Canary, still fighting,
 Who shall pledge thee and thine Heirs,
 See! each hath already his Cup to the Brim,
 And all our Attendants in Liquor shall swim.

Song 300.

ON the Bank of a Brook as I sat fishing,
 Hid on the Oziers that grew on the side,
 Jove heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing;
 No time nor fortune their Loves might divide,
 To Cupid and Venus each offered a Vow,
 That they would love her, as they loved now.
 Oh! said the Shepherd, and sighs, what a pleasure,
 Is Love concealed between Lovers alone,
 Love must be secret as Phairy Treasure,
 When once discovered, 'twill quickly be gone,
 For envy and jealousy where they do stay,
 Oh, it will soon or last make a decay.
 Then let us leave the World and Care behind Us,
 Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand,
 All alone, all alone, where none shall find Us,
 In some far Desert we'll seek a new Land,
 And live from Envy and Jealousy free.
 And a whole World to teach other we'll be.

Song 302.

I Always resolved to be free from the Charms,
I That Love with its subtilty e're could invent,
I kicked at his Deity, scorned at those harms,
 That he could inflict to abridge my Content,
 But now I do find,
 Though the God he be blind,
 The Mark he has hit, and has changed my Mind,
 Though a God thought he be,
 Yet his Manhood I see,
 For with one poor shaft he hath conquered me.
 I likewise before such Beauties did see,
 With Charms on their Tongues, and Darts in
 their Eyes,
 Who strove by their wiles to intoxicate me,
 But never till now my heart could surprize,
 Yet now do I see,
 That a Slave I must be.
 To that which before was a Servant to me;
 For the angry Gods dart,
 Hath so pierced my Heart,
 No Balm that's apply'd but increaseth my smart,
 And thus being plung'd in this love in amaze,
 This place in a Labyrinth where I reside,
 Whose windings and turnings have so many ways,
 That none can get out unless by a Guide.
 And my Guide's so coy,
 Though my Soul I employ,
 To lie at her feet, yet my hopes she'll destroy,
 But much rather than I,
 Will keep parly with her Eye,
 To add to my Bonds, I'm resolved to die.

Song 303.

WHere ever I am, and what ever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my mind,
Vhen angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find.

Un-

Unknown to my self, I am just at the Door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.

VVhen *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my brest,
 And the Love I would stifle is shovvn,
 Asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,

VVhen from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone,
 Sometimes a sweet dream does delude my sad mind,
 But when I awake no *Phillis* I find,
How I sigh to my self all alone,
How I sigh, &c.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,

He should offer his Treasure in vain,
 Oh! let me alone to be happy and poor.

And give me my *Phillis* again ;

Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever kind,

I would to a Desart with her be confin'd,

And Envy no monarch his Reign,

And envy no, &c.

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,

And she too well knowvs her ovvn povv'r,

She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,

And makes me grow jealous each Hour.

But let her each minute torment my poor mind,

I had rather love *Phillis* though false and unkind,

Than ever be freed from her power,

Than ever be freed from her power.

Song 304.

Since you needs will my heart possess,

'Tis just to you I first confels

The faults to which 'tis given,

It is to change much more inclin'd

Than VVomen, or the Sea or Wind,

Or ought that's under Heaven,

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,

It

It hath been from its very youth,
 A most egregious Ranger,
 And since from me it often fled,
 With whom it was both born & bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a *stranger*,
 The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
Which made me often think 'twas mad
 With one kind look would win it;
 So naturally it loves to range,
 That it hath left success for change,
 And what's worse, glories in it.
 Often when I am laid to rest,
 It makes me act like one possesst,
 For still 'twill make a pother,
 And though 'tis You I must esteem,
 Yet it will make me in a Dream,
 Court and enjoy another.
 And now if you are not afraid,
 After these truths which I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover,
 Be not displeased, if I protest,
 I think that Heart within your Brest,
 VVill prove just such another.

Song 304.

'TIs Liberty alone I crave,
 I am so airy minded,
 Restraint to me is like a Grave,
 I hate to be confined;
 Until Death doth me arrest,
 And says I must be going;
 Yet I will drink and sing,
 Till I feel its Sting,
 For I fear no undoing.
 Then let us ne're our selves deny
 That which is called a Pleasure,
 VVine and VVomen, still I cry,

On Earth's the only Treasure
 We poor mortals can enjoy;
 While we stand stiffly to 'em,
 For, for Half a Crown,
 I'll have black or brown,
 And ne're spend time to woo 'em,
 He that doth mispend the Day,
 To court a Thing call'd Woman;
 Is a mad Man you will say,
 Now they are grown so common;
 They, poor Souls, we cannot blame,
 Since for their Recreation,
 The veriest Fact,
 Which they sometimes act,
 Is but Predestination.

Song 305.

Green was the Garden, and pleasant the walk,
 The Fruit-trees all bending their heads,
 When *Damon* and I, did privately talk
 Of our Loves; and thus he proceeds,
 My fair one, quoth he, be not cruel,
 Denials augment but my woe,
 And then began
 To bear up like a Man,
But was quash't with a No, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
 Recruiting himself, he renewed the Discourse,
 No listners were by but the Birds,
 He zealously did the main Argument force,
 And often repeated his words,
 Oh! *Phyllis* denials will kill me,
 My Dearest ne're answer me so,
 And then with his hand,
 He thought to command,
But was quash't, &c.
 I modestly blusht and left him alone,

But

But was by him strait overtaken,
Quoth he my delight is utterly flown.

V When once I by you am forsok;
My love to you, fairest, is real,

Then be You no longer my Foe,
Let each other blifs

Be sealed with a Kiss.

But I answer'd him No, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Song 306.

I Pass all the night in a shady old Grove,
But I live not the Day that I see not my Love,
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.

O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there is no Hell,

Like loving, like loving too well.

But each Grove, & each conscious bank when I find
Where I once was happy, and she hath been kind;
And spy where her print in the green doth remain,
And imagine the pleasures may yet come again.

O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no Joys above,

Like the pleasures, like the pleasures of Love.

But while I repeat to my self all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another mans Arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false may she be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me,

O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there is no Hell,

Like loving, like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such innocent passion so kind without art,
I fear I have wronged her, and hope she may be,
So full of true love to be jealous of me.

O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no Joys above,

Like the pleasures, like the pleasures of Love.

Song 307.

ALL the flatt'ries of fate,
 And the pleasures of state,
 Are nothing so sweet as what Love do's create,
 If this you deny,
 This time I should die,
 Kind Death's a reprieve if you threaten to hate;
 In some close shady grove,
 VVill I wander and rove
 With the Nightingale and disconsolate Dove,
 VVith down-hanging wing,
 I will mournfully sing,
 The Tragick Events of unfortunate Love,
 VVith our Plants we'll conspire,
 To heighten Loves fire,
 Still vanquishing life till at length we'll expire,
 And when I am dead,
 In a cold leafie Bed,
 Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.

Song 308.

I'Le go to my Love where he lies in the deep,
 And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep,
 VVhen we awake the kind Dolphins together shall
 throng,
 And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.
 The Orient hath Pearls which the Ocean bestows,
 All mixed with Coral a Crown to compose, (bliss,
 Though the Sea Nymphs do spight us, and envy our
 VVe'll teach them to love, & the Cockles to kiss,
 For my Love lies now in his watry Grave,
 And hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a wave
 I'le kiss his dear Lips than the Coral more red,
 That grows where he lies in his watery bed.

Ab, ab, ab, my Love's dead,

There was not a Bell,

But a Tritons Shell,

To ring, to ring out his Knell.

Song

Song 309.

I Tell the *Dick* where I have been,
 V Where I the rarest Things have seen,
 Oh things beyond compare !
 Such Sights again cannot be found,
 In any place in English Ground,
 Be it at Wake or Fair.
 At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way,
 Where we thou knowest do sell our Hay,
 There is a House with Stairs,
 And there did I see coming down,
 Such Volks as are not in our Town,
 Vorty at least in Pair.
 Among the rest one pest'lent fine,
 (His Beard no bigger though than thine,)
 Walked on before the rest ;
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
 The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.
 At Course-a-Park without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out,
 By all the Maids i'th' Town ;
 Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
 Or little *George* upon the Green,
 Or *Vincent* of the Crown.
 But wot you what ? The Youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing ;
 The Parson for him staid :
 Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
 He did not so much wish all past,
 (Perchance) as did the Maid ;
 The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
 For such a Maid no *Whitsun-Ale*
 Could ever yet produce ;
 No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so sweet as she,
 Nor half so full of Juice.

Her

Her Finger was so small the Ring,
Would not stay on, which he did bring,

It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)

About our young Colts neck,
Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice stole in and out,

As if they feared the light,
But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon the *Easter-day*.

Is half so fine a Sight;
He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was nice,

She would not do it in Sight;
And then she lookt, as who should say,
I will do what I list to Day,

And you shall do't at Night.
Her Cheeks so rare & white were on,
No *Dazy* makes comparison,

(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of Red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine-Pear*,

The side that's next the Sun.
Her Lips were red, and ones was thin,
Compared to that was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly)
But *Dick*, her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,

That on the Sun in *July*.
Her Mouth so small when she doth speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her words did break;

That they might passage get,
But she so handled all the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,

And are not spent a whit.
If

If *wishing* should be any sin,
 The Parsons self had guilty been,
 (She *lookt* that day most purely)
 And did the youth so off the feat,
 At night, as some did in conceit,
 It vould have spoiled him surely.
 Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
 There's that, that should be thought upon,
 I trow besides the Bride,
 The Business of the Kitchin's great,
 For it is fit that Men should eat,
 Nor vvas it there deny'd,
 Just in the nick the Cook *knocked* thrice,
 And all the VWaiters in a trice,
 His Summons did obey,
 Each Serving-Man vwith Dish in hand,
 Marcht boldly up like our Train'd-Band,
 Presented and avway.
 VWhen all the Meat was on the Table,
 VWhat Man of *Knife* or Teeth vvas able
 To stay to be intreated ?
 And this the very reason *was*,
 Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated,
 Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse ;
 Healths first go round, and then the House,
 The Brides come thick and thick ;
 And when 'twas named anothers Health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
 (And who can help it *Dick*)
 O'th the sudden up they rise and dance,
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance,
 Then dance again and *kiss* ;
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 VWhilst every VWoman wisht her place,
 And every Man wisht his,

By this time all were stoln aside,
To counsell and undress the Bride,

But that he must know ;
But 'twas thought he guess'd her mind
And not mean to stay behind,

Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,
Like new-faln Snow melting away,

('Twas time I trow to part)

Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon he gave us, who should say

God-by'wh'y' with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset,

The Bridegroom eat in spight ;

For had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two Hours to do't,

VVhich were too much that night,

At length the Candles out, & novv

All that they had not done they do,

What that is you can tell ;

But I believe it vvvas no more,

Than thou and I have done before,

VVith *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

Song 310.

Come hither young Sinner ;

Thou raw young beginner,
I'll shew if thou canst understand me,

All the ways of a VVench,

Be she *English* or *French*,

More than *Ovid de Arte Amandi*.

I'll teach thee to know,

Both the *who*, and the *how*,

And the *when*, and the *where* to delight,

If she simper or Saint it,

Or patch it, or paint it,

Ile warrant, &c.

If

If she jogg with her Thighs,
 Or twinkle with her Eyes,
 She bids you come on if you like her,
 If without Joys or Fears
 She can laugh and shed Tears,
 'Tis the only true trick of a Striker.
 If she sighs when she speaks,
 Or doth use many freaks,
 She is deeply in Love, by this Light;
 If you tread on her Toe,
 And she answer thee so,
I warrant, &c.
 She'll smile and she'll frown,
 She'll laugh and lie down,
 At every turn you tend her;
 She'll peep in her Glass,
 And dispraise her own Face,
 On purpose that you may commend her;
 With Love-tales and Fancies,
 Picked out of Romances,
 She'll Angle to try if you'll bite;
 If she speak in a Passion,
 Or make Application,
I warrant, &c.
 If she stand at a distance,
 There is no resistance,
 Her very retreat is a Call,
 She'll so stare in your Eyes,
 Like a Pyrate for a Prize,
 And she would say, *Have at all.*
 She'll shew you her Brest,
 To guess at the rest,
 The Fountain of Love and Delight!
 If she sit in my Lap,
 Beware of Trap,
I warrant, &c.

She

She'll hit and she'll miss,
 Look coy and yet Kifs,
 To try and find out what you are,
 One Action shall say.
 Pray Sir, *Go your way,*
 And another, *Come on if You dare.*
 She'll give you a glance,
 Like Heaven in a trance,
 No Diamond nor Saphyr so bright,
 If she drink Wine and Burrage,
 And kifs with a Courage,
I warrant, &c.
 She'll set You more snares,
 Than her Tire hath Hairs,
 She's subtle and swift in Invention;
 If You jest and mean loosely,
 Though ner'e so reclusely,
 She'll shew her quick apprehension:
 Her Plots are abounding,
 She Fits hath of sounding,
 If she call on your Name in the fright;
 Blind Cupid hath hit her,
 And You too may fit her,
I warrant, &c.
 V When Noll stole the Scepter,
 She canted in Scripture,
 And went to St. *Antkolines* Lectures,
 But now she doth trade,
 Like a right Reformade,
 And is a Decoy to the Hectors;
 She'll swear she is free
 From all Men but thee,
 And blush like a Bride the first night,
 If she squint through her Hood,
 'Tis to heighth thy Blood,
I warrant, &c.

Her

Her turns and her windings,
 Are past your out-findings,
 She hath so many changeable tempers ;
 She'l give you a Look,
 Like a Virgin forlook,
 With another Command like an Empress ;
 This sign never misses,
 If she squeaks when she kisses,
 And glimmering like Stars in the night ;
 If she give thee a trip,
 VWith her loose lower Lip,
I warrant, &c.

She'l kiss and cry quarter,
 Unloosen her Garter,
 That you may tak't up as a favour,
 VWhen you ty't on again,
 She'l cry, *What do you mean ?*
 You're a Man of loose Behaviour ;
 Yet thus will she play,
 To direct you the way
 To the Center and seat of Delight,
 If she is troubled with qualms,
 Or sweat in her Palms,
Ple warrant, &c.

She'l bid you forbear,
 You're uncivil (my Dear)
 She tempts in her very Denial ;
 When her Tongue cries *be gone*,
 Her Looks crie *come on*,
 These Ticklings are only for tryal ;
 When Rams do retreat,
 More Courage they get,
 And tilt with a redoubled might ;
 No fight can so move,
 As the Lanships of Love.
I warrant, &c.

She'l give you to wear,
 A Bracelet of hair,
 And that as a Fetter she locks on,
 But let me persua'de ye,
 One Hair of a Lady,
 Shall draw more than ten Team of Oxen.
 Thus have I in brief,
 Told the Marks of a Thief,
 That filches Affections by flight,
 But if she prevail,
 Thou'rt a Slave in a Goal,
 And Honour will bid thee good-night.

Song 311.

WHAT Empire (Celia) equal'd mine,
 When I alone reign o're all thine;
 When all thy Glories did as aptly wait
 On my Devotions, as my thoughts would ha't?

When both thy Heart and Eyes,
 All other Objects did despise,
 And like a sacred Votary did make
 Me thy dear Saint, and thence thy blessing take,
 Then! in what pride I lived, to know that thee,
 Whom our whole world adored, was ruled by me.
 But now like Foreigners thine Eyes
 Do gaze on all to take a prize.

Thy beauty too, which center'd upon me,
 Is now diffused, and has ubiquity.

Thy Vows and Tears passed by.

But know (vain Celia) that I
 Can quietly into my self retire,
 With the Danger of a Second fire,
 And scorn'd thy parcell'd Love, 'Tis rarely known,
 A Prince admits a Shearer to his Throne.

Song 312.

NOW God alone, that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth, and all that's in
 The Ships, that in the Sea do swim,
 To keep our Foes from coming in,
 Then every one does what he can,
 All for the good and use of Man.

*And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
 That first devised the Leather Bottel.*

Now what d'ye say of Canns of Wood?
 Faith they are nought, they cannot be good,
 For when a Man for Beer doth send,
 To have them filled he doth intend,
 The bearer stumbles by the way,
 And on the Ground the Beer doth lay,
 Then doth the Man begin to ban,
 And swears 'twas of the wooden Cann,
 But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
 It had not been so, for all had been well,
 And safe therein it would remain,
 Until the Man got up again.

And I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine,
 For when a Man's at Table set,
 And by him several Sorts of Meat,
 The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
 Then with your hand remove a Dish,
 Touch but the Glas upon the brim,
 The Glas is broke, and nought left in,
 The Table Cloth though ne're so fine,
 Is soild with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A Servant may his Service loose,

And I wish, &c.

What

What say you to the Handled Pot?
 No praise of mine shall be its lot,
 For when a Man and Wife's at Strife,
 As many have been in their Life;
 They lay their Hands upon it both,
 And break the same altho' they'r loath,
 But woe to them shall bear the Guilt,
 Between them both the Liquor's spilt,
 For which they shall answer another day,
 Casting so vainly their Liquor away;
 But if it had been Leather bottel'd,
 One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
 Both might have tugg'd till their Hearts should
 No harm the Leather Bottle could take. (break,
Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
 Why saith they shall have no praise of mine,
 For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
 To have them fill'd he doth intend,
 The Man with the Flagon runs away,
 And never is seen after that day,
 The Lord begins then to swear and ban,
 For having lost both Flagon and Man;
 But had it been either by Page or Groom,
 With a Leather Bottle it had come home.
And I wish, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
 And that it will no longer hold,
 Out o'th' side you may cut a Clout,
 To mend your Shoes when they'r worn out,
 Then hang the rest upon a pin,
 'Twill serve to put old Trifles in,
 As Rings, and Awls, and Candles-ends,
 For young Beginners have such things,

And I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
That first devised the Leather-Bottle.

Song 313.

IF any Man doth want a House,
Be he Prince, Baronet, or Squire,
Or Peasant, hardly worth a Louse,

I can fit his desire.

I have a Tenement, the which
I'm sure can fit them all;

'Tis seated near a stinking Ditch,

Some call it *Conny-Hall*.

It stands close by *Conney-Ally*,

At foot of *Belly-Hill*,

This House is freely to be Lett,

To whomsoever will.

For term of Life, or Years, or Days:

I'll Let this Pleasant Bower:

Nay, rather than a Tenant want,

I'll let it for an Hour.

About it grows a lousy Wood,

Will save you from the Sun,

Well-water'd 'tis, for thorow our,

A pleasant stream doth run.

If hot, you there may cool your self,

If cool, you there find heat,

For greatest 'tis not too little,

For least 'tis not too great.

I must confess my House is dark,

Be it by Night or Day;

But when you're once got but therein,

You cannot loose the way;

And when you are in, go boldly on,

As fast as e'er you can;

For if you go to the end thereof,

You go where ne'er did Man.

But

But though my House be deep and dark;
'T has many a Man made merry.

And in't much Liquor has been spent,
More precious far than Sherry.

Thus if you like my *Conny-Hall*,

Your House-room shall be good,

For such a Temper as you find,

Burns neither Coal, nor Wood,

For if it rain, or freeze, or thows,

To speak I dare be bold,

If you keep your Nose within the Door,

You ne're shall feel the Cold;

But I must covenant with him,

That takes this House of mine,

Whether it be for term of Life,

Or else for shorter time,

See that you dress it twice a Day,

And rub it round about,

And if you do dislike of this,

I'll seek a new Tenant out.

Song 314.

NOW the Weather is warm,

There's no catching of harm,

And I am resolved to venture,

I'll go get me a Wife,

She shall lead such a Life,

She shall never have cause to repent her.

All Night in my Arms,

I will keep from Harms,

And thus with my Charms I will win her;

In the morn e'er we're up,

Chocolate a quart Cup,

We both will drink off before Dinner,

And after Noon-tide,

Both I and my Bride,

To Tavern we'll ride, and so brave it,
 With Fiddlers a score,
 Twelve Dishes and more,
 We ne'er shall be poor while we have it;
 Before it be dark,
 To a Play, or Hide Park,
 And home by Spring-Garden we rattle,
 Whilst our Neighbours with Wine,
 Do tiddle like Swine,
 And their Wives are as drunk with their prattle.
 When our Children are grown,
 And their humours are known,
 To follow blind Fortune her ranges;
 The Boys shall be such,
 They shall humble the *Dutch*,
 And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes.

Song 315.

I Have been in Love
 And in Debt, and in Drink,
 This many, and many a Year,
 And those three Plagues,
 Are enough one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas Wine made me fall into Love,
 'Twas Love made me run into Debt;
 And though I have struggled,
 And struggled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet:
 There's nothing but Money can cure me,
 And ease me of all my Pain,
 'Twill pay off my Debts,
 And remove all my Letts,
 And my Mistress that would not endure me,
 Will love me
 And love me again,
 O then I'll fall to loving,
 And drinking again.

Song. 316.

HOW hard is an heart to be cured,
 That is overwhelm'd with despair,
 'Tis pain that by Force is endured,
 Which despiseth our passion, and laughs at our
 Then since nothing but death can untie (care
 Those Fetters with which you ensnare me,
 For your sake, I am not willing to try,
 And if you're unwilling to save me,
 I am not unwilling to die.

But how much were it better complying
 With the sighs, and the tears, and the groans,
 Of a poor distressed Lover dying,
 And give Ear to the voice of his pitiful moans?
 Then your Slave shall in Triumph be led,
 To shew the effects of good nature;
 And it shall for yours be fed,
 'Tis true she kill'd a poor Creature,
 But she rais'd him again from the dead.

Song 317.

I'le bark against the Dog-star,
 And crow away the Morning,
 I'll chase the Moon,
 Till it be Noon,
 And I'll make her leave her Horning;
 But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
 And seek what e're betides her;
 Yet will I love,
 Beneath or above,
 That dirty Earth that hides her.

I'll crack the Poles asunder,
 Strange things I will devise on,

I will beat my brain against *Charles-wain*,
 And I'll grasp the round *Horizon* ;
But I'll find, &c.

I'll search the *Caves of Slumber*,
 And please in a night *Dream*.
 I'll tumble her into *Laurances Fenn*,
 And hang my self in a *Sun-beam*,
But I will, &c.

I will sail upon a *Mill-stone*,
 And make the *Sea-Gods* wonder,
 I'll plunge in the deep till I wake all asleep,
 And I will tear the *Rocks* asunder,
 But I will find my bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
 And seek what e're betides her ;
 Yet will I love,
 Beneath or above,
 That dirty *Earth* that hides her.

Song 318.

Almanz. **H**OW unhappy a Lover am I,
 While I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain,
 All my hopes of *Delight*,
 Are another man's *Right*,
 Who is happy while I am in pain.

Queen. Since this hour affords no relief,
 But to pity the pains which you bear,
 'Tis the best of your *Fate*
 In a hopeless *Estate*,
 To give o're, and in time to despair.

Alm. I have try'd the false medicine in vain,
 For I wish what I hope not to win,
 For without my desire,

Has

Has no food to its fire,
But burns and consumes within.

Queen. Yet at last a Pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone,
For the Nymph you adore,
Is as wretched or more,
And counts all your sufferings her own.

Al. O ye Powers let me suffer for both,
At the Feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie,
I'll resign up my Breath,
And take Pleasure in Death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

Queen. What her Honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your love,
Such a Flame as is true,
After Death shall renew :
For the Souls to meet closer above.

Song 319.

Poor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad :
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doting Loyer came,
From seventeen to twenty one,
Each told her of his flame,
But she forsooth affected none,
One was not handsom, the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th'other day it was my fate,
 To pass along that way alone,
 I saw no Coach before her Gate,
 But at her door I heard her moan,
 And drop'd a tear, and Sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

Song 320.

HOW severe is forgetful old Age,
 To confine a poor Lover so,
 That I almost despair,
 To see even the Man,
 Much more my dear *Damon* hey ho.

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
 I am trac'd so wherever I go,
 That some treacherous tree,
 Hides this old Man from me,
 And he counts every Hey ho.

How shall I this *Argus* blind?
 And so put an end to my woe,
 For whilst I beguile,
 All his Frowns with a smile,
 I betray myself with a Hey ho.

My restraint then alas must endure,
 So that since sad my Doom I know,
 I'll pine for my Love,
 Like the Turtle Dove,
 And breath out my Life in *Hey ho*.

Posies

Posses for Rings, or other Things.

TIS only you, whom I pursue.
Blest be the Powers, that made me yours.
Our constant Love, shall ne're remove.
I'll Rejoyce in thee my Choice.
'Tis thou art mine, and I am thine.
When this you see, then think on me.
In such a Rose is sweet Repose.
Health and good Wives do lengthen lives.
That Love is strong that lasteth long.
Distance ne're parts, two constant Hearts.
This Gift of mine is ever thine.
I do but show the Love I owe.
The Lord above improve our Love.
If I neglect thee, then disrespect me.
Your Denials were my Trials.
This and true Friends, do know no Ends.
Be thou not coy, we'll get a Boy.
I can fancy none but *Nancy*.
'Tis thee my *Jone*, I Love or none.
I still muse on my dear *Susan*.
Time ne're shall vary my Love from *Mary*.
When hearts combine, true Love will shine.
I can't contain my Love to *Jane*.
My Heart and this do crave a Kiss.
'Tis your Consent gives me Content.
The Gods combine to make thee mine.

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 To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.
 To the most Illustrious Prince.
 To the Right Honourable Earl.
 To the Honourable Sir *A. B.* Knight and Baronet.
 To the Right Worshipful *A. B.* Esquire.
 To his well beloved Dear Father.
 To his Loving and Dear Mother.
 To his dear affectionate Sister.
 To his dear and loving Wife.
 To his most kind Uncle.
 To his very loving Cousin.
 To the Honourable Colonel.
 To his Honoured Friend.
 To his respected Friend.



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